

THE
L I F E
OF
LOUIS, PRINCE OF CONDÉ,
SURNAMED THE GREAT.

BY LORD MAHON.

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—
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PREFACE.

THE Life of Condé was originally written by the author in the French language, and without any view of publication. A very small number of copies of that work was printed in 1842 for a circle of personal friends. Several persons, however, having since expressed a wish for its appearance in our native tongue, the following translation, executed under the superintendence and revision of the author, is now submitted to the public.

July, 1845.

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THE
LIFE OF CONDÉ.

CHAPTER I.

Condé's Ancestry—His Birth and Education—His Title as Duke d'Enghien—His Marriage to Claire Clémence de Maillé—His first Campaigns—Death of Cardinal Richelieu, the Prime Minister—Enghien is sent to command in Champagne and Picardy—His bold Designs—Death of Louis XIII.—Great Victory over the Spaniards at Rocroy—Remarks of Paul Louis Courier on Military Reputation—Siege and Reduction of Thionville—Close of the Campaign.

ANTHONY DE BOURBON, King of Navarre, and father of Henry IV., had two brothers, Francis Count d'Enghien, and Louis, first Prince of Condé. These titles, rather Flemish than French, had been brought into their family by the marriage of their grandfather with Marie, Lady of Enghien and Condé, only daughter of Peter of Luxembourg. Francis Count d'Enghien, having scarcely attained his twenty-fifth year, gained the battle of Cérisoles over the Spaniards in 1544, but died in the following year from the fall of a chest, which crushed his head. His brother, the Prince of Condé, became one of the heads of Calvinism. He played a great part in the religious wars of France, and was killed, in 1569, at the bloody battle of Jarnac. His son Henry, the second Prince of Condé, became, at the age of seventeen, the head of his branch, and formed an intimate friendship with his first cousin the King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. Like him he was excommunicated by the Pope, Sixtus V. At the battle of Coutras, in 1587, he behaved himself "like a good junior to King Henry," as he had promised him before the onset. The following year the young Prince died at St. Jean d'Angely, leaving his wife with child. She was delivered

of a son, who was Henry, third Prince of Condé. In those rancorous times a false rumour was circulated of the illegitimacy of his birth, asserting that he was born thirteen months after the death of his father. But without having recourse to mental griefs—the effect of which has been sometimes alleged for similar delays, to the satisfaction of more than one respectable family*—there exist authentic documents to prove that the Prince Henry died on the 5th of March, and that Henry II. was born on the 1st of September of the same year.

The third Prince of Condé, unlike the example of his father and grandfather, was bred in the Roman Catholic faith. In 1609 he married Charlotte Margaret de Montmorency, the handsomest woman, it was said, in Europe. Unfortunately Henry IV., already nearly sixty, but still gay and amorous, did not see her with indifference; and it was to be feared that a young woman of sixteen, not disinclined to coquetry, would be touched by the attentions of so great a King. The Prince, her husband, justly irritated, withdrew with her, first to one of his country-houses in Picardy; and observing that the King did not relax in his pursuit, he eloped, as it were, with his own wife. He set off on horseback, accompanied only by two servants, one of whom conveyed the Princess on a pillion, and the other one of her women, and the party arrived that same day at Landrecies, the first town in the Low Countries.†

Condé, however, soon separated himself from the Princess, who expressed regret at her flight, and was even at that time presenting a petition for her divorce to the Pope. It appears that she flattered herself with the hope that she could soon become Queen, as if another divorce could remove Mary de Medicis from the throne. But the death of the King in the following year entirely changed the aspect of affairs. Condé returned to France, and distinguished himself during the stormy minority of Louis XIII. To obtain grants of estates and money was his principal ambition; for he had inherited very little. In

* The reader may remember the widow of Regnard—

“ Le cœur tout gonflé d’amertume
 “ Deux ans encore après j’accouchai d’un posthume !”

Le Légataire, Act III., Scene 8.

† *Memoirs of Bassompierre*, p. 421; and *Sismondi*, vol. xxii. p. 172.

1612, therefore, he acquired the town, the château, and the dependencies of Châteauroux. Later he had them raised to a ducal peerage, and later still he increased them by secularising several abbey.* After a long series of Court intrigues and little civil wars, he had returned to Paris in 1616, and was paying his respects at the Louvre when the Queen Regent gave orders to the Marquis de Themines to arrest him. He was conveyed to the Bastille, and from thence to the Donjon of Vincennes. Up to this time he had never been reconciled to the Princess, and the trial for their divorce was proceeding; but as soon as she found that he was unhappy, she generously devoted herself to his interests. The King having only given her permission to visit her husband on the condition that she also should remain a prisoner, and only leave the prison whenever he did, she consented to this with noble courage. Thus it was that in the Donjon of Vincennes a complete reconciliation took place between them, and the Princess there became the mother of two children.† After three years of imprisonment, another revolution at Court restored them to liberty, and even to favour.

In the ensuing years Condé several times commanded the King's armies in Picardy and on the frontiers of Spain, but always with more zeal than success. His favourite abode was at Bourges, in the centre of his domains of Berry and of the Bourbonnais, which he applied himself with care to increase. He did not, however, neglect to pay long and frequent visits to the Court, whenever he thought he saw any ray of hope to his obtaining new favours. Never did he allow an opportunity to escape him of either asking or taking. On this principle he profited by the punishment of his brother-in-law, the Duke de Montmorency (who was beheaded by order of Richelieu in 1632), in order to confiscate his estates. It was thus that the fine domains of Chantilly, Ecouen, and St. Maur came into the possession of the House of Condé.

The Prince and the Princess had three sons, whom they lost in their infancy. Their fourth was Louis, who received the title of Duke d'Enghien, and became afterwards the great Condé. He was born at Paris on the 7th of September, 1621. His constitution was frail and delicate; he showed few signs of a long life,

* Boulainvilliers, *State of France*, vol. ii. p. 213, ed. 1727.

† *Memoirs of Pontchartrain*, p. 237; and *Sismondi*, vol. xxii. p. 402.

and appeared likely to follow the example of his elder brothers ; but his father, uneasy at the losses he had already sustained, redoubled his care for the preservation of *this last hope of his* house. Soon after his birth he had him conveyed to Montrond, a strongly-fortified castle which he possessed in Berry, and whose lofty ruins still command the little town of St. Amand. There the young Duke not only enjoyed a purer and more salutary air, but was also secure from danger in case the Prince his father should fall again into disgrace at Court. From the same care of his health, his father, instead of selecting some lady of high rank for his governess, confided him to the care of skilful, experienced nurses. The young Prince was seen with pleasure to improve gradually in strength. Scarcely had he been set free from his swaddling-clothes ere he showed a quickness beyond his years ; and when he began first to speak, he displayed a singular degree of haughtiness, which resisted, as far as a child can resist, the orders of the women who had the charge of him. They did not find it an easy task to make him either go to bed, get up, or eat, at the hours which they considered right for him. He feared no one but his father, and when this latter was absent it was difficult to restrain him in anything. He soon acquired cunning enough to obtain by flattery whatever he wished to have ; and as he was always rewarded for the pains he took at his lessons, he hastened to learn all they wished to teach him to arrive at his own ends—namely, toys.

When he was of an age to be taken from the care of women, the Prince of Condé did not consult established custom, and confide him to the care of some great nobleman, but selected La Boussière, a plain gentleman. According to the testimony of Lençt, a faithful servant of the House of Condé, of whom we shall hereafter often have occasion to speak, this tutor was a good, worthy man, faithful and well-intentioned, and who acted to the letter according to the instructions given him by the Prince of Condé. Joined to him in the education of the young Prince were two Jesuits—Father Pelletier and Father Goutier—the former very austere, the latter very gentle. Thus accompanied, the young Duke went to pursue his studies at Bourges. He lived in the finest house in the town, built by Jacques Cœur, the celebrated minister of finance to King Charles VII. This house, a superb monument of ancient times, remains to this day.

In a stone balustrade, carved in open work, may still be read the motto of Cœur in large characters :—

*"À CŒUR VAILLANT RIEN IMPOSSIBLE."**

It is pleasing to think how often the eyes of the young hero must have rested upon these words, which only a few years later he confirmed by his actions.

At the time of which I am speaking, the house of Jacques Cœur was close to the Jesuits' College, where the Duke d'Enghien went every morning and evening, like the other students. The only distinction which was made between him and the rest was a balustrade which surrounded his chair; and the heads of the college instructed him in concert with the Fathers who were his domestic teachers. He was made to recite and declaim. He always gained the first prize in his class, which generally happens to all princes, if the professors have only common good breeding; but in the case of the great Condé, it may easily be believed that no unusual favour had been shown him. In his exercises as in his studies he surpassed all the young gentlemen who had the honour of being his companions. His father positively forbade that his young comrades should give up to him, either in his class or at play; and when he was at Bourges he watched and directed himself the education of his son. He not only questioned him and examined his compositions, but he also made him dance before him (an accomplishment in which the young Prince excelled), and saw him play at tennis and at cards, to judge of his address and of his disposition.

At twelve years of age the Duke d'Enghien finished his course of philosophy, and sustained some public disputations at his college. His father, like a good courtier, made him dedicate his first thesis to Cardinal de Richelieu, and his second to the King. But amidst the talents which were every day developing themselves in the young Enghien some traces were already to be found of that want of sensibility and of kindness of heart which subsequently tarnished the splendour of his glory. His father did not, however, spare blows to correct him. "One day," says Lenet, "I saw him cruelly whipped in the presence of Monsieur le Prince, for having put out the eyes of a sparrow."†

* Guide Pittoresque en France, vol. iv. Dépt. du Cher, p. 8.

† Lenet's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 516, ed. 1729. The reader will perhaps re-

When the Prince was absent either at the Court or with his army, he exacted from his son a regular correspondence; and, the better to judge of his progress, he had directed him, since he was eight years old, always to write to him in Latin. Some of these letters of the years 1635 and 1636 have been preserved; they denote much respect and submission. After a summer passed at Montrond, he writes: "It is not without regret that I left so agreeable a residence, where during a stay of three months I never felt a moment of weariness. The fine season and the beauty of advancing autumn invited me to prolong my stay, but I must obey your orders, which shall always continue through life to be my most endearing and sacred pleasure."* On another occasion he thus answers his economical father: "I have kept, it is true, more dogs than my sporting required; you will forgive this fault in consideration of my first ardour for this amusement; but as soon as I received your letter I got rid of all my dogs except the nine you allow me to keep. Thus everything which you dislike becomes odious to me, and I have nothing so near my heart as to obey your wishes."†

It was in 1638 that the Duke d'Enghien (or rather d'Anguien, according to the orthography of the times) appeared at Court. His family consisted of one sister and one brother: Anne Geneviève, born in 1619, and called until her marriage Mademoiselle de Bourbon; Armand, who was born in 1629, and who received the title of Prince of Conti, from a little town near Amiens belonging to the Prince his father. It is not perhaps entirely useless to state that as first Prince of the Blood the Prince of Condé was generally called "Monsieur le Prince" only, as his eldest son was also known as "Monsieur le Duc." We may also observe that none of these Princes ever signed themselves by their titles, but by their names; as for example, our hero, either as Duke d'Enghien, or afterwards as Prince of Condé, always signed himself as "Louis de Bourbon," and his brother "Armand de Bourbon."

member the use so ably made of a similar anecdote by the author of 'Zeluco.'

* Letter of the 1st November, 1635, translation from the Latin.

† Letter of the 2nd December, 1635. These letters are printed in the Historical Essay on the Great Condé, by his great grandson, Louis Joseph, Prince of Condé. Lenet is the only person who furnishes us with any details as to the youth of the hero.

When Enghien first made his appearance at Court they were celebrating with much pomp and joyfulness the birth of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XIV.—the first fruits of a marriage which had lasted twenty years, but which had been hitherto childless. The young Duke was the principal ornament of these fêtes. But at the same time many subjects for grave reflection suggested themselves to him. He saw the King, Louis XIII., and the Queen, Anne of Austria, equally bending under the yoke of Cardinal Richelieu, that proud and stern statesman, who was hated but obeyed by his masters. While his Eminence was dispensing of his own free will favours and employments, sending all the orders, and receiving all the reports, the King, sullen and melancholy and with declining health, usually retired to St. Germain, and limited his occupations to the chase of foxes and badgers. The Queen, on her part, having long lost the affections of her husband, and having failed in several plots against the Cardinal, saw herself surrounded by spies and accusers, while her principal partisans were either prisoners in fortified castles or exiled to foreign Courts. Thus the great Minister, at the pinnacle of his power, saw the whole Court prostrate at his feet; and amongst all these titled servants, there was none more submissive or supple than the old Prince of Condé.

Since 1635 war had been declared between France and Spain, and was proceeding, though faintly on both sides. The Prince of Condé having been named in 1639 commander-in-chief of the army in Roussillon, his son pressed vehemently for permission to accompany him as a volunteer. But the Prince of Condé, thinking him still too young and delicate for the wars, would only allow him to go and take the command of his government in Burgundy. Thus the Duke found himself initiated in the affairs of state before he was eighteen years of age; and though, as may be supposed, the most important were not regulated by him, still his conduct did not fail to obtain for him the esteem and respect of his province. The din of arms which resounded throughout Europe, however, strongly affected his mind, and made him sigh for an opportunity of displaying his courage. So early as 1636 he had written to his father: "I read with pleasure the heroic actions of our Kings in history. . . . I feel a holy ambition to imitate them, and follow in their track when

“ my age and capacity shall have made me what you wish.” Since that time he devoured all the works which related in any way to the art of war, and questioned all the officers who had acquired any reputation.

The following year his wishes were at last fulfilled. He obtained leave to make his first campaign in Flanders, under the Maréchal de la Meilleraie. He saw the siege and taking of Arras—a siege which lasted two months—and during which he distinguished himself by the most brilliant valour.

On his return he went to pay a visit to Cardinal de Richelieu, at his country-house at Ruel. The Minister, already informed of his rising reputation, and wishing to judge of him himself, encouraged him to converse on many subjects. We are assured that he said afterwards to M. de Chavigni: “ I have just had a conversation of two hours with Monsieur le Duc on religion, war, politics, the interests of princes, and the administration of a state; he will certainly be the greatest captain of all Europe, and the first man of his time, and perhaps of all future times—in all things.”* But since it is only a panegyrist who acquaints us with these details, we may be permitted to suspect that this prophecy, like many others on great men, was but an afterthought.

However great was Richelieu’s elevation, he could hardly flatter himself with the hope of an alliance with the Princes of the Blood; they were willing to be his servants, but not his kinsmen. The thirst for places, however, which tormented the Prince of Condé, caused him at last to surmount the barriers of his rank. According to the *Memoirs of Mademoiselle*, daughter of Gaston Duke of Orleans, “ the Minister saw Monsieur de Condé ask of him, almost on his knees, his niece, and plead for that object as eagerly as though he had in view for his son the sovereign of the world.”† This niece was Claire Clémence de Maillé Brezé, daughter of the Maréchal Duke de Brezé, who was widower of a sister of Cardinal Richelieu. The House of Maillé, though ancient and illustrious in Anjou, and having contributed to the Crusades one of its bravest champions, was

* Father Bergier, *Memorable Actions*, p. 204; Desormeaux’s *Histoire de Condé*, vol. i. p. 43.

† *Memoirs of Mademoiselle*, vol. i. p. 53, ed. 1746.

yet not a suitable connection for the Royal Family of France. Notwithstanding, Monsieur le Prince wishing to express to the Minister an unbounded attachment, entreated him not only to give his niece to the Duke d'Enghien, but at the same time to marry Mademoiselle de Bourbon to his nephew, the young Duke de Brezé. The Cardinal replied drily that he would willingly give gentlewomen to princes, but not gentlemen to princesses!

The Duke d'Enghien on his part expressed the strongest repugnance to this marriage. He resisted as far as possible; but he was obliged to submit to his father, who was always thoroughly in earnest whenever it came to a question of pleasing men in power. The betrothing took place, therefore, on the 7th of February, 1641, in the King's closet, according to the custom of Princes of the Blood, and on the same day Monsieur le Prince gave a grand ball in the Cardinal's palace. But a slight accident somewhat disturbed the fête. Mademoiselle de Brezé, who was very short (she was hardly thirteen years of age), fell as she was dancing a *courante*, in consequence of her having been made to wear a pair of high-heeled shoes, to give her stature—so high that she could hardly walk. No considerations of respect could prevent the company from laughing aloud, not even excepting the Duke d'Enghien, who was not sorry of an opportunity of showing his contempt for his wife. A few days after he fell so seriously ill, that his death was apprehended, and everybody (such good-nature is not uncommon) did not forget to attribute his illness to the grief which his marriage had caused him.

Claire Clémence de Maillé by no means deserved such despair. Born in 1628,* she was yet a child, and Mademoiselle declares that two years after her marriage she still amused herself with dolls.† But we shall see by and bye what great and good qualities developed themselves in her mind, and we shall have cause to admire by turns her resignation in suffering, and her courage in action. She continued always of small stature, but was not wanting in personal attractions. According to a contemporary, who was by no means one of her friends, “she was far from plain;

* Memoirs of Madame de Motteville, Table, vol. vi. p. 361, ed. 1782.

† Memoirs of Mademoiselle, vol. i. p. 57, ed. 1746.

“ she had beautiful eyes, a fine complexion, and a pretty figure. “ She conversed agreeably whenever she chose to speak.”*

To this portrait of the Bride let us add another of the Bridegroom, drawn by the same hand. “ His eyes were blue and full “ of vivacity; his nose was aquiline, his mouth was very disagreeable from being very large, and his teeth too prominent: “ but in his countenance generally there was something great “ and haughty, somewhat resembling an eagle. He was not “ very tall, but his figure was perfectly well proportioned. He “ danced well, had an agreeable expression, a noble air, and a “ very fine head.”†

Notwithstanding his marriage, or rather in consequence of his marriage, the young Duke showed more ardour than ever for the wars. Scarcely had he recovered from his illness ere he flew to the Maréchal de Meilleraie’s army, and received the command of the volunteers. But the campaign was not a brilliant one; the Marshal only succeeded in reducing the little town of Aire, after a siege of two months, and he saw it retaken by the Spaniards before the end of the year.

The following year Louis XIII., though almost dying, insisted upon going himself to command his army on the frontiers of Spain. He was accompanied by the Duke d’Enghien. This campaign achieved for France the entire conquest of Roussillon, and the young Duke distinguished himself very much at the sieges of Collioure, Perpignan, and Salces.

In returning from Roussillon the Duke d’Enghien took the road by Lyons, but neglected to go and visit Cardinal Alphonse de Richelieu, Archbishop of Lyons, and brother of the Minister. At the first interview which he had with the latter, when he was at Paris, the Cardinal inquired after the health of his brother—and it became necessary to acknowledge that he had not been visited. The Cardinal made no answer, but expressed his resentment to the Prince of Condé, and frightened him so much that the Prince lost no time in rushing to his son and commanding him to post back instantly to Lyons and repair his fault. He was obliged to obey, and make a dismal journey of 200 leagues in the worst season of the year. It is even said that

* *Memoirs of Madame de Motteville*, vol. iii. p. 526, ed. 1723.

† *Memoirs of de Motteville*, vol. i. p. 431. This portrait dates from 1647

the Cardinal Alphonse, informed of the Duke d'Enghien's journey, repaired to Marseilles on purpose to give the Prince the trouble of going farther in search of him.* On his return the Minister received the Duke d'Enghien as before, put to him the same question on the health of his brother, and the Duke having answered it, Richelieu appeared satisfied.

This all-powerful Minister, however, approached the termination of his career. A slow fever was consuming his body, but his genius and courage never shone more brilliantly. Never did he appear more formidable to the enemies, or more haughty and arrogant to the Sovereign, of France. He formed plans for the following year in Spain and in Italy, in Flanders and in Germany. He gave orders to his guards (for he had guards like a prince) no longer to lower their arms in the King's presence. He never left his arm-chair during a visit which the Queen paid him at Ruel; and far from excusing himself on the plea of illness, he claimed it as the privilege of Cardinals. Death alone could triumph over his ambition.

His physicians wishing to flatter him to the last, told him that his state was not entirely hopeless; and that God, seeing how necessary he was to France, would, no doubt, perform a miracle to preserve him. But Richelieu sent for Chicot, physician to the King, and besought him, not as a physician but as a friend, to tell him the truth. Chicot, after some little hesitation, told him plainly that in twenty-four hours he would either be dead or cured. "That is speaking out as you ought," replied the Cardinal; "now I understand you."† He caused the King to be sent for, and settled with him the future administration of public affairs, just as if his own had been in question. He nominated as his successor Cardinal Mazarin, whose zeal and ability he had already tried; and the subdued Monarch promised to conform in all things to the last wishes of his expiring Minister. Then Richelieu, with as firm a voice and as serene a countenance, turned towards his religious duties. His Confessor urging him to forgive all his enemies, he coldly replied, that he had never had any except those of the State. He received without emotion the absolution and the sacrament

* *Memoirs of Montglat*, vol. ii. p. 64, ed. 1727.

† *Memoirs of Montrésor*, p. 397, ed. 1826.

of extreme unction. The Bishops, who were assembled around him, were edified by so much calmness and indifference. One only amongst them, Cospeau, then Bishop of Nantes, formed a contrary opinion. "In truth," said he, on retiring. "that great security alarms me!"*

Thus died Cardinal Richelieu, the 4th of December, 1642. At this news every one breathed more freely, as if relieved of a heavy weight. Even from his tomb, however, Richelieu still commanded. All the legacies of places and governments which he had made were confirmed to the letter; all his relations, his friends, and his creature were continued in their employments. "There never was a King in France," says an historian, "whose will was so much respected as that of Richelieu."† But while he maintained the same political system as Richelieu, Mazarin, whose personal character was far different, replaced severity by suppleness. He had himself shared with others the fear which Richelieu inspired; and on this principle of fear he bowed before any powerful suppliant. The prisons were opened, the exiles recalled, and whilst the enemies of Richelieu were thus pardoned, new favours were bestowed to warm the zeal of his partisans.

The House of Condé, allied to the former Minister and the main-stay of the new one, was not the last to profit by this general indulgence. Monsieur le Prince had everywhere yielded to the deceased Cardinal the precedence of rank, against all ancient usage. He carried this submission so far as to raise the tapestry and hold it when Richelieu passed through a door.‡ But at the death of the Minister, Monsieur le Prince, and Monsieur le Duc still more haughtily, claimed the rights due to their birth. At their request the King granted to the Princes of the Blood their precedence over the Cardinals; and the supple Mazarin was the first to approve and adopt this new regulation.

Another still more important order granted to the Duke d'Enghien the object of his most ardent wishes, the command

* *Profecto nimium me terret magna illa securitas.* St. Aulaire, Histoire de la Fronde, vol. i. p. 96. See also the Memoirs of Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 115.

† Desormeaux, vol. i. p. 56.

‡ Memoirs of Montglat, vol. ii. p. 64.

in chief of the army which was to defend Champagne and Picardy. The young General went to his post at the very first opening of spring. Yet what boldness, or let us rather say, what base flattery, to confide the welfare of the State to a warrior of twenty-one! What proofs had he yet been able to give of his great genius? I find in the Letters of Voiture, that only a short time before this campaign the Duke d'Enghien, in assemblies of ladies at Paris, still played at little games, particularly at the one called "The Fishes," in which he represented "the Jack!"*

During this time Louis XIII., weighed down by sorrows and by sickness, visibly approached the termination of his sufferings. He remained six weeks at least in a dying state, without his life coming to a final close. He showed no dread of his approaching end, and spoke of it constantly, as he would have done in speaking of the death of any one else; but the feeling which most oppressed the unhappy Prince was the distrust he had of his own family: If there was a person in the world whom he hated more than his mother, that person was his wife. A short time before his death she had sent him with a message expressive of her respect and tenderness, imploring him to believe above all, that she had never conspired against his person. The King replied, without showing any emotion, "In my present state I ought to forgive her, but I am not obliged to believe her."† On another occasion, seeing the Duke of Beaufort and others of the Queen's party approaching him with an appearance of curiosity, "These people," said he, "are come to see if I shall die soon: ah! if I can but recover, I will make them pay dearly for the wish they have that I should die!"‡ At intervals, however, he reproached himself for these expressions of hatred. His devotion was sincere, but not enlightened. The last order which he gave was to remove from his room the Maréchal de Châtillon because he was a Huguenot; and it was thus he expired on the 14th of May, 1643. His contemporaries had given him during his life the surname of "Louis the Just;" but when one searches for the reason, one finds that it was only because he was born under the constellation of the Scales!

* Letters of Voiture, vol. i. p. 319, ed. 1709.

† Memoirs of La Rochefoucauld, the part unpublished till 1817, p. 44.

‡ Memoirs of Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 121, ed. 1723.

According to the King's will, the title of Regent was granted to the Queen during the minority of her son, but her authority was restrained within very narrow limits by the Council of Regency, composed of Gaston Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIII., of the Prince of Condé, of Cardinal Mazarin, and of three other Ministers of Richelieu's school. All the affairs of peace, of war, and finance were to be decided in this Council by the majority of votes. The King on signing the will had added in his own handwriting, "The above is my most express desire, which I will have carried into execution." Hardly four days after his death, however, Anne of Austria, clad in deep mourning, conducted the little King, still in his bib, to hold a Court of Justice at the Parliament, when the Chancellor read a declaration which broke through all the arrangements of Louis XIII., and conferred the whole power upon the Regent. The Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Condé, accustomed to bend, and hoping everything from the Queen's favour, were the first to give their opinion in favour of the declaration, and it passed without a dissentient voice through the Parliament, which was proud of the acknowledgment thus rendered to its political power. Cardinal Mazarin, who had only a few days before recommended the will to please the King, also advised its being revoked to please the Queen; and this latter, in gratitude for his zeal and ability, was ready to continue him in his functions of Prime Minister.

After this rapid glance at the Court revolutions, let us follow the Duke d'Enghien to his army. It consisted at first of only twelve thousand men, distributed around his head-quarters at Amiens, while Don Francisco de Melo, at the head of twenty-seven thousand Spaniards, hovered about the frontier, and appeared to hesitate whether he should aim his first blow at Picardy or at Champagne. The enemy were aware of Louis XIII.'s approaching end, and thought this a propitious moment for a great effort against France. At first they seemed to menace Landrecies, and the Duke d'Enghien was already marching towards that point, when he learnt that they had turned their steps towards the Meuse, and were besieging Rocroy. The governor of the fortress sent word to the Duke that the outworks of this place were already carried, that he

could not hold out any longer, and that he should be obliged to surrender unless he was promptly relieved.*

This news reached the young General at Origny at the same time as that of the King's death. He concealed both from his soldiers, in the fear of discouraging them. His friends, to whom he confided it, advised him to abandon the defence of the frontier and to march to Paris with his army to make himself umpire of the Regency. The Prince at once repelled this perfidious counsel. On the other hand, the old Maréchal de l'Hôpital never ceased preaching to him of prudence towards the enemy, saying that it was far better to lose a single town than to expose the safety of the State to the risk of an unequal conflict. The Duke had been charged on his departure to consider this Maréchal as his guide, and he had been specially sent with the army to act as his curb, for the Duke's courage was already well known, but not so his genius in war.

But the mind of the hero was not long in developing itself. He undertook to establish the new Regency by a great battle—in spite of the flatterers who wished to draw him to Paris—in spite of the Mentor who wished to enchain him in his camp. One has often seen (and the sight is not attractive) a young prince placed at the head of an army to bear away the laurels which other hands have gathered, while the courtier-general who commands under his name gains his Marshal's bâton, not by publishing, but by concealing and denying his own portion of the glory. But where shall we find, in modern history, another example of a chief of twenty-one marching towards a brilliant victory, not by the advice of his counsellors, but against the advice of his counsellors, surprising, by the dexterity of his manœuvres, generals who had become grey in the service, and at the same time quickening them by his youthful courage?

At Origny the Duke had already received a reinforcement of eight or ten thousand men. With all these united forces he pushed on towards Rocroy, hardly giving them time to refresh themselves on the road, and persuading the Maréchal de l'Hôpital that he did not wish to risk a battle, and had no other object in view than to throw relief into the place. All his confidence was

reserved to Gassion, an experienced and intrepid officer, whom he had sent on in advance with a detachment of cavalry, to effect, if possible, the entrance of ammunition and stores into Rocroy, and also to take a closer view of the position and strength of the enemy. Gassion had carried his orders into execution with equal success and bravery. In returning to the Prince he gave him an account of all the obstacles which the nature of the country opposed to his project—the thick forests of Ardennes, the deep marshes, a narrow defile, all which served as ramparts to the Spanish army; and this army was composed of picked troops, that fine infantry, above all—those famous *Tercios* which had been looked upon as invincible since the great days of Pavia and St. Quentin. Notwithstanding all his ardour, Gassion pointed out to the Prince the very serious and fatal results of a failure. “I shall not be a witness to them,” replied the Prince, with somewhat of a selfish firmness; “Paris will never see me again but as a conqueror or a corpse!”

On that same day, however, May 17, Enghien called together a council of war. He told them of Gassion’s information—he announced the King’s death—he pointed out the importance of re-assuring the alarmed capital and the tottering state by a great victory. The warmth and confidence with which he spoke gained him nearly all their votes. The Maréchal de l’Hôpital himself appeared to yield his opinion to that of the Prince, but he was not the less anxious to avoid a battle: he flattered himself that the Spaniards, in defending the defile, would prevent the conflict from becoming general. But Don Francisco de Melo nourished greater views. Reckoning upon the superiority of his numbers, he not only intended to arrest the progress of the French army, but entirely to destroy it. When, therefore, on the 18th, at the dawn of day, Enghien presented himself at the entrance of the defile he found no one, and his troops passed through without the smallest resistance. “The two generals,” said Bossuet, a long time afterwards, “seemed to have determined to shut themselves up between forests and marshes, to decide their quarrels, as two knights of olden time in *champ-clos*.”

The Maréchal de l’Hôpital then felt that the step to which he had consented would involve more important results. He employed all his rhetoric (and bad generals always have plenty) in dissuading the Prince from his design. The debate was sharp and

violent; but Enghien decided it by saying, in a commanding tone, that he would take upon himself the issue of the event. Without replying one word, the Marshal went and placed himself at the head of the left wing, which Enghien had assigned to him. The Duke himself commanded the right wing, having Gassion under him in the command. Already had the troops spread forth into the plain, in the centre of which is the town of Rocroy, and which is surrounded on all sides by the forest of Ardennes. The ground was uneven and difficult, and if Don Francisco had charged under these circumstances the fate of a portion of the French army would have been decided. But Enghien, moving forward with a detachment of cavalry, manœuvred with so much dexterity as completely to mask the slow and laborious march of his infantry and artillery. It was thus that he at last succeeded in conveying all his troops to a height, only separated from the Spaniards by a narrow valley, according to the plan he had formed the night before. The cannon of both armies were soon heard to peal; but it was six o'clock in the evening, and the two Generals did not choose to commit to the hazard of a night-attack either their reputations or their armies.

Even at this moment, however, the indiscretion of a single officer, La Ferté Senneterre, had all but proved fatal to the Duke d'Enghien and his army. His post was in the left wing, and the Duke had desired him to remain stationary; but in spite of these orders, jealous of Gassion, and wishing to equal his exploit by succeeding in throwing succours into Rocroy, he moved on his cavalry towards that town, and took several battalions along with him. One may judge of the Duke's sorrow when he learnt that his left wing was entirely exposed, and that Melo was advancing with his army to take advantage of the error. Without losing a moment, he made the troops of the second line fill up the space abandoned by the first, while an aide-de-camp carried his imperative orders to La Ferté to turn back instantly. The able arrangement of Enghien, and the quick return of La Ferté, happily prevented the Spanish attack; and the guilty officer disarmed the reproaches of the Prince by promising to efface on the morrow, even with his blood, an error which indeed arose only from an excess of zeal.

The coming night, which was to be the last to many thousand

men, proved cold and dark, and the soldiers of both armies had recourse to the neighbouring forest. They lighted so many fires that the whole plain was illuminated by them. In the distance was to be seen Rocroy, the prize which was to be contended for the next day, and the two armies appeared like one, so nearly did the outposts approach each other. One might almost say that a kind of truce united them for several hours; and nothing interrupted the stillness of the night save now and then, at long intervals, the firing of cannon from the besieged town, which seemed to be redoubled by the echoes of the forest.

The Duke d'Enghien throwing himself before a fire, which had been piled in the open air, and wrapping his cloak around him, was asleep in a few moments. His slumbers were so sound that it was necessary to awaken him on the following morning when day began to dawn. The same trait is told of Alexander on the morning of the battle of Arbela.* Rising immediately, Enghien permitted his body armour to be put on, but instead of a helmet would only wear a hat adorned by large white plumes. He remembered, probably, the celebrated war-cry of his cousin the great Henry—"Rally round my white plume!" and in truth the plumes which waved on Enghien's head did serve in the fray as a rallying-point for several squadrons, which without this ornament would not have recognised him. Then he mounted his horse, and galloped through the ranks, giving his final orders. The rallying-word was "Enghien." The officers remembered with pleasure the conflict at Cérisoles, won a century before by a prince of the same blood and the same name, whilst the soldiers, touched by the youth and agreeable countenance of their General, received him everywhere with shouts of joy. All the arrangements having been made, the trumpets sounded to the charge, and at that moment Enghien darted forward like lightning at the head of his cavalry on the right wing. He found the enemy in order of battle, and ready to receive him. Don Francisco de

* Plutarch's *Lives*, vol. ix. p. 70, translation by Dacier, ed. 1762. The circumstances of this glorious day became sometimes the subject for private theatricals in France; and in a letter by Madame de Sévigné of the 12th of February, 1690, may be found an obscure allusion to her granddaughter Pauline as representing "the young officer at the battle of Rocroy who distinguished himself so agreeably by killing the trumpeter who had awakened the Prince too early!" Did this refer to any real event?

Melo expected every moment a reinforcement of six thousand men under General Beck, but did not consider them to be necessary, as he already had nearly five thousand men more than the French. Under him, the infantry was commanded by the old Conde de Fuentes, an officer of great merit, who had for a long while balanced the fortunes of the Princes of Orange. Become helpless from gout, he could no longer either walk or mount a horse, but was obliged to have himself carried in a litter at the head of his regiments, in the centre of the army. Both generals and soldiers were in expectation of an easy victory, and that expectation, as has often been the case with the Spanish armies, contributed principally to their overthrow. Melo himself commanded in the right wing, opposite to the Maréchal de l'Hôpital, and he had confided the other to the Duke d'Albuquerque. Foreseeing Enghien's attack, he had sent an ambuscade of a thousand musketeers into a little copse-wood, which spread along on the right of the French, to charge them in the rear the moment they had advanced into the valley; but Enghien, perceiving this manœuvre, turned all its danger upon Melo himself, for by directing his course at first sideways he fell upon the musketeers and cut them to pieces. He then immediately ordered Gassion, with a few squadrons of horse, to attack Albuquerque's flank while he attacked his front. This assault was so well combined, that in a very few moments the Spanish regiments were seen dispersed and thrown over one another.

But all this time the same success had not prevailed on the side of the Maréchal de l'Hôpital. Melo had vigorously repulsed him; the Marshal himself was dangerously wounded, and borne along far from the fray. La Ferté Sennecterre, also wounded, was a prisoner, and his artillery was at the mercy of Melo. In fact, the whole left wing of the French army was put to flight. The victorious Spaniards stopped only at sight of the troops of reserve. This reserve was commanded by the Baron de Sirot, a brave Burgundian officer (I should rather have thought him a Gascon!), who boasted of a very singular thing—of having been in three pitched battles, of fighting hand to hand with three Kings (namely, the Kings of Poland, Sweden, and Denmark), and of having carried away proofs of having seen them so near: the hat of one, the scarf of another, and one of

the pistols of the third.* Several officers already pressed Sirot to retire, assuring him that the battle was lost. "No, no," replied he proudly, "it is not lost, for Sirot and his companions have not yet fought!" He stood therefore firmly to his post; but he would not have been able to maintain it much longer without a bold and skilful manœuvre of the Duke d'Enghien's. The Duke was pursuing his vanquished enemies on the left when he heard of the defeat of his right wing. Without losing an instant he collected all his cavalry, and determined to guide them all along the rear of the Spanish lines. Fortune favoured his boldness; and arriving thus at the other wing, and taking Melo's troops in the rear, he snatched from them a victory which seemed almost secure. La Ferté and the other prisoners were set free, the lost artillery was not only recovered, but the enemy's too was taken, and the enemy were in their turn put to flight.

There yet remained, however, to vanquish all the Spanish infantry which was posted in the centre, and had not yet joined in the conflict. Enghien was observing, not without some uneasiness, their haughty bearing and their immovable calmness, when news was brought him that General Beck, bringing to the enemy a reinforcement of six thousand fresh troops, was at a very little distance from the field of battle. The Duke, without hesitation, detached Gassion with a portion of the cavalry to delay this reinforcement as long as possible, while he presented himself at the head of the rest to fall upon the Spanish infantry before the junction could be effected. Then it was that the Conde de Fuentes proved how the powers of mind can triumph over the infirmities of the body. From his litter shone forth the lightning of a noble courage, tried in twenty battles, and exciting the admiration even of his enemies. He allowed the French cavalry to advance within fifty feet, then spreading out several of his battalions he disclosed a battery of guns charged with cartridges. This discharge, accompanied by a terrible volley of musketry, carried death and terror into the French ranks. They were repulsed in the greatest disorder; and even their own writers acknowledge that if Fuentes had had a division of cavalry to second

* This curious trait is to be found in the *Memoirs of Abbé Arnould*, p. 216, ed. 1824.

him, he might still perhaps have snatched the victory from the Duke d'Enghien.*

For want of this Spanish cavalry, which was already put to flight, Enghien was able to rally his own; and seeing how every moment was becoming more precious, he led them a second time to the charge. In spite of his ardour and perseverance he was repulsed a second time. A third attack which he directed did not prove more successful; but during this time his reserve, for which he had sent, arrived, and by their means Enghien was able to surround on all sides the brave Spanish infantry. Besides, their best soldiers had fallen in the three murderous attacks, and their chief was expiring of several wounds he had received. Their officers then saw that they must yield to numbers, and they came forth from the ranks making signs with their hats, and asking for quarter. Enghien advanced towards them to receive their submission and give them his word; but when he was only at a few steps distance, the Spanish soldiers mistook his intention: they fancied he was ordering a fresh attack, and they made a tremendous discharge. It was considered almost a miracle that the Duke, being so near them, had not either been killed or wounded. The French, however, taking the error of the Spaniards for an act of perfidy, fell upon them from all sides, and inflicted a most dreadful slaughter. In vain did the Duke call to them with all his might to spare the vanquished. It was by the greatest efforts only that he succeeded in saving from this butchery some officers covered with blood, and already half dead.

Meanwhile Enghien expected still to have to hold out against the corps under General Beck; but the runaway Spanish cavalry having joined that corps, and having communicated to it their own alarm, General Beck had retired with such precipitation that he had even abandoned some of his artillery. It was Gassion himself who came to announce this good news to the Duke. Then Enghien, assured of the most complete victory, threw himself on his knees at the head of his army, to return thanks to the God of battles. On rising from his knees he embraced Gassion with great emotion, as the principal instrument of his victory, and promised him, in the King's name, the bâton

* Desormeaux, Hist., vol. i. p. 102.

of a French Marshal, which Gassion accordingly received at the close of the campaign. On the other officers, and even on La Ferté Sennecterre, he lavished praises and rewards. One might have said, on hearing him, that he would not reserve for himself the smallest portion of the glory which he had just gained.

In this battle, disputed with so much animosity for six hours, the loss of the French, according to their own computation, amounted to two thousand men killed or wounded, but was probably still more considerable. That of the Spaniards was immense, and their infantry especially, which since the great day at Pavia had been considered invincible, was destroyed rather than conquered at Rocroy. Of eighteen thousand men which formed this infantry, nearly nine thousand were killed in the ranks assigned to them, and seven thousand were taken. Such was the pride of these old bands, celebrated all over Europe, that a French officer having the next day asked a Spaniard what were their numbers before the battle, "You have only," replied he, "to count the dead and the prisoners!" The old Conde de Fuentes, pierced with many wounds, was found expiring by the side of his broken litter. "Ah!" exclaimed Enghien, on contemplating these sad remains, "had I not conquered, I should have wished to die like him!" Fuentes' litter was for a long time preserved at Chantilly as the principal trophy of this brilliant victory. All the Spanish artillery, consisting of twenty-four cannon, and their standards, of which there were three hundred, fell into the hands of the conquerors. The General-in-chief himself, Dñn Francisco de Melo, was for a moment amongst the prisoners, but found means during the fray to escape, throwing away his General's staff, which was afterwards found and presented to the Duke d'Enghien. Two other Spanish officers, Don George de Castelui and the Conde de Garces, were taken by Enghien's own hand. The Duke received three shots during the battle—two in his breastplate and another in his leg, which only bruised him—but his horse was wounded by two musket balls: so that one sees he was no less a good soldier than a great captain.

In our days, however, a writer who has attained some reputation by dint of libels—I mean Paul Louis Courier—has set himself against the victor of Rocroy, and at the same time against all

other military reputations. According to him :—" I am ready to believe, since everybody says it, that there is an art in war, but you must acknowledge that it is the only one which requires no apprenticeship. It is the only art one knows without ever having learnt it. In all others study and time are requisite : one begins by being a scholar, but in this one is at once a master ; and if one has the least talent for it, one accomplishes one's *chef-d'œuvre* at the same time with one's *coup d'essai*. . . . A young Prince of eighteen posts down from the Court, gives a battle, gains it, and then he is a great captain for the rest of his life, and the greatest captain of the world ! " * But without pausing to observe that Enghien was nearly twenty-two, that he had studied the art of war with the greatest zeal, and that he had already served in three campaigns, may we not allow something to the sudden flash of heroic genius ? Shall we not rather say with Cardinal de Retz, although the enemy of Condé, " Monsieur le Prince was born a captain, which never happened but to him, Cæsar, and Spinola. He has equalled the first—he has surpassed the second." † Does not a simple narrative of the battle of Rocroy suffice to show that it was gained by skilful direction, and not by happy accident ?

It would be difficult to describe with what transports of joy the news of this victory was received at the Court, which was far from firmly established. It was considered, and with reason, to be the greatest battle the French had gained since that of Bouvines, four centuries before. Here then commenced that career of glory which distinguished the times of Louis XIV., and which ended only before the swords of Eugène and Marlborough ; and if it was with good reason that Louis XIV. assumed the sun as his device, Rocroy may be said to have been its dawn, as Blenheim was its setting.

On the 20th of May, the day after this great battle, Enghien made his triumphal entry into Rocroy. He allowed his troops to repose for two days, and then it was towards Guise that he directed his steps. He soon heard that Don Francisco de Melo had taken shelter at Philippeville, that he was trying

* Conversation at the Countess of Albany's—*Courier's Works*, vol. ii. p. 152, ed. 1828.

† *Memoirs of Retz*, vol. i. p. 287, ed. 1817.

to rally his cavalry, but that of all his infantry not above two thousand men remained to him, and they disarmed and nearly naked. No army any longer protected Flanders, and the youthful courage of Enghien already meditated its conquest. But the Court which had expected to sustain war in its own provinces was not prepared to carry it into foreign countries. It became necessary to give up all idea of an invasion of Maritime Flanders and the siege of Dunkirk, with which Enghien had at first flattered himself. Then finding that the Spaniards had drawn off their troops from the fortifications on the Moselle, Enghien proposed to march thither; and take possession of them. He was still more animated to this undertaking in order to avenge a disgraceful defeat which the French army had sustained four years previously under the walls of Thionville. Although this project was very inferior to his first, its greatness surprised the Council of Ministers: they at first refused their consent, but the Duke insisted—and what could they refuse to the victor of Rocroy?

Thionville was at that time considered to be one of the best fortresses in Europe. On arriving before its walls, after a seven days' march, Enghien hastened to send the Count de Grancey with a detachment of cavalry beyond the Moselle, to prevent the Spaniards from carrying succour into the town. Grancey acquitted himself but ill of this important commission. He was deceived by his spies, and allowed a reinforcement of two thousand men to enter. This disappointment greatly grieved the Prince, but did not discourage him. In spite of the frequent sallies of the besieged, he established his lines, erected bridges, raised redoubts, and opened a double line of trenches on the 25th of June.

The French were several times repulsed, but always rallied; and everywhere the presence of Enghien either prevented or repaired the disorder. A new accident, however, appeared likely to snatch from him the victory. Towards the end of July, after a great storm, the Moselle overflowed its banks, carried away the bridges, and separated all the quarters. The troops on the other side of the river must have been destroyed if General Beck, who was encamped under the walls of Luxembourg, had fallen suddenly upon them; but the heavy German was still deliberating,

when the activity of the young Prince had repaired the misfortune. The siege therefore went on, the attacks grew more and more frequent, and the obstinate resistance of the garrison obliged the French to have recourse to mines, which, by assiduous labour, they pushed forward under the interior of the town. Then Enghien, wishing to spare bloodshed, sent a flag of truce to the governor, and allowed him with a safe-conduct to visit the state of the works. This visit convinced the Spaniards of the impossibility of defending themselves any longer; but Enghien, touched by their valiant defence, granted them an honourable capitulation, and they evacuated the town on the 22nd of August. Thionville was then little more than a heap of ruins and ashes. During more than three weeks the Duke was obliged to employ the whole of his army and several thousand peasants from the neighbourhood in repairing the principal breaches.

By this conquest Enghien soon became master of the whole course of the Moselle down to the gates of Trèves. Sierch alone ventured to resist him, but was reduced in twenty-four hours. Then disposing his army in autumn quarters, he set off for Paris. The young conqueror was everywhere received with the warmest enthusiasm, and the Queen, in gratitude for his services, granted to him, soon after, the government of Champagne, and the town of Stenay, which the Duke of Lorraine had just ceded to France.

Hardly, however, had he arrived a fortnight ere the Queen's orders obliged him to depart again, and conduct reinforcement to the army of Maréchal de Guebriant, who was then encamped near Sarrebourg.* Enghien therefore joined him with five or six thousand soldiers and great convoys, and afterwards visited the fortified towns on the frontier, furnishing them with men and provisions, and thus terminating the most glorious campaign ever made by an officer of twenty-two.

* Desormeaux, either by mistake or negligence, says Strasbourg, instead of Sarrebourg (vol. i. p. 136). On this point I have followed the *Memoirs of Montglat* (vol. ii. p. 107).

CHAPTER II.

The Duchess of Enghien is delivered of a Son—Enghien's Sister, the Duchess de Longueville—Her dissension with Madame de Montbazou—Enghien's Campaign in Germany—Three days' Battle of Fribourg—Campaign of 1645—Battle of Nordlingen—Enghien's dangerous Illness—Campaign of Flanders in 1646—Death of the Prince of Condé, and succession of Enghien to that Title—Campaign of Catalonia in 1647—Unsuccessful Siege of Lerida—Campaign of Flanders in 1648—Great Victory at Lens.

ON his arrival at Paris after the taking of Thionville, Enghien had found all his family rejoicing. His wife, the Duchess, had, on the 29th of July, given birth to a son, who received the name of Henry Julius, and the title of Duke d'Albret till the death of the Prince of Condé. Enghien embraced the child with tenderness, but showed the coldest indifference towards his wife. He began to abandon himself to pleasures—not to say debaucheries—with as much ardour as he had shown in quest of glory. On the other hand, the forsaken Duchess received no consolation from the relatives of her husband: since the death of Cardinal Richelieu, they no longer had any motive for treating his niece with respect, and despising her birth, they delighted in putting slights upon her, and treating her in every possible manner.* Notwithstanding this, her excellent conduct did not fail her: she felt great attachment and admiration for her husband, and carried her devotion to him so far as never to complain, rather preferring to suffer in silence.

Another event in the family, about which Enghien found his parents much occupied, was with regard to his sister. She had a year before married the Duke de Longueville. This nobleman was double her age, and not of an agreeable person; but he was of high birth, a descendant of the famous Dunois, he had the government of Normandy, and great estates in that province; and Harpagon's reason, "dowerless,"† appeared to the old

* Memoirs of Mademoiselle, vol. i. p. 57, ed. 1746.

† *Sans dot!* See Act i. scene 7 of Molière's admirable comedy *L'Avare*.

Prince of Condé quite unanswerable. The beauty and grace of Madame de Longueville deserved, however, a better lot. According to the testimony of a lady of her time, "it was impossible to see her without loving her, and wishing to please her. Her beauty nevertheless consisted more in her colouring than in any great perfection of the features. Her eyes were not large, but fine, soft, and bright, and their blue was beautiful—it was like that of a turquoise. Poets could only compare to lilies and roses the beautiful carnation of her complexion; and her fair and sunny hair, accompanying so many other beauties, made her less resemble a woman than an angel, according as our weak nature has pictured one to our minds."*

Marrying against her inclination, and possessing so many charms, Madame de Longueville saw all the young noblemen of the Court at her feet. Their assiduities, which at first annoyed, soon began to flatter her; and later she yielded to them. A few months sufficed to bring her to the second period, and she received without anger, but also without return, the attentions of the young Count de Coligny. Meanwhile a letter full of expressions of tenderness, and in the handwriting of a woman, was found one night at a party at the Duchess de Montbazons. Madame de Montbazons, who was older and less esteemed, though nearly as handsome as Madame de Longueville, hated her cordially; she forthwith decided that this note had been written by her rival, and that it had fallen from the pocket of Coligny, who had just gone out. This was a calumny, as every one afterwards acknowledged, when the real correspondents were discovered.† But at the time the raillery of Madame de Montbazons was so public and so severe, that this frivolous adventure became an affair of state. The whole Court was divided between the rival beauties. Madame de Montbazons was supported by the Duke de Guise and all the House of Lorraine; but her principal prop and stay was her lover the Duke de Beaufort, chief of a party then called *Les Importans*. On the other hand the House of Condé mustered its friends and servants.

* Memoirs of Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 456, ed. 1723.

† Memoirs of Madame de Motteville, vol. i. p. 184, note. She adds (p. 178), "Madame de Longueville enjoyed then a great reputation for virtue and good conduct."

The Duke d'Enghien, just returned from the army, and burning with anger, sent a challenge to the Duke de Beaufort. By the mediation of the Queen, this duel was happily prevented; but not so a public encounter in the Place Royale* between Coligny and the Duke de Guise. They fought with swords and daggers, and it is said that the Duchess de Longueville, hidden behind a window, was a spectator of the conflict. She had the grief of seeing her champion overcome and disarmed, with a wound so dangerous that he died soon afterwards.

The Duchess de Longueville, however, with the Princess her mother, threw themselves bathed in tears at the Queen's feet, demanding justice and reparation for Madame de Montbazon's outrage. The Queen, touched by their just resentment, took their part, and decided that Madame de Montbazon should give public satisfaction to Madame la Princesse. Cardinal Mazarin undertook to arrange in writing the words which should be exchanged on this occasion. But this great diplomatist then found that it is often easier to adjust quarrels between two rival nations than between two angry women. "I was at Court that night," says Madame de Motteville, "and I remember that in my own mind I wondered how great were the follies and vain occupations of this world. The Queen was in her closet, and with her was Madame la Princesse, who, filled with emotion and anger, turned this affair into a case of high treason. Madame de Chevreuse (daughter-in-law of Madame de Montbazon) was with Cardinal Mazarin arranging the harangue she was to make. There was a parley of an hour on every word. The Cardinal went first to one side, and then to another, to try and accommodate their difference, as though the welfare of France and his own in particular depended upon its arrangement; I never saw, to my mind, so great and complete a mummery."

This great negotiation being at length completed, they proceeded to the ceremony, which took place at the Hôtel de Condé, in the presence of the whole Court. The two ladies had fastened to their fans the words settled by the Cardinal. Madame de Montbazon commenced by reading the following words: "Madam, I come here to assure you that I am quite innocent of the

* The Place Royale was commenced in 1604, and finished in 1612. (*Curiosités de Paris*, vol. i. p. 326, ed. 1771.)

“wickedness of which I am accused. No person of honour would pronounce such a calumny. . . . I entreat you to believe that I shall never forget the respect which I owe to you, and the opinion I hold of the virtue of Madame de Longueville.”

Here follows the answer agreed upon for the Princess of Condé, which she accordingly pronounced:—“Madam, I willingly believe the assurance which you give me, that you took no part in the calumny which was published; I owe that deference to the commands of the Queen.”*

It will readily be believed that such a scene could not produce a real reconciliation. Madame de Montbazon pronounced the words which were agreed upon in a jeering and careless tone, while the features of the Princess bore a look of haughty contempt. The two ladies separated more enraged than ever. The Princess declared that she would go nowhere that she was likely to meet her enemy; but this meeting having however taken place, by chance, some days after, she made a prodigious uproar. It became necessary that the Queen should make choice decisively once for all between the two parties. Mazarin’s counsel turned the scale in favour of the House of Condé. The Duchesses of Montbazon and Chevreuse were banished from the Court and the capital. A like order was signified to the Duke de Guise, the Bishop of Beauvais, and several other noblemen of the same cabal. But a still more grievous fate awaited the Duke de Beaufort, to whom was attributed besides a project for assassinating the Prime Minister. He was arrested the same day at the Louvre, and taken to the Donjon of Vincennes, where he remained a prisoner during many long years.

After this revolution at the palace all the Queen’s favour and all the power of the State remained without division to Richelieu’s old party, then led by his disciple Mazarin. We should not, however, attribute so great a change entirely to so frivolous an intrigue. The seed had long been sown, and Madame de Longueville’s adventure only made it burst forth. The question was, whether the system of Richelieu was to be continued or abandoned—a system tending to diminish the influence of the nobles for the aggrandisement of the Crown. The question

* These two speeches are reported by Mademoiselle in her *Memoirs*, (vol. i. p. 86, ed. 1746.)

was, according to the old expression of Louis XI., to put "*la royauté hors de page*." Besides, some new feelings had begun to arise in the heart of Anne of Austria. For several months she had been wearied by the boastings and embarrassed by the claims of her former friends. Already in her mind the new-born favour of Cardinal Mazarin was prevailing over the tried devotion of the Duke de Beaufort. • In time Mazarin found means not only to gain her confidence, but also to touch her heart, and please her not only as a Queen, but as a woman; and the sequel will show what lasting, despotic, and complete power he found means to establish over the widow and mother of his Kings.

The campaign of 1644, however, was approaching, and Enghien eagerly solicited to be sent to Flanders, where the Spaniards had scarcely succeeded in gathering together an army since the disaster at Rocroy, and where consequently the most brilliant conquests might be expected. But Gaston Duke of Orleans, uncle to the young King, having put himself upon the ranks, obtained this command for himself. He was entirely wanting in talents as a general, and even in courage as a warrior; and his exploits during this campaign were confined to the siege and taking of Gravelines. As for the Duke d'Enghien, they gave him only a force of five or six thousand men, on the frontiers of Luxembourg. Notwithstanding these small numbers he was already thinking of the siege of Trèves, when the reverses of the French army in Germany obliged him to march to its assistance. But here we must retrace our steps a little.

The Maréchal de Guebriant having died in November, 1643, from the effects of a wound, the command devolved upon the Maréchal de Rantzau, a brave soldier, but a bad commander, and devoted to the pleasures of the table. Whilst he was quietly dining at Teutlingen, only four days after the death of Guebriant, the Generals of the enemy, the famous Count de Mercy and John of Werth, were preparing for him another entertainment very hard of digestion: falling suddenly upon his army, they completely routed it. Rantzau himself fell into the hands of the conquerors, together with all his general officers, his artillery, and his equipages. To repair this loss the Court hastened to send Turenne—a name fated to rival that of Condé, and to illustrate that of France. Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Vicomte de

Turenne, born ten years before the Duke d'Enghien, had therefore more experience, and as much courage and genius. It was the first time he had the command in chief, and he had to collect defeated and dispersed troops, without money and without arms.* Notwithstanding all his efforts he could not prevent the enemy from commencing the following campaign by the siege of Fribourg in Brisgau. Having only ten thousand men, and not being able to assist this fortress alone, he made the most earnest representations to the Court, and this latter sent orders to the Duke d'Enghien to join the army in Germany as quickly as possible and to take the command as generalissimo. These orders found the Duke d'Enghien at Amblemont, near Mouzon. Without losing a moment he put his army in march, leaving all his equipages, and made so much haste that in thirteen days he was at Brisach. On his arrival he had the mortification of learning that Fribourg had already yielded after the weakest resistance. In his first transport of anger Enghien inveighed with fury against the cowardly governor, threatening to have him hanged; but this untoward event did not prevent him from following out his plans. Followed only by the Maréchal de Grammont he crossed the Rhine, to see Turenne, who was encamped opposite Fribourg and the army of the enemy. The two Generals held a council together. As we have already said, Turenne had ten thousand men; Enghien having had a reinforcement, brought as many. They had before them only fifteen thousand Bavarians; but those fifteen thousand were commanded by Mercy, and their position was nearly impregnable: a country covered with woods and rocks—a camp thick set with redoubts and chevaux-de-frise. Turenne, always courageous, but also always cold and calm, pointed out that it would be to the highest degree perilous to force them, and proposed to cut off their provisions. His opinion was shared by the Count d'Erlach and the Maréchal de Grammont; but Enghien, full of the recollections of Rocroy, was impatient of delay and determined to fight. He returned to make his army cross the Rhine, whilst he was revolving in his mind the best plan of attack. His combinations were as skilful as they were bold. On the 3rd of August, at the dawn of day, he ordered

* Ramsay's History of Turenne, vol. i., p. 110, ed. 1783.

the Vicomte de Turenne to march by a ravine, from whence he would be able, after a long circuit, to take the Bavarians upon their flank, and find the weakest point of their position; and calculating that Turenne would have arrived at 5 o'clock in the evening, he himself fell upon the front rank of the enemy at that hour. I will here borrow the pen of one of his descendants, whose exploits in the field of glory, even much more than his titles, marked him as the true blood of the Condés:—"The Duke d'Enghien gave his orders: the troops immediately moved on, climbed the mountain through the vines, under the fire of the enemy, arrived at the *abattis*, attacked them, overcame them, notwithstanding the greatest resistance, and forced the Bavarians to retire into their last intrenchment. So many obstacles overcome had exhausted the strength of the soldiers, and seemed to have put a stop to their career. They remained immovable under the fire of the enemy: their courage was far from yielding the victory, but their reason well nigh despaired of it. The Duke d'Enghien arrived with the Maréchal de Grammont, and perceiving the astonishment which had seized his troops, he does not hesitate a moment in adopting the only means of bringing back their confidence. He dismounts, places himself at the head of the regiment of Conti, approaches the intrenchments, and throws beyond them his Marshal's bâton. This daring action was the signal for victory. The ardour and anxiety to snatch from the enemy this precious trophy, decided the soldiers to risk a thousand deaths rather than desert a hero who would command none but a conquering army. All move on at the same time: they attack, force the line, and the most vigorous resistance at last gives way before the obstinacy of the French and their chief."*

On the other side Turenne was equally engaged with the enemy. The obstacles of the road which he had to traverse had prevented him from making the attack at the appointed hour, but no sooner had he arrived at the enemy's trenches than he knew how to retrieve lost time. The Bavarians had begun to give way before him when daylight forsook him; the night was

* Essay on the Life of the Great Condé, by Louis Joseph, Prince of Condé, p. 27, ed. 1807. See also Desormeaux's History, vol. I., p. 167. Thus to throw away one's General's staff proves how well it is deserved!

dark, the rain fell in torrents, and although he heard from the top of the mountain the trumpets and tymbals which Enghien caused to be sounded as a signal of his victory, neither of the French generals dared, for fear of a surprise in the dark, advance towards the other. Mercy took advantage of this interval to withdraw his troops, with a loss, it was said, of several thousand men. He did not, however, think of a flight: he took up his position a league beyond, on one of the heights of the Black Forest, and again began to intrench himself.* It was therefore necessary to prepare for a second battle. The French rested themselves on the following day, but the sun had hardly risen on the 5th of August ere the Duke had arranged everything for the attack. Wishing to reconnoitre the enemy from a nearer point, he went with Turenne to climb a neighbouring mountain, and forbade the officers to undertake anything in his absence. In spite of these orders, one of them, M. d'Espenan, caused a redoubt which he happened to meet on his march to be insulted. The soldiers fell upon each other; other soldiers hastened to the scene, and the fight commenced.† Hearing the noise, Enghien returned at full speed, but it was too late to prevent the fault: all that could be done was to support it. The battle continued throughout the whole day, with equal animosity on both sides. The firing became terrible, but the success remained uncertain; and at night the Duke withdrew his troops, and made them re-enter his camp.

Far from being discouraged, the young Prince thought only of a third attack, but it was necessary to give his army some repose. In the second conflict he had lost at least two thousand men, and the Bavarians not above half that number. For three days the French remained in the presence of the enemy in a camp covered with dead and dying. The compassionate heart of Turenne was touched by this sad spectacle, but a sally is attributed to Enghien which it is vainly attempted to excuse by urging his youth and the liveliness of his imagination. It must be owned that it appears unworthy of heroism, or even of humanity:—"One single night of Paris will suffice to repair our "loss of men!" †

* Ramsay's History of Turenne, vol. i., p. 122.

† *Id tamen damni Enguianus elevans plures und nocte Parisiis generari cavillabatur* (Puffendorf, Rerum Suecicarum, lib. xvi. c. 27). Some careless historians have transposed this trait to the battle of Seneff.

The Count de Mercy, however, weakened by two murderous conflicts, and foreseeing that sooner or later he should be obliged to yield, thought only of retreating with honour. Enghien, on his part, formed the design to cut off the Bavarians in their retreat; and for this purpose sent forward a detachment of eight hundred horse under M. de Rosen. Count de Mercy, watching his time, fell unawares and violently on Rosen; but this officer received speedy succour from Enghien, and the Bavarian had no other resource than to continue a headlong retreat, leaving behind him his artillery and baggage.

Such was the threefold battle of Fribourg—a battle ever worthy of remembrance for the torrents of blood which were shed and for the chivalrous valour which was displayed in it—a battle in which the glory was nearly equally balanced between the victorious and the vanquished generals; but the one, full of experience, and grown grey in arms, was already renowned as the first captain in Europe, and the other was but a Prince of twenty-three.

To besiege and retake Fribourg seemed the natural result of a victory gained under its walls; but the Duke d'Enghien nourished greater views, and wishing to make himself master of the whole course of the Rhine, led his army to undertake the conquest of Philipsbourg. In spite of numberless obstacles, he forced this town to capitulate after eleven days of open trenches. Worms, Oppenheim, and Mayence threw open their gates to him afterwards. He then caused Landau to be besieged by the Vicomte de Turenne, but was himself in the lines at the moment when the garrison hoisted the flag of truce. From a well-placed delicacy, the Duke withdrew to leave the honour of signing the capitulation entirely to the chief who had directed the works.

Returning to Paris at the end of this campaign, he gave himself up with ardour to the pursuit of fresh amours. He fell passionately in love with Mademoiselle de Boutteville, of the House of Montmorency, and consequently a relation of the Princess of Condé; but it so happened that one of the most intimate friends of the young Prince, the Duke de Châtillon sur Loing, was in love with the same person, and wished to marry her. Châtillon was brother of Coligny, who had fought the Duke de Guise. To disarm his formidable rival, he could think of no plan so good

as to call upon him and confide to him, as his friend, both his passion and his intentions. Accordingly, Enghien, touched by this candour, had the generosity to sacrifice his own love to that of his rival. He did more: he supplied Châtillon with the means of carrying off and marrying his mistress, and afterwards pacified the anger of Madame de Loutteville and the Princess of Condé; and in spite of the attachment which he still felt, he was seen, till the death of the Duke de Châtillon, scrupulously to respect the ties which he himself had formed.

Soon after, or perhaps at the same time, the young Prince became enamoured of Mademoiselle de Vigan. According to a lady of the Court—"I have more than once heard her mother, Madame de Vigan, say that he had often told her that he would break off his marriage (having married the Duchess d'Enghien, his wife, by compulsion), so that he might espouse her daughter, and that he had even taken some steps towards this end."* Mademoiselle (thus was called the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, and the heiress of the Duke de Montpensier) adds that "Monsieur le Duc d'Enghien had already mentioned it to Cardinal Mazarin."† But it seems that the secret having been revealed to the Prince of Condé, this latter burst into a rage against the two lovers, whose project he entirely disconcerted.‡ It is with regret that one sees the heart of a hero conceive a project no less unjust than it was cruel, the Duchess d'Enghien having been quite as much constrained in her marriage as he was, and having ever since conducted herself in a most irreproachable manner. The Duke's judgment must have been warped by a most vehement passion; and indeed it is said that when he was obliged to separate himself from Mademoiselle de Vigan for the campaign of 1645, he swooned away with grief.§

This campaign of 1645 had commenced in Germany very inauspiciously for France. Turenne—the great Turenne himself—generally so prudent and cautious, had yet allowed himself to be surprised by Mercy at Mariendal, and had been defeated, with

* Memoirs of Madame de Motteville, vol. i., p. 301

† Memoirs of Mademoiselle, vol. i., p. 112.

‡ Desormeaux, History, vol. i., p. 434. He adds that the Princess of Condé entered very willingly into this scheme, from her former hatred towards Richelieu.

§ Desormeaux, History, vol. i., p. 434.

the loss of half his army. Whilst he was falling back upon the Rhine, and trying to muster at Spires the wreck of his forces, Enghien is sent by the Court, and brings back victory. But how can I describe this new campaign in Suabia without seeming to borrow the events from the preceding one? How can I interest the reader with such constant triumphs, which from their numbers weary the attention, and from their brilliancy dazzle the sight? Neither the eyes nor the minds of common men can bear too strong a light. Let us therefore pass lightly over the exploits of the Duke d'Enghien in this year. Let us not pause to detail either his skilful manœuvres on the Rhine, or his daring march towards the Danube to the very walls of Donauwerth. Let us not seek to paint him while giving battle to Mercy on the plains of Nordlingen, and deciding that battle by the sudden inspirations of his genius. Let us pass in silence the prodigies of his valour, nor say that he saw nearly all his aides-de-camp fall at his feet, either dead or wounded; that he himself had two horses killed under him, three wounded, a severe contusion in the thigh, a pistol-shot in his elbow, and more than twenty cuts and blows on his armour and his equipments. Feeble historian as I am, I sink beneath the weight of my hero's laurels! *

I will speak only of the result of this famous day. It cost four thousand men to France, and amongst them many officers of reputation; but the enemy lost six thousand men killed or taken prisoners, nearly all their artillery, and forty standards. Amongst the dead was found their chief, the Count de Mercy, who had directed the battle like a great general, and had fought in it like a brave soldier. He was buried on the field of battle, and the following inscription was engraven on his tomb:—*“Sta, viator; heroem calcas.”* (Hold, passer-by; you trample on a hero.) At the time, this inscription was much praised. In the following century it has been, on the contrary, severely criticised by the author of ‘*Emile*’:—“Had I seen this epitaph on an ancient monument, I should from the first have guessed it to be modern. Instead of saying that a man was a hero, the ancients would have recorded what he had done to make himself one.

* On the battle of Nordlingen there is an interesting letter from Turenne to his sister, of the 8th of August, 1645, printed in the fourth volume of Ramsay's Memoirs.

“ Our style of lapidary inscriptions, with its pride, boastings, and braggings, is good only for puffing dwarfs. . . . Engraved on marble at Thermopylæ were read these words :—

“ ‘ Traveller, go tell at Sparta that we died here to obey her sacred laws.’

“ It may readily be seen that this last was not composed by our Academy of Inscriptions ! ”*

After the battle of Nordlingen, which was fought on the 3rd of August, Enghien undertook the siege of Heilbronn ; but he had hardly commenced the investment ere the fatigues of this campaign brought on a most dangerous illness. He had a brain fever, and for several days his life was despaired of. It was judged expedient to have him carried to the Rhine in a litter, with an escort of a thousand cavalry, commanded by the Maréchal de Grammont. Notwithstanding his illness, it was necessary to make the convoy march day and night, to conceal him from the light troops of the enemy. Arriving in this manner at Philipsbourg, he found there several skilful physicians who had been sent to him from the Queen and the Prince his father. By their orders he was profusely bled ; and, thanks to this treatment, or perhaps still more to his youth, Enghien recovered by degrees. As soon as he was able to bear the movement of a carriage, he set off for Paris, where public rejoicings signalized his happy return.

A singular effect, which was attributed to his illness, and to the great quantity of blood which he had lost, was the complete extinction of his attachment for Mademoiselle de Vigean. This lover, who was so devoted at his departure, saw her on his return with coldness and indifference. He took no pains to excuse himself for this complete change, or to prepare Mademoiselle de Vigean by degrees for it ; and this lady, whose feelings had been touched by so much previous attention, was so hurt by his indifference that she renounced the world for ever by taking the vows of a

* Emile, book iv. I will only observe that the Greek epitaph, as given in the seventh book of Herodotus, is still more simple than was supposed by Rousseau, and does not contain the epithet of “ sacred.”

Ω ζειν' αγγελλον Λακεδαιμονιοις οτι τηδε

Κειμεθα τοις κεινων ημασι πειθομενοι.

Rousseau, who did not know Greek, may have been led into this error by a Latin distich of Cicero (Tusculan. lib. i., c. 42).

Carmelite nun in a convent at Paris. She was another La Valière, with virtue to boot! *

In the campaign of 1646 it was Turenne who commanded on the Rhine, but the war had then begun to languish. They were already negotiating with success at Munster, where the Duke de Longueville had been sent as one of the plenipotentiaries from France. People already began to foresee that peace of Westphalia which was at last to give repose to Germany after thirty years of agitation. The hostilities with Spain, however, were pursued with more activity than ever. Cardinal Mazarin thought of sending the Duke d'Enghien with an army into Italy; but this project did not, no one knew why, please Monsieur le Prince, and therefore it was abandoned. On the other hand, the weak-minded Gaston, Duke of Orleans, who persisted in waging war in spite of Mars, and negotiating in spite of Minerva, had once more obtained for himself the command in Flanders. Enghien ran the risk of remaining useless to his country during this year, until he offered the Government to serve under the orders of his cousin, the Duke of Orleans. This generous proposal was accepted with joy, and with the expectation of new victories. Accordingly Enghien proposed several times to pass the Scheldt, pointing out the means of giving battle with advantage; but such projects were not congenial to the timid Gaston. They were therefore obliged to limit themselves to the sieges of Courtray and Mardyck. The Spanish army had advanced with the design of attacking the French, but decamped in the night without a blow, and Enghien pursued it in its retreat. An officer whom he took prisoner himself told him, without recognising him, that the Spaniards had determined upon making their retreat as soon as they heard that it was the Duke d'Enghien who commanded the advanced guard. The Duke, put to the blush by this compliment, continued his march without answering a word. Still less was he pleased by the praises of his friends if they in the least degenerated into flattery. In the trenches before Mardyck he had his face burnt by the imprudence of one of his soldiers, who was passing close by him with a hat full of powder under his arm,

* *Memoirs of Mademoiselle*, vol. i., p. 113, ed. 1746. She praises the good and discreet conduct which Mademoiselle de Vigan had maintained towards Monsieur le Duc d'Enghien.

which was set on fire by his match, and the Gazette thought to do him honour by publishing that he had met with this accident by a shell from the enemy; but Enghien, despising false glory as much as he sought for real, was the first to laugh at this device.*

The Count de Bussy Rabutin, who gives us this trait, and who was then serving in the French army, adds a striking sketch of a sally attempted by the garrison of Mardyck, another day, upon the Duke d'Enghien's trenches. At the news of this attack, Enghien, who after his morning's work had gone to dine, assembled in all haste his best officers, threw himself upon the enemy, and put them to flight—he, still in his doublet, sword in hand. “No, never,” exclaims Bussy, who met him in the midst of the firing, “never could the imagination of a painter succeed in representing Mars in the heat of a conflict with so much strength and energy!” The Duke was covered with sweat, dust, and smoke. His eyes flashed fire, and the arm in which he held his sword was steeped to the elbow in blood. “You are wounded, Monseigneur?” asked Bussy. “No, no,” replied Enghien, “it is the blood of those rascals!” He meant to speak of the enemy.

After the taking of Mardyck the Duke of Orleans returned to the Court, leaving the command to the Duke d'Enghien. This latter signalled the change by an important undertaking which the Court had often meditated—never ventured upon—the siege of Dunkirk. After an obstinate defence, and a thousand difficulties overcome, the town was obliged to capitulate in the beginning of October; and this conquest added still more to the renown of the young General. “I think,” writes Voiture to him, “that if you had undertaken it, you would catch the moon with your teeth!”†

One of the Duke's principal officers in this siege was Gassion, the companion of his first victory. By the recommendation of Enghien he had been named a Marshal of France; but this honour, so rare at the age of thirty-four, completely turned his head. Several instances of vanity, of caballing, and of disobedience, very justly offended the Duke d'Enghien. At first he bore them with patience, but he soon began to comment upon them with anger.

* Bussy Rabutin's *Memoirs*, vol. i.

† Voiture's *Letters*, vol. i., p. 376, ed. 1709.

"Remember," said he one day, "that when I give an order I will be obeyed; I will teach you to respect my orders like the lowest soldier in the army!" On another occasion he allowed these expressions to escape him:—"A general of the stamp of Gassion is but a jack in office; he in vain pretends to set up for a great captain; he is only a hair-brained corporal, whose services can easily be dispensed with." With time Enghien would, perhaps, have restored him to his friendship, but Gassion was killed in Flanders before the close of the following year.

In this year's campaign in Italy the young Duke de Brezé, only brother of the Duchess d'Enghien, was killed at the siege of Orbitello. He was not married: thus the duchy of Fronsac in Guienne, which Cardinal Richelieu had acquired for him, and which included the fine château of Coutras, became the property of his sister; but several years later she generously relinquished it in favour of her cousin, the Duke de Richelieu, as the head of her branch. Brezé also held the appointment of High Admiral of France, which the Duke d'Enghien immediately asked for, as a kind of inheritance for himself. This demand was backed by the warmest entreaties of the Prince of Condé. Whilst Monsieur le Duc wrote letters upon letters from the army, Monsieur le Prince tormented the Minister *de vive voix* at Paris. It is not to be denied that the services of the young hero deserved a splendid recompense; but on the other hand Mazarin contemplated, not without some alarm, the growing power of the House of Condé. He saw the father unite in his person the governments of Burgundy and Berry, together with the presidency of the Council of Regency, and the appointment of Grand Master, which gave him a certain authority over all the officers attached to the King's personal service. He saw the son governor of Champagne, possessor of the fortress of Stenay, and the idol of the army, as well as of all the young nobles, by the remembrance of his victories. Would it then be wise, by giving him besides the appointment of High Admiral, to make him equally powerful over the navy? Moved by these considerations, the Cardinal evaded the request, but always with infinite protestations and extreme civility. He made Monsieur le Prince hope at least for something equivalent, and thought to soften the refusal by making the Queen retain the

office of High Admiral for herself, with the title of Superintendent of the Seas. Notwithstanding all these precautions, Monsieur le Prince expressed himself much irritated by the refusal. In his vexation he left the Court abruptly, and retired to his government of Burgundy; and he wrote to his son, reminding him of a quarrel he (Enghien) had last year in a fête at Paris; an officer of the Duke of Orleans having struck him in the face with a staff by mistake, and the Duke d'Enghien having instantly broken the staff in anger. This adventure, insignificant as it seems, had well nigh sown division in the Royal Family, and was made up by the mediation of Cardinal Mazarin. The Prince of Condé now recalled it to make his son feel that the appointment of High Admiral was of far greater importance, and much better deserved to become the apple of discord. The Princess of Condé still remained at Court, but in very bad humour. When people consoled with her upon her son's wound before Mardyck, she replied bitterly—"I see that you are very sorry that he was not wounded enough."* The attentions of Cardinal Mazarin, however, did at last succeed in appeasing, at least in appearance, the House of Condé. Monsieur le Prince returned to Paris to negotiate about the equivalent which he was led to hope for; but during these transactions he fell ill, and died in three days, the 25th of December, 1646. Madame de Motteville assures us that "he ended his life as a good Christian and Catholic, for," she adds, "he gave his blessing to his children only on condition that they should live in the Roman Catholic faith.†" Here is the sketch which the same Memoirs give of his personal appearance:—"Those who had seen him in his youth said that he had been handsome; but in his later years he was ugly and uncleanly, and there were few signs of his beauty. His eyes, which were very large, were red. His beard was neglected, and his hair was generally very greasy: he passed it behind his ears, so that he was by no means fascinating to look at." In his character there were several good qualities. His spirit of order and his economy, which, however, often degenerated into avarice, had repaired the fortunes of his family. I find in Sully's Memoirs, that in 1607 he was so poor that Henry IV. had to

* Memoirs of Madame de Motteville, vol. i., p. 380, ed. 1723.

† *Ib.*, p. 406.

furnish him with the means necessary for travelling in Italy.* At his death, on the contrary, it is said that he left a million of *livres* as the yearly income of his House. He had a quick and penetrating mind, great sagacity of judgment, and a long experience of affairs; but, according to the custom of his time, he thought too little of the good of the state, and a great deal too much of his own. His wife, not having lived very happily with him, was soon consoled at his loss. Madame de Rambouillet used to say that the Princess had never had but two happy days with Monsieur le Prince, which were, the day he married her, from the great rank he conferred on her—and that on which he died, from the liberty which she then recovered!

On the death of his father the Dukè d'Enghien succeeded to the title of Prince of Condé, but in France he was always called "*Monsieur le Prince*." The Court granted him all the appointments and governments which had been held by his father, but giving him to understand at the same time, that he was to consider these favours as the promised equivalent for the Duke de Brezé's succession. The governments of Champagne and Brie, which he already possessed, were transferred to his brother the young Prince of Conti.† The new Prince of Condé, however, nourished still greater views. He asked permission to conduct an army into Franche-Comté at his own expense, to make the conquest of that province, and afterwards keep it for himself as an independent sovereignty. At first sight this project appeared advantageous to France, as it would dismember and weaken the rival monarchy of Spain; but its tendency was nothing less than a recommencement of the Dukes of Burgundy, and it was very prudently rejected by Mazarin.‡ The Prince, much irritated, threatened to withdraw what he called his friendship, that is his support, from the Minister. He had even then a powerful party at his orders, and might be considered as the real chief of the French aristocracy. The young nobles who had accompanied him to the wars, equally followed in his footsteps at Court, and loved him, perhaps, still more on account of

* Sully, vol. iii., p. 48, ed. 1747.

† Memoirs of Montglat, vol. ii., p. 255.

‡ Lenet acknowledges that this proposition was made, but assured Cardinal Mazarin that the Prince's intendant spoke of it without his approbation—which is difficult to believe. (Memoirs, vol. i., p. 37, ed. 1729.)

his foibles and his amorous intrigues, which, by lowering his glory, made him approach nearer to themselves. To his partisans was then given the appellation of "*petits maîtres*," on account of their haughty tone, in imitation of Condé—a nickname which has since changed its meaning to denote an affected care for dress. The change of this word indicates not unaptly that of manners between the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XV.

The first time that Condé appeared at the Council of Regency, it was to take the defence of a general less fortunate than himself. The Count d'Harcourt, who commanded in Catalonia, had besieged Lerida for more than six months without success. The Maréchal de la Mothe Houdancourt had already failed before that place under Cardinal Richelieu, yet now they wished to make it a crime in Harcourt. Condé spoke loudly in his favour, saying, "that a captain, however great and valiant he might be, ought not to be blamed for being sometimes unfortunate."* This indulgence was the more meritorious, as the Prince did not foresee that he should soon have occasion for it himself. That time, however, was not long in coming. The Prince of Condé accepted the command in Catalonia, and prepared to go there in the very first days of spring. A lady of the Court relates that she met him in the Jardin de Renard a few days before his journey, and that she asked him if he was going away happy. He answered very seriously, "That depends entirely upon the state of the mind;" and though he did not further explain himself, she guessed that he left Paris with regret. He had indeed a new attachment in his heart for Mademoiselle de Toussy. Since his love for Mademoiselle de Vigean, he used to boast loudly of having no other passion than glory. He even indulged in bravadoes against gallantry, saying often that he renounced it, as he also did balls, and he entirely neglected his dress. Nevertheless he allowed himself to be touched by the charms of Mademoiselle de Toussy, who had, it was said, more beauty than sense; but she had, however, enough of the latter to remain undazzled by this dangerous distinction, and to repulse this married lover. This new flame was soon extinguished in Condé's heart.†

The Catalans, who had been for several years in a state of re-

* *Memoirs of Motteville*, vol. i., p. 477.

† *Ib.*, pp. 430, 432, ed. 1723.

volt against the King of Spain, were overjoyed when they heard that a Prince of the Blood Royal of France was coming to place himself at their head. His public entry into Barcelona, at the end of April, was signalized by redoubled acclamations. But the Catalans, long accustomed to Spanish ostentation and phlegm, saw with surprise his black coat without ornament (for he was then wearing mourning for his father), his long and neglected locks, and his extreme youth; and they said, grumbling, that the new chief sent them was a student instead of a general. Condé soon perceived that to gain over the minds of the people he must add tinsel to solid worth. With this view he gave a splendid tournament on the mole of Barcelona, at which he himself and his principal officers appeared two and two, upon their finest horses, which were covered with housings embroidered in gold, and their riders the same. "By this means," says Bussy Rabutin, who was present, "he soon made the Catalans change their tone, and they then saw in him a hero, which the black coat had hidden from them."*

More serious cares demanded the attention of Condé. He found his army almost entirely destitute of provisions, ammunition, and equipments for the following campaign, and the Catalans, according to the praiseworthy custom of the Spaniards, talked a great deal of preparations, but made none. Up to this period Condé had always left such preparations to the care of his commissaries. The officers in those times took no part, either administrative or lucrative, in the equipment of the troops which they commanded. They by no means resembled those generals of another age, those chiefs, half robber and half hero, who flew incessantly from peculation to victory, and from victory to peculation!

The distress of the Catalan army is attributed by some writers to the jealousy of the Minister towards Condé. It appears, however, more just to remember on this occasion the difficulties of transport, and the extreme poverty of the country. According to a saying of Henry IV., "Spain is a country which it is impossible to conquer; a little army is beaten there—and a large one starved!"

Condé hoped with great activity to repair all this. He had at first thought of the siege of Tarragona, and the Minister had

* *Memoirs of Bussy Rabutin*, vol. i., p. 134, ed. 1711.

promised a large fleet to assist him ; but towards the end of April only a few decayed vessels had arrived. They manœuvred so ill that Condé saw they must infallibly fall a prey to the enemy, and hastened to send them back again. The Prince then turned his thoughts towards the siege of Lerida, being obliged to relinquish that of Tarragona.

The town of Lerida, formerly so celebrated under the name of Ilerda, still boasts of a victory gained by Cæsar under its walls. It is seated on the river Segre, thirty leagues from Barcelona, and possesses not only a thick wall, flanked by bastions, but also on a height a fine castle, which serves as its citadel. Philip IV. had confided the government of this place to Don George Britt—a Portuguese by birth, and an officer of undoubted valour ; and its garrison consisted of four thousand men, inured rather than weakened by a six months' siege in the preceding campaign. Condé, who had left Barcelona on the 8th of May, appeared before Lerida on the 12th, and established himself in the old lines formerly occupied by Count d'Harcourt, which the indolence of the Spaniards had suffered to remain standing : he only constructed a few new forts, to render them more secure. He opened the trenches to the sound of violins, for which since he has been often accused of bravado, but other writers maintain that this was then a sort of custom in Spain.*

The beginning of the siege appeared to fulfil Condé's expectations of success ; rapid progress was made : but the farther they advanced, the more obstacles they found. From day to day the rock became harder and more difficult to cut : it was split with extreme labour, and entirely resisted being blown up by gunpowder. By a still more unfortunate fatality, the Chevalier de la Valière, whose advice and plans as an engineer they were following, was killed by a musket-shot in his head. The town, on its part, was defended in the true Spanish style, which in sieges is the highest praise ;—like Numantia of yore—like Saragosa since. Don George Britt had at first distinguished himself by a courtly, though perhaps somewhat contemptuous politeness ; he took care every morning to send refreshments to the Prince of

* Essay on the Great Condé, by Louis Joseph, Prince of Condé, p. 62. He adds candidly,—“ Had even the siege been more fortunate, the violins “ are *de trop* in his history, as they were *de trop* in the trenches.”

Condé, who on his part would not allow himself to be surpassed in generosity. Accordingly he sent back several of his prisoners without ransom, and loaded with presents, and Britt hastened to follow his example. But this exchange of civilities, worthy of more chivalrous times, did not prevent frequent sallies and furious conflicts. The Spanish General several times succeeded in arresting the progress of the besiegers. Even when he had been severely wounded in the leg, he still continued to have himself carried in a chair to the ramparts and to the breach, encouraging his soldiers and directing their sallies.

Condé multiplied himself, as it were, to triumph over an adversary who proved so worthy a rival. He seemed to have no other dwelling but the trenches. Sometimes himself taking a pickaxe to animate the workmen—more frequently sword in hand to fight with the enemy—alternately consulting the engineers—distributing the posts—writing the despatches—one might have thought that several Condés were uniting their exertions. If he ever allowed himself any relaxation, it was to seek in the environs of Lerida some traces of the great feat of arms there achieved by his Roman predecessor. “I remember,” says Bossuet, “that he used to delight us by narrating how in Catalonia, in those places where, by the advantage of the posts, Cæsar compelled five Roman legions and two experienced chiefs to lay down their arms without fighting, he had himself reconnoitred the rivers and mountains which were made use of in this great exploit; and never had Cæsar’s Commentaries been so learnedly explained or by so worthy a master! The captains of future ages will pay him a similar honour.”*

The 6th of June was the day of a more furious conflict than any preceding one. The enemy, skilful in perceiving and prompt in seizing a favourable moment, fell on a sudden upon the French lines; in a few minutes they had already succeeded in burning the faggots, spiking the cannon, ruining the works, and completely routing a regiment of Swiss, commanded by Romm, which guarded the trenches. Condé was the fourth man that rushed to the spot, supported by his faithful friends the Maréchal de Grammont, the Comte de Marsin, and the Duke de Châtillon. He first forced the fugitives back to the trenches by the

* Funeral Oration, p. lxxiv., ed. 1807.

blows of his sword; then, in spite of the continual firing from the town, he regained all the posts, and released all the prisoners, obliging the Spaniards to take refuge behind their walls: all this being done at the head of those very Swiss who but a little while before had appeared so panic-struck. Such is the force of example of a single man in war!

The siege, however, continued, but did not advance; hardly any impression was made upon the rock. The great heat and fatigue had weakened the troops; they began to desert in whole companies to the enemy. Besides, they were often in want of provisions and ammunition, which could only be brought with great labour from Barcelona on the backs of mules. Such was the state of things when they heard that the Spanish army having at last assembled at Fraga, and finding themselves superior in numbers to that of Condé, were moving on, with the intention of coming to fight him. It was therefore necessary to adopt some decided step—either take Lerida by assault, or abandon the siege.

In these difficult circumstances Condé took no one's counsel but his own. His officers despairing of success, but less fearing their own ruin than his sallies of passion, maintained a sullen silence. They were persuaded that this young and haughty Prince, on whom, till now, Fortune had always smiled, would rather perish before the town and lose the last soldier of his army than yield. It was therefore with equal surprise and joy that they heard Condé announce to them his intention of retiring. Accordingly the following night, June the 17th, he made his army defile on the bridges of boats which he had established on the Segre, and bade adieu for ever to the fatal ramparts of Lerida.

This check, which was the first the young conqueror had yet sustained, made a great impression, not only in France, but all over Europe, and somewhat diminished the previous idea formed of his wondrous talents. Not the smallest fault, however, can be found in his military tactics, nor the least negligence on his part, to draw upon himself this reverse. He was very sensitive upon it, although he attempted to joke on this subject with his principal officers. It is even said that he wrote some verses upon his own disgrace, probably to forestall those which he dreaded at Paris.* Condé

* Desormeaux, Hist., vol. i., p. 464.

flattered himself also that he should take his revenge this campaign by gaining a victory over the Spanish army; but the Marquis d'Ayetona, who commanded it, persisted in remaining intrenched under the guns of Lerida. It is said that the King of Spain never wrote at that time to his General without adding these words as a postscript: "Above all, take good care never to engage in battle with that presumptuous youth."* Condé could only therefore take by assault the little town of Ager, after three days' siege. The Prince afterwards returned to Court, where he could not help reproaching the Minister for the negligence which he had shown as to sending him support in Spain. Mazarin humbly acknowledged his fault to him, and begged him to choose for himself which army he would command in the ensuing campaign. Condé chose the army in Flanders.

Accordingly in the following month of May the Prince of Condé and his companions in arms were seen upon the banks of the Scheldt instead of those of the Segre. He had opposed to him the Archduke Leopold, with a Spanish army superior to his own; nevertheless he succeeded in reducing the fortress of Ypres—a success, however, which was balanced by the surprise of Courtray by the Archduke. Courtray was then nearly stripped of troops, the Cardinal Mazarin having, without giving notice to Condé, sent orders to Count Palluau, the governor, to take a great part of the garrison to the siege of Ypres; and this order caused the loss of his own town—a new example of the danger of a Minister directing the operations after he has appointed the generals! How often at a later period has the Aulic Council caused the Austrian armies to be beaten!

Monsieur le Prince was absent from his army for four or five days in order to go to Paris and consult again with the Queen. In consequence of the dissensions which were now beginning to arise with the Parliament, the army was in an extreme state of destitution; but Condé supplied some of his own money to its use. "So that the state only exists," said he, "I shall never want for anything!"†

Meanwhile the Archduke, whose army was daily receiving fresh reinforcements, attempted to penetrate into Picardy. Condé

* *Memoirs of Montglat*, vol. ii. p. 253.

† *Memorable Actions*, by Father Bergier.

followed him with fourteen thousand men and eighteen pieces of cannon, and found him intrenched before the town of Lens. He offered him battle in the plain; but Leopold, though he had eighteen thousand soldiers under his command, seeing the conqueror of Rocroy before him, determined to remain within his lines. General Beck, who commanded under him, and who had already made trial of Condé's ardour and impetuosity, flattered himself that he should again see him despise the advantage of the ground, and attack his enemy at all risks. But Condé, far from entertaining so rash a design, thought only of drawing the enemy from their position. He found no other means than to leave his own with feigned disorder. At the dawn of the following day, therefore, the 20th of August, he began his march, conducting the rearguard himself, and from time to time casting an impatient glance towards Lens, from whence he hoped to see the Archduke move on.

The Prince's manœuvre had all the effect which he anticipated. General Beck thinking to profit by this retreat, came out of his lines, advanced into the plain, and darted upon the French with his Lorraine cavalry. He was soon supported by Leopold and the mass of the Spanish army. Then commenced the celebrated battle of Lens, one of the most glorious which the reign of Louis XIV. could boast. At first the enemy appeared to have the advantage, but everything soon yielded to the genius of Condé. The Spanish troops were not only defeated, but nearly destroyed; the number of their killed was estimated at four thousand, and their prisoners at six thousand: the rest dispersed, and the Archduke found himself almost without an army. All the baggage, all the artillery, and nearly all the General officers, fell into the Prince's hands. Amongst these latter was seen the brave General Beck, pierced with several wounds, and nearly broken-hearted at the distress of a defeat. He was conveyed to Arras, but death, which he ardently prayed for, soon released him from his regrets and his sufferings.*

Condé ran great risks in this battle, exposing himself every where without any regard to his life. Two of his pages were

* "He did nothing but swear during his imprisonment, until he died of his wounds, without consenting to receive civilities from any body, not even from the Prince of Condé, so violently enraged was he at the loss of this battle." (*Memoirs of Montglat*, vol. ii., p. 279.)

killed by his side. But a danger far more strange and singular awaited him after his victory, when the Prince and the Maréchal de Grammont both pursuing the enemy—one on the right wing, the other at the head of the left—joined one another beyond the defile of Lens. “Still sword in hand the Prince came to the Marshal to embrace and congratulate him upon what he had done, but their two horses commenced a most furious fight with each other, having previously been as gentle as mules, and they nearly eat up one another, so that they made their masters run risks even greater than those they had gone through during the conflict!”*

On the very day of the victory Condé despatched the Duke de Châtillon to announce it to the Court. The first words of the young King were, “Ah! how sorry the Parliament will be at this news!”† which clearly shows the kind of education he was receiving. Anne of Austria, more composed, had perhaps the same feelings, but avoided such expressions. According to the Cardinal de Retz:—“Châtillon told me, a quarter of an hour after he had left the Palais Royal, that Cardinal Mazarin expressed much less joy at the victory, than grief that a part of the Spanish army had escaped. You must remark, if you please, that he was speaking to a man entirely devoted to Monsieur le Prince, and that he was talking of one of the greatest exploits that have ever been effected in war. I cannot help telling you that the battle being nearly lost, Monsieur le Prince retrieved and gained it by one single glance of that eagle eye which you know him to possess—an eagle eye which sees through everything in war, and is never dazzled there!”‡

After such a victory as that of Lens, the invasion, and perhaps the conquest of Flanders might have been anticipated; but the troubles in the capital, of which we shall have to speak in the next chapter, so entirely engrossed the Queen’s attention, that she sent orders to the Prince to terminate quickly the campaign against the foreign enemy. Condé therefore limited himself to the siege of the little town of Furnes, which he took without any difficulty, but where a shot fired from the garrison gave him a severe contusion in the thigh.

* *Memoirs of Maréchal de Grammont*, vol. i., p. 292, ed. 1716.

† *Memoirs of Motteville*, vol. ii. p. 238.

‡ *Memoirs of Retz*, vol. i., p. 154, ed. 1817.

CHAPTER III.

Dissensions between the Court and the Parliament of Paris—Arrest of Blancmesnil and Broussel—Insurrection of the People—The Queen Regent yields—Condé arrives from Flanders—His Conferences with the Coadjutor, afterwards Cardinal de Retz—The Queen Regent removes Louis XIV. from Paris—The War of the Fronde—Conduct of Condé in the Blockade of Paris—Defection of Turenne—Peace signed at Ruel.

TILL now we have seen Condé the brave defender of his country, the faithful subject of his King. The scene is now about to change: to foreign hostilities will now be added civil wars, and we shall often have occasion to represent our hero misled by his impetuosity, and the victim of his own passions rather than of his enemies. Let us show the justice of his first motives, and acknowledge the force of the circumstances to which at last he yielded; but do not let us attempt, like the crowd of panegyrists, to question eternal principles, in the hope of veiling the errors of a single man.

For some time irritation had been growing between the Court of the Palais Royal and the Parliament of Paris. It may be said that reason was almost entirely on the side of the latter. The taxes rendered necessary by war, and sometimes by prodigality, had been raised by the Royal Intendants in the provinces with all kinds of fraud, which doubled their weight, and with a harshness which caused them to be felt more severely. The rights of the magistracy were ill understood and little respected by a Spanish Queen and an Italian Minister. On the other hand, the example of revolt which England was then giving had fermented in everybody's head.

The young men especially, and the common people, asked only to go forward—no matter where, no matter with whom. But the chiefs of the Parliament, full of real patriotism, were far from taking for their models the English members of parliament, who at that moment were sending their King to trial; and

they repelled, as the greatest insult, even all comparison with them. When one reflects on the course, equally firm and moderate, which the Parliament of Paris always continued to pursue—when one contemplates that long and illustrious train of upright magistrates, from the Chancellor de l'Hôpital to Lamoignon de Malesherbes—sometimes opposed to the King, and sometimes supporting the King—but ever, ever according to their duty, and at the post of danger—how base must be the mind which could deny them its admiration and respect!

There were, however, some other chiefs not included in the magistracy, who, less pure in their principles, sought to turn the public agitation to their own advantage. Foremost amongst these was the Duke de Beaufort. On the 1st of June in this year he had found means to gain over one of his guards at the Donjon of Vincennes, and to let himself down by a rope into one of the ditches, whilst fifty men on horseback, his friends or dependants, awaited him on the other side, and assisted him in climbing out. Since that time he sometimes remained carefully hidden, and sometimes appeared in public with a strong escort, but was always watching a good opportunity to put himself at the head of the common people of Paris, of whom he was the idol.

Another popular chief, much more formidable from his talents, was Paul de Gondy, then Coadjutor of the Archbishop of Paris, and since more generally known under the name of Cardinal de Retz. He was born in 1613: the younger son of a family ancient in Italy, and illustrious in France. Forced against his inclination into Holy Orders, he had brought to them both the virtues and vices of the military profession—loose morals, frank manners, undaunted courage, and a devouring thirst for revolts and wars. One day, amidst the troubles which we shall have to describe, the people seeing a dagger peep from under his gown, could not help exclaiming, "There is the breviary of our Archbishop!" In truth, however, it might be alleged of him that he had taken a cut-throat for his model rather than a soldier. What can one say of a priest who thought it necessary to defend himself, as though from the charge of weakness, because he had not carried into execution a project which he had previously formed, of assassinating Cardinal Richelieu? * How reconcile such de

* *Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 34, ed. 1817.

pravity of judgment with so much genius, and with that admirable power of language which was remarked in his life, and which may still even now be admired in his *Memoirs*—a work whose style, ever lofty yet adorned, often recalls the ancient writers, in whose study the author had been reared?

At the time of which we are speaking, Gondy, foreseeing the troubles, and hoping to play the first part in them, neglected no opportunity of establishing his influence amongst the people. He affected great piety, and thus attached the religious party to himself. He distributed immense sums to help the poor. The ladies of gallantry whose lover he was, became his political agents. • An old and devout aunt, without being the least aware of it, was also made useful to the same ends: she went from place to place distributing alms amongst the common people; and the good lady never failed to add, “Pray to God for my nephew; it is he whom He has thought fit to make His instrument for this good deed!”*

During this general fermentation amongst the people, the Queen on her part became more and more soured: “I am weary,” exclaimed she, “of saying every day, We shall see what they will do to-morrow!† . . . Monsieur le Cardinal is a great deal too good,” she continued; “he will spoil everything by always wishing to spare his enemies.” Mazarin, with more wisdom, used to answer her, “You are brave, like a recruit who does not know the danger!” The Minister, however, was seriously alarmed at the celebrated Decree of Union, by which it was ordered that the four Upper Companies should assemble in the Chamber of St. Louis and deliberate for the good of the State. But another Decree, which suppressed the Royal Intendants, touched the Court, according to Gondy’s expression, “in the very apple of the eye.” The Queen tried alternately to intimidate the Parliament by her threats and to bend it by her entreaties. The Duke of Orleans, sent by her Majesty, employed all his eloquence, but in vain. A Court of Justice, held by the young King in person, prohibited the continuation of the assemblies; but no notice was taken of the prohibition.

In this state of things came the news of the battle of Lens.

* De Retz, vol. i., p. 51, ed. 1817.

† *Memoirs of Motteville*, vol. ii., p. 159, ed. 1723.

Anne of Austria, who already projected a great blow, was transported with joy; thinking that she could venture upon almost anything under cover of the laurels which Condé had gathered. A solemn *Te Deum* in honour of the victory was announced according to former usage, in Notre Dame; the Parliament in a body was to be present, and the Queen judged the opportunity favourable to carry off several of their chiefs, particularly Councillor Broussel, a good old man of eighty years of age, of a very limited understanding, but of a most irreproachable life, equally esteemed by his colleagues and beloved by the people. Accordingly on that day, after the ceremony, M. de Comminges, officer of the guard, arrested the Councillor Broussel and the President Blancmesnil, and conducted them, the one to St. Germain, the other to Vincennes. There was great agitation amongst the populace: "They carry off our father!" repeated they with loud cries. Some stones were thrown, and some chains were stretched across the streets; nevertheless towards night the mob dispersed by degrees. But during the night the Coadjutor and the other ringleaders put everything in motion for a general and well-regulated insurrection. Before morning a hundred thousand men were under arms, and two thousand barricades were erected, whilst the windows of all the neighbouring houses were furnished with large paving-stones, ready to hurl down upon the King's troops if they advanced. The old swords of the League reappeared, and "I saw," says the Coadjutor, "amongst others a lance dragged, rather than carried, by " a little boy of eight years old, which must assuredly have been " longed to the former English wars."* The Maréchal de la Meilleraie, at the head of some guards, was driven back to the Louvre; and the Chancellor Séguier, who went to carry the Queen's orders to the Parliament, narrowly escaped being cut to pieces: he succeeded with difficulty in taking refuge in the Hôtel de Luynes, on the Quai des Augustins, where he hid himself in a cupboard.

During this time the Parliament left the *Palais de Justice* in a body to demand of the Queen the liberty of the prisoners. It was an imposing sight to behold a hundred and sixty magistrates in their robes, walking two and two, the First President Molé at

* *Memoirs of Retz*, vol. 1., p. 187, ed. 1817.

their head, in the midst of a countless crowd, which divided before them, and saluted them with cries of "*Vive le Roi! et Vive le Parlement!*" Having arrived at the Palais Royal, the Queen received them with a severe countenance and a rough answer: "I am aware," said she, "that there is some noise in the town, but what noise is not so great as people say. Under my mother-in-law the Queen, Monsieur le Prince was arrested and conveyed to the Bastille and the populace was not affected; will they do worse for a simple Councillor like Broussel? But if any harm comes of it, you, gentlemen of the Parliament, shall answer for it with your heads, and those of your wives and children." After these words the Queen rushed back to her inner chamber, slamming the door after her with violence.

Time passed, however, and the insurrection was increasing. The Princes, the Ministers, the courtiers, all united in trying to shake the determination of the Queen. The unfortunate wife of Charles I., then a refugee in France, was at that moment in the closet of Anne of Austria, and assured her that the troubles in England had never appeared so formidable in their commencement, nor the minds of men so heated and incensed. After several parleys, and with a deep sigh, the Queen at last yielded. Two letters patent were that day dispatched to Vincennes and to St. Germain, to set at liberty the prisoners, while a decree of the Parliament ordered the populace to return to their usual occupations. But the people obeyed only when they actually saw Broussel, "our father," return to the town; then they hastened to loose the chains and pull down the barricades; and a few hours after no trace remained of so alarming a tumult.

Such was the first act of those troubles which were called "The War of the *Fronde*" (or the Sling), a singular name, which is explained by a jest of Bachaumont, and an allusion to the custom of some school-boys who fought one another with slings and stones in the ditches of Paris.

But though the traces of the tumult had rapidly disappeared from the streets, they remained imprinted as with fire, and ever burning, in the bosom of the Queen. Haughty and intrepid, it was not fear that filled her mind, like the Duke of Orleans's, nor the hope of deceiving, like Cardinal Mazarin's. Her whole soul was given up to the thirst of vengeance. She first imprisoned

two of her former Ministers, Messieurs de Châteauneuf and de Chavigni, to whom she partly attributed what had just taken place. She sent a courier to the Prince of Conde, ordering him to terminate the campaign as quickly as possible, and hasten to come and support her with his counsels and his sword. Condé obeyed, though with regret, already foreseeing the disasters of a career where moderation is nearly impossible, and where even success becomes ruinous, from the spite and rancour which it raises. "I arrived at Calais on the 8th of September," says Bussy Rabutin in his Memoirs; "I found there the Prince wounded by a musket-shot which he had received at the siege of Furnes; he was returning to Court by the King's order. . . . As I entered his room he began to sing merrily,

' Oh la folle entreprise

' Du Prince de Condé !'

" which was an old song composed formerly upon the Prince his father; and he afterwards made me tell him the details of all the events at Paris." *

On arriving in the capital Condé did not find the Court there. It had retired to Ruel, to the house which formerly belonged to Cardinal Richelieu, and since then to his niece the Duchess d'Aiguillon. Condé followed it thither, and arrived there the same day as the Coadjutor. Hoping still to preserve peace by moderation, he whispered in the prelate's ear as he passed, "I shall be with you to-morrow at seven o'clock; there will be too many people at the Hôtel de Condé!" Accordingly, the next morning they had a long conference in the Archbishop's garden. They agreed that Condé should attempt to accustom the Queen by degrees to listen to some truths to which she had always hitherto turned a deaf ear, and that on the other hand the Coadjutor should conduct Monsieur le Prince in the night, incognito, to Broussel and to another Councillor of the Parliament named Longueil, to exhort them to moderation, and to assure them that in any emergency they should not be abandoned. In relating these details a long while afterwards, De Retz adds, "It is certain that in the agitation which then existed, there was but this one remedy to re-establish affairs." †

* Bussy Rabutin, vol. i., p. 164, ed. 1711.

† Memoirs, vol. i., p. 212, ed. 1817.

But these wise measures were interrupted by the Prince's own impetuosity. The next day he was again at Ruel, where he saw some deputies from the Parliament arrive, to ask of the Queen the liberation of Chavigni and Châteauneuf. Anne of Austria replied haughtily, that she had caused those Ministers to be arrested for good and strong reasons, for which she was accountable only to God, and to the King her son, when he should be of an age to be able to judge of them. At this same interview the Duke of Orleans, the Prince of Conti, and the Duke de Longueville, took occasion to make a protestation of their attachment to the Queen, and even of their friendship for Mazarin. Then Monsieur le Prince, led on by the heat of the conversation, and thinking that he saw an attempt made against the Royal authority, pledged himself much more than he had intended. The deputies having invited him to come and take his place in Parliament, and assist them with his advice, he answered that he should take the Queen's orders upon that subject, and should act according to them on this as on every other occasion; that he exhorted the Councillors to do the same, or they would be well punished for their disobedience; that he would spill the very last drop of his blood in supporting the Queen's interest, and should never separate himself from it, nor from the friendship which he had promised to Monsieur le Cardinal.

His threatening tone did not alarm the Parliament, but taught them their danger. They received at the same time the news that four thousand Germans in the service of France, and under the orders of Monsieur d'Erlach, had passed the Somme, and were approaching Paris. Without hesitation the Parliament issued a decree, that the safety of the town should be provided for; that the *Prévôt* of the merchants should take measures for collecting wheat and other provisions; and that on the very next day they should deliberate upon the execution of the decree of 1617. That decree had been issued on the occasion of the Maréchal d'Ancre, and interdicted, under pain of death, that any foreigner should take part in the ministry. To revive it at this time was declaring war against Mazarin.

This violence on the part of the Parliament deeply grieved the Prince of Condé, who on the other hand did not less deplore the despotism of the Court. In a second conference of three

hours which he had with the Coadjutor, he made use of these expressions: "Mazarin is not aware what he is doing, and he would ruin the State if one did not take care. The Parliament goes too fast; you told me they would, and I see it. If they had acted with caution, as we had concerted, we should settle with them our affairs and those of the public. They are rushing into the danger, and if I rushed in with them, I should perhaps gain more by it than they can; but my name is Louis de Bourbon, and I will not shake the Crown. Those devils of square-caps—are they mad, that they would engage me either to make a civil war, or strangle them, and put over their heads as well as over mine that rascally Sicilian, who will ruin us all in the end?" *

Full of this idea of combining contrary interests, and regretting his passion of the previous evening in speaking to the deputies, Condé returned that very day to Ruel. They were holding a council there, and the Queen insisted that the time was now at hand for overcoming the rebels by the force of arms. All eyes turned towards the Prince, as the only person who could carry into execution this Royal desire. Then Condé made some vague protestations of his zeal, but added that he could not promise to take a town like Paris with only the four thousand men commanded by Monsieur d'Erlach. Besides, the treaty of peace was on the eve of being concluded at Munster; did not they run great risks of delaying the signature and losing the fruit of so many victories if a civil war were to break out? For these reasons, he thought that an accommodation of affairs would be preferable, and he would readily employ himself in bringing it about, if the Queen commanded him:

Without Condé's assistance nobody at Court ventured to think of a civil war. As he himself advised an adjustment, they were compelled to do what he wished. Anne of Austria, sullenly submissive, and postponing her vengeance with regret, but not relinquishing the hope of it, allowed the Prince to write on that very day to the Parliament, and propose a conference for peace.†

Conferences accordingly took place at St. Germain, held on one side by the Prince of Condé and the Duke of Orleans, and

* *Memoirs of Retz*, vol. i., p. 216, ed. 1817.

† *Lettre du Prince de Condé*, le 23 Sept. 1648.

on the other principally by the Presidents Mathieu Molé and Viole. The greatest difficulty which now remained was upon the subject of individual safety, the Parliament insisting at all events to put some restraint upon arbitrary arrests. As a step towards reconciliation the Chancellor came to announce that the Queen consented to the projected restraint so far as it applied to the officers of the Parliament and other judicial courts, reserving only the exercise of her absolute authority in regard to Princes and the persons belonging to her Court who might incur her displeasure. But the President Molé nobly refused this exclusive privilege for himself and his colleagues. "It is not only our own safety which we have in view," said he, "but the public safety, and that of the Princes and nobles, as well as of all the King's subjects, in order that neither one nor other shall be imprisoned except by legal means."

On another day the violence of Monsieur le Prince had well nigh embroiled everything. The President Viole having declared that he had orders from his Company to obtain, previously (*préalablement*) to every other business, a security for those who were imprisoned, Condé took fire at this expression of "previously," of which he did not distinguish the real meaning. Rising with precipitation, he said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "Every one should weigh himself to know his own worth: this 'previously' is not a suitable word in the mouth of subjects addressing their masters; if it means that the Queen will be compelled, against her inclination, to restore M. de Chavigni to liberty, I shall know how to make the Royal wish respected, as also the dignity of the Princes of the Blood!" In vain did the President Viole protest that this word "previously" implied only entreaties and humble supplications. The Prince, without listening to his excuses, broke up the conference in anger, and went out, repeating several times with oaths the word which had offended him.*

A little reflection, however, convinced the Prince of his own impetuosity upon this occasion, as upon his first answer at Ruel. No one had more interest than himself in this article of individual safety; no one knew better that great merit is often denounced and punished at Court as the greatest of crimes. He

* St. Aulaire, vol. i. p. 256.

now therefore only opposed feebly, and as it were for form's sake, the demands of the deputies; and the result of the negotiation crowned all their wishes.

It was agreed between them, according to the articles deliberated upon in the Chamber of St. Louis, that a quarter of the taxes should be remitted; that the King should return to Paris; that the prisoners should be restored to liberty; that henceforward no one should be arrested unless it were in the power of his legal judges to interrogate him within twenty-four hours.

These articles, especially the latter, merit a comparison with the Bill called *Habeas Corpus*, which the English thirty years later wrested from the Royal authority. All honour is rightly due to that ancient Parliament of Paris, equally firm and enlightened, the hope of the oppressed, the support at once of the liberties and laws, never staining itself by those frantic excesses which are seen in periods of excitement, nor yet by those personal interests which rule over and disgrace more tranquil times. If the privileges which they so gloriously conquered and defended were only transitory—if the seed which they threw did not fall on good ground, or was soon choked by thorns—should we, therefore esteem them the less? Let us acknowledge that in the *Habeas Corpus* Bill the English Parliament had more success and permanence, but not more wisdom and integrity!

These articles, drawn up in the form of a Royal Declaration, were carried by the Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Condé to the Queen. Bathed in tears, she affixed her signature to them on the 24th of October, the very same day that the peace with Germany was being signed at Munster. It was—or rather it ought to have been—a great day for France.

A few days after, the Queen, taking back her son to Paris, according to the articles agreed upon, was received with cries of rejoicing, and many expressions of respect and gratitude. But so far from allowing herself to be softened and appeased, she thought only of renewing the struggle under better auspices. The peace with Germany and the army which Turenne was bringing back to the Rhine afforded the means, and she hoped, after a little while, to stir up discord between the Prince of Condé and the Parliament. She knew that the military habits of the young hero had inspired him with a great contempt for

all gentlemen of the long robe. She knew that his haughty spirit bowed unwillingly beneath the yoke of the law. "Wait," said Mazarin to her—"wait to see the effect which these tumultuous assemblies will have upon the mind of Monsieur le Prince when he has watched them more narrowly, and you will by degrees prevail upon him to accept the command of your army against the Parliament."

The effects foreseen by this crafty Minister were not long in appearing. To see lawyers deliberating upon State affairs, and oppose even Princes of the Blood, appeared a most monstrous thing to the victor of Rocroy. The disgust which he soon conceived for the Parliament was skilfully fomented by the Queen's well-timed advances, and the pretended submission of the Cardinal. To attach Condé still more to her, the Queen issued letters patent in the month of December, conferring upon Monsieur le Prince and his successors, with the most extended privileges, the town and dependencies of Clermont, in Lorraine.*

The growing irritation of Condé against several members of the Parliament at last broke out on the 16th of December. A discussion having arisen on several infringements which were said to have been committed against the Declaration of the 24th of October, Monsieur le Prince, giving his opinion after the Duke of Orleans, spoke with great warmth in favour of the Ministers. The Councillor Quatre-Sous answered him, but Condé, being no longer master of his passion, interrupted Quatre-Sous with oaths, and with a movement of his hand which greatly resembled a threat. Condé often since declared that he had not the least idea of such a thing.† At the moment his friends in the Parliament hastened to protest that it was his usual gesture, and not a threat—to which Quatre-Sous answered with much insolence of manner, that if it was his usual gesture, it was a very unseemly gesture, and that he ought to correct himself of it.‡ The clamour increased, several Councillors quitted their places; and if the dinner hour had not arrived, the breach would have widened still more.

That same day, after noon, the Prince had a long conversation

* *Essai par Louis Joseph, Prince de Condé*, p. 73.

† *Memoirs of Retz*, vol. i., p. 229, ed. 1817.

‡ *Memoirs of Nemours*, p. 228, ed. 1817.

with the Coadjutor, who came to see him at the Hôtel de Condé. "I found," says Gondy, "that the disgust which I had already observed in his mind had turned to anger, and even to fury. He told me, swearing, that it was impossible to bear any longer the insolence of those citizens who aimed at the Royal authority; that so long as he had thought that Mazarin was their only aim, he had been with them; that I had myself confessed to him more than twenty times that there were no certain measures to be taken with people who could not answer for themselves from one quarter of an hour to another, because they never can answer an instant for their Company; that he could not make up his mind to command an army of madmen; that he was a Prince of the Blood; that he would not shake the State; that if the Parliament had conducted itself in the manner which had been agreed upon, all might have been set right again, but acting as it did, it was going just the way to ruin itself!"

The Coadjutor replied to these reflections by a long and eloquent discourse, sparing no pains to draw Condé into his party. "But my speech," adds he, "did not persuade Monsieur le Prince, who was already prepossessed against me; he answered my particular reasons only by general ones—a habit which belongs to his character. Heroes have their defects, and that of Monsieur le Prince was not having—with one of the finest understandings in the world—any power of consistently following out a subject. He said to me, two or three times, angrily, that he would make the Parliament see, if they continued to act as they had done, that they were not as powerful as they imagined, and could soon be brought to their senses."

To gain still further lights as to the designs of the Court, Gondy told the Prince that Paris would be a morsel rather hard of digestion; "to which he answered me angrily, 'It will not be taken like Dunkirk, by mines and attacks; but if the bread made at Gonesse was withheld from them even for a week'—I caught at the hint immediately, and retorted that the enterprise of closing the entrance to the bread made at Gonesse might probably present some difficulties. 'What difficulties?' replied he, bluntly; 'will the townsmen make a sally to give

“battle?”—“That battle would be a small matter, Sir, if there was no one but themselves,” said I.—“Who will be with them?” retorted he; “will you—you who are now speaking?”—“It would be a very bad sign,” answered I; “it would smell strongly of the League.” He reflected a little, and then he said to me, “Do not let us jest: would you be mad enough to embark with those people?”

“A little while after the Prince added these words: ‘If you were to engage yourself in a bad affair, I should pity you; but I should not have any just ground of complaint against you. Do not either complain of me, and do me the justice to say what is really due to truth; which is, that I promised nothing to Longueil and Broussel which the Parliament has not dispensed with my doing by its conduct.’”

Such was the last conference between these two remarkable men, then friends, and well-wishers to each other, but on the eve of giving themselves up to two antagonist parties, for many long years fierce and unsparing enemies, but reunited at last under the shield of misfortune, and by the interests of common hatred. The details which have just been read deserve the more confidence, since they were dictated by Gondy himself, on his return, to his confidant Laigues, and later inserted by himself in his *Memoirs*.*

It appears, however, that the project of intercepting the bread from Gonesse did not emanate from the Prince himself. He had proposed, on the contrary, to bring the army close to the capital, to join it with the young King, to take possession of the Arsenal, and to place the guns at the entrance of the principal streets. But M. Le Tellier, then secretary of state, having given it as his advice that Paris should be reduced by famine, this plan was preferred by Mazarin and by the Queen, and Condé was obliged to conform to it.

All the arrangements being made, the time chosen for the commencement of the enterprise was on Twelfth-Night, that is the 6th of January, 1649. During the evening the Queen talked of nothing but her devotions, saying that she would go and pass the next day at the “Val de Grace.”† At night she

* *Memoirs of Retz*, vol. i., p. 243, ed. 1817.

† *Memoirs of Motteville*, vol. ii., p. 447.

withdrew into her inner chamber as usual, went to bed, and dismissed her women; but rising again immediately, she went out with her two sons by a private door. In the court-yard she was joined by the Duke of Orleans and Mademoiselle, the Prince and Princess of Condé, the Princess Dowager, and the Prince of Conti; in short, all the Princes and Princesses except the Duchess de Longueville, who excused herself upon the plea of being with child. The Royal Family being thus assembled in the street, set off together to St. Germain, where there had not been time to make any preparation for their reception, and they were compelled to make use of some coarse mattresses and some bundles of straw to lie upon.*

The next day a letter from the Queen, addressed to the *Prévôt* and *Echevins* of Paris, announced "that the King had determined, with great grief, to leave his good town, in order that he might not remain exposed to the pernicious designs of some of the officers of the Parliament, who had an understanding with the enemies of the State, and had gone so far as to conspire for seizing his person." So evident a falsehood imposed on no one. The Parliament, justly irritated, took no notice of a second *Lettre de Cachet* exiling them to Montargis, but issued a decree that the Queen should be entreated by a deputation to make known the names of the calumniators of the Company, in order that they might be proceeded against according to the rigour of the laws. Accordingly some deputies from the Parliament went that same day to St. Germain, but were very ill received by Anne of Austria; and the Prince of Condé told them with great wrath that the House of Bourbon could do very well without the Companies. Then the Parliament, no longer keeping any bounds, issued a decree on the next day almost unanimously: "Whereas Cardinal Mazarin is notoriously the author of the present evils, the Court declares him to be a disturber of the public peace and an enemy of the King and of the State, and enjoins him to withdraw from St. Germain on this very day, from the kingdom within eight days, and after the said time commands all the subjects of the King to treat him as an outlaw."

* In the Memoirs of Mademoiselle may be seen a most piteous account of the uncomfortable night she passed (vol. i., p. 207).

Civil war was thus declared. The Parliament was not long in gaining some powerful aid which the prudence of the Coadjutor had been preparing. As soon as Gondy despaired of making the Prince of Condé the chief of their party, he had turned towards his sister for the same object. But let us hear his own words: "I went by chance to see Madame de Longueville, whom I saw very seldom, because I was a great friend of her husband, who was not the person in all the Court the most in favour with her. . . . I found her alone: she fell into conversation upon public affairs, which were then the fashion; she appeared to me to be very angry with the Court. . . . I was quite aware that Monsieur le Prince de Conti was entirely in her hands. I well knew the weakness of the Prince of Conti; he was almost a child; but that child was a Prince of the Blood. I only wanted a name to animate what without one would be a mere phantom. . . . All these ideas struck my imagination at once. . . . As soon as I had opened to Madame de Longueville the smallest glimmering of the part she might play in the state to which affairs were then tending, she entered into it with more ecstasy of joy than I can express to you."*

In consequence of this engagement, we have already seen under what pretext the Duchess de Longueville excused herself from following the Royal Family in its retreat to St. Germain. The Prince of Conti was, as it were, carried off by his brother; but he had hardly arrived at St. Germain ere he planned his departure, and in fact soon found means to escape and return to Paris. Conti was an offset very little worthy of the ancient stem from which he sprung. He was deformed in figure, and had that malignity of temper—that pleasure in giving pain—which is not unfrequently to be found in the deformed. With time the defects of his mind became corrected or softened by a sincere devotion, but in his youth he had hardly any. He was, however, destined for the ecclesiastical profession, and the Prince of Condé had just been sustaining a dispute on his account with the Duke of Orleans for the nomination of France to the Cardinal's hat; the Duke asking it for his favourite, the Abbé de a Rivière, and the Prince wishing it for his brother. The alter-

* *Memoirs of Retz*, vol. i., pp. 244, 247, ed. 1817.

cation was terminated in favour of Condé, but became useless by Conti's refusal to take orders; he viewed with envy the military fame of his elder brother, and thought that he had only to wish, to become his equal.

Besides the Prince of Conti, the Duchess drew to the cause of the Parliament her husband, the Duke de Longueville, and her lover the Prince of Marsillac. This latter was eldest son of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, and afterwards succeeded to that title: he is known as the author of 'Memoirs,' and celebrated as the author of 'Maxims.' The Dukes d'Elbeuf, de Beaufort, and de Bouillon, the Maréchal de la Motte, and several other great nobles, but each of them from a different interest, embraced the same party. Out of respect to the Blood Royal, the Parliament, after some debates between its generals, conferred the title of Generalissimo on the Prince of Conti. Every new defender of legal rights was hailed with acclamation. But the public enthusiasm was at its height when the Duchesses de Longueville and de Bouillon, both radiant with beauty, came to the Hôtel de Ville, where they declared their intention of residing with their children, under the care of the townsmen, as hostages for the fidelity of their husbands to the service of the town. "Only "conceive," writes the Cardinal de Retz, "these two ladies "upon the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, more beautiful because "they seemed to be carelessly dishevelled, though in truth they "were not; each holding one of her children in her arms, and "each child no less lovely than its mother. The *Grève* was "filled with people, even to the roofs; all the men were shouting "with joy, all the women melting to tears."*

The guard of townsmen and the other troops who were at the orders of the Parliament were soon on foot and ready for the campaign. They adopted as their device upon their colours

QUAERIMUS REGEM NOSTRUM

(we seek our King). The Bastille, where the Queen had left a garrison, was besieged and taken in a very few days. To defray the needful expenses the Parliament levied a tax of a hundred and fifty francs upon every house *à porte-cochère*, and of thirty

* De Retz, vol. i., p. 282, ed. 1817

francs upon every shop. Resolved to set the first example in itself, the Parliament generously taxed its own members at one million of *livres*—a precedent not very frequently followed by any modern Chamber of Deputies!

The rage which we have seen that Condé willingly indulged, even in opposition to strictly legal resistance, will make us judge of his transports of fury when he heard of his brother's flight and his sister's declaration. He became so full of wrath that no one dared either to accost or speak to him. But his resentment having soon turned to raillery, he went and found a little hunchback, had him clothed in a gilded coat, and presented him to the Queen with these words: "Here, Madam, is the generalissimo of Paris!"*

In this frame of mind Condé's greatest wish was to make his family repent their desertion. But military means were wanting to him; he had neither money nor stores; he was now in the very heart of a severe winter; and his army, for reducing an immense town, consisted only of eight thousand men. He had hoped for some reinforcements; but the other Parliaments of the kingdom were already in movement to support that of Paris, and gave the King's troops employment in the provinces. The Prince, however, accustomed to do great things with slender means, did not despair of success; and he wrested from the Parisians several of their fortified posts—especially those of Corbeil, of St. Cloud, and of St. Denis. A more important affair took place at Charenton on the 8th of February. The post was commanded for the Parliament by a brave officer named Clanleu; the attack was confided by the Prince to his friend the Duke de Châtillon. After an obstinate conflict, and a vigorous defence, all the intrenchments were carried, and the Frondeurs were compelled to fall back towards Paris. Upwards of one hundred officers lost their lives on this day: on one side was killed the brave Clanleu, after having refused quarter; on the other, Châtillon received a mortal wound.

This young nobleman, who was on the point of being named a Marshal of France, died on the following day, and Monsieur le Prince, who was sometimes accused of being little sus-

ceptible of friendship, showed true and bitter anguish at this loss: the hero was seen on this occasion to shed tears. According to the memoirs of the times, the beautiful Duchess de Châtillon did not feel any great despair, "but counterfeited grief after the manner of ladies who love themselves too well to care much for any one else."* It must be acknowledged, however, that the Duchess had some reason for displeasure against her husband; during some time past he had neglected her for Mademoiselle de Guerchy, and even in this last skirmish had worn one of the garters of that lady tied round his arm.†

Notwithstanding all his efforts, Condé did not succeed in completing the blockade of Paris. His army was so small, that whilst he was fighting on one side, the convoys easily entered on the other; and the best proof is, that during all this war the price of provisions rose very little in the markets of the town. But the chiefs of the Fronde took occasion of Condé's activity to discredit him at Paris; they had even spread amongst their party the report that the Prince eat nothing but the ears of his prisoners!‡—a calumny very well calculated for the minds of the common people. Thus passed several weeks. During this time two great events were in preparation which appeared likely to ensure the triumph of the Frondeurs—these were the treachery of Turenne, and the entrance of the Archduke into France.

The Vicomte de Turenne had commanded the army in Germany, and, since the peace, was conducting it home. Forgetting that he was an officer in the service of the Queen, and remembering only that he was brother of the Duke de Bouillon, he had contracted engagements with the latter, and promised to make his troops declare in favour of the Parliament. He wrote to him at this time that there were only two Colonels in his army who gave him any trouble, and that he felt sure of gaining them over, by some means or other, in a few days. The secret was at first confined to the Duke de Bouillon, the Duchess, and the Coadjutor.

An alliance with Spain, as a new support to their party, was warmly pressed by the Duke d'Elbeuf and the Coadjutor. But

* Memoirs of Motteville, vol. ii., p. 524.

† Memoirs of Mademoiselle, vol. i., p. 212, ed. 1746.

‡ Desormeaux, vol. ii., p. 197.

amongst the magistrates, even those the most violent against the Court, French feeling was not in this manner cast aside. There is nothing more invariable or more remarkable in all the civil wars which we are about to describe than the facility with which, on the slightest temptation, the great noblemen turned towards an army of Spain or of any other foreign power, and the firmness with which, on the contrary, the Parliament even in the most pressing dangers rejected the idea of introducing enemies within the frontier of their fatherland. The Coadjutor having assembled at his house those magistrates of whom he felt the most secure, had scarcely let fall some obscure hints of a Spanish alliance ere the President de Nesmond asked angrily, how he ventured to send for members of the Parliament to make to them such a proposal; and the President de Blancmesnil left the room saying that he did not wish for private conferences, which looked too much like faction and plotting.

The conspirators, however (for may we not give that name to all who place their party before their country?), did not lose courage. A Spanish monk, the agent of the Archduke, had just arrived at Paris provided with several signatures of his master on blank papers. The Coadjutor and the Duke de Bouillon undertook to present him to the Parliament as an ambassador. They equipped him in an officer's dress, gave him the title of Don Joseph Illescas, and by means of one of the blank signatures they fabricated for him his credentials. Being admitted before the Parliament after some debating, he addressed to them an artful discourse, protesting in his master's name that the Archduke renounced all ambitious views on the present occasion, and that he only entreated the Parliament to interpose for the conclusion of a general peace. But the upright magistrates, far from allowing themselves to be tempted by this bait, and thus infringing upon the Royal authority, immediately issued an unanimous decree, that to the Archduke's propositions no answer should be returned, nor even any deliberation be held upon them till the Queen's pleasure had been learnt upon the subject. The Presidents Molé and De Mesmes were named deputies to carry this decree to the Queen, and entreat her at the same time to restore peace to her good town of Paris.

It should be observed that this noble example of moderation

and justice was given, not after any reverses, or in the midst of discouragement, but on the eve of great advantages, and when the party of the Parliament appeared to be prevailing, not only at Paris, but in nearly all the provinces. The Queen and the Prince of Condé were equally discouraged with their enterprise; and the Cardinal showed himself ready to swear to all the conditions asked—only reserving to himself the purpose of afterwards violating them on any more favourable occasion! In this state of things they willingly consented to hold conferences, in order to terminate their differences amicably. These new conferences were held at Ruel: on one side the Princes of the Blood and the Ministers; on the other, the Presidents Molé and De Mesmes. They agreed that during the negotiation the Royal troops should allow free entrance every day to a hundred measures of corn. This condition was not, however, very well kept; there were constant complaints of the insolence and exactions of the soldiery; and Monsieur le Prince, being remonstrated with upon this subject, replied only: “I am not a dealer in corn; I do not understand anything of trade. I undertook to let corn pass, but not to furnish any; and the gentlemen of the Parliament would easily be able to find some if they would but pay for it.”

The Generals, that is to say, the noblemen of the party of the Fronde, viewed with grief these peaceful dispositions, and seeing that they could not draw the Parliament along with them to adopt their measures, took these measures without the Parliament. They signed a treaty with Spain, sent the Marquis de Noirmoutier as their agent to the Low Countries, and did not rest till the Archduke had entered Champagne at the head of an army. On the other hand Turenne was no less hastening his measures, and sent a letter, through the Prince of Conti, to the Parliament, announcing that he was coming at the head of his troops “to offer himself to the Parliament for the King’s service.” This latter phrase, very skilfully framed for the interest of the insurrection, appears to have been borrowed from the English Roundheads.

This bad news arrived at Court on the 10th of March, and produced extreme consternation. It seemed likely to prolong and envenom the war; it became, on the contrary, the imme-

diat cause of peace. The deputies at Ruel, seeing the enemies on the French territory, now thought only of saving the monarchy. In the middle of the following night the President de Mesmes went himself to Cardinal Mazarin, and spoke to him as follows: "In the present state of affairs we have resolved to run any personal risk; we will sign a peace to save the state; we will sign it at this very moment, for the Parliament may revoke our commissions to-morrow. We risk everything: if we are disavowed, they will shut the gates of Paris against us; they will bring us to trial; they will treat us as traitors and felons. It is for you to grant us such terms as may justify our proceedings. Your interest depends upon it, for if the terms are reasonable, we shall be able to carry them against the factious; but make them such as you will, we will sign them all. If we succeed, we have peace; if we are disavowed, the blame will fall upon us alone."*

It may well be imagined with what joy the Cardinal received this unexpected assistance. But the generosity of the deputies failed in awakening his own. On the contrary, he profited by their zeal to impose upon them very unfavourable conditions. The peace was thus signed on the morning of the 11th of March, and the deputies returned to Paris. But this great town was already chafing at the first news of such a treaty: the Generals were in despair at seeing their private interests thus flung away, and the common people loudly called out treason! It was only through an immense crowd, and in the midst of hootings and revilings, that the deputies succeeded in reaching the *Palais de Justice* on the 13th of March, the day fixed upon by their Company for receiving their report. The *procès verbal* of the conferences held at Ruel having been read by the First President, the Prince of Conti began to speak, and with a tone of great affected moderation complained that the conditions had been signed without consulting the Generals. Violent clamours against the negotiation were already to be heard on all sides, when Molé, raising his voice high above the others, replied to the Prince: "As we must now conceal nothing—it is you who are the cause of this, Sir." The general surprise having caused

* De Retz, vol. i., p. 426.

a profound silence, Molé continued with increasing warmth: "Whilst we were at Ruel you were treating with the enemies of France. You sent the Marquis de Noirmoutier to the Archduke; before Noirmoutier you sent Brétigny, a gentleman in the service of your Highness. Your letters, which we have read, invited the Archduke to invade us, and gave the kingdom a prey to foreign powers. Therefore when you had joined yourselves to the Parliament, and when you gave us such associates, could we suffer such an indignity?"

Quite bewildered with such a storm, and a coward at heart, the Prince replied timidly, that he and his friends had not taken this step without the consent of some of their Company. "Name them!" exclaimed Molé, once more, in a voice of thunder, "name them, and we will try them as criminals guilty of treason!"

The Prince of Conti remained silent at this appeal, and all the members of the Parliament appeared to follow the impulse of their chief. But during this time a troop of ruffians, excited by the Generals, had broken down the barriers and had penetrated into the gallery. They were armed with daggers and pistols, and demanded with tremendous vociferations that they should have given up to them "the great beard" (*la grande barbe*), for it was thus that the populace designated Molé. From all sides was raised the cry of "No peace! No Mazarin!" Some few voices were even heard to pronounce the word "Republic!"

Even according to the testimony of his enemy the Cardinal de Retz, the First President "displayed the most extraordinary intrepidity. Though he saw himself the object of the popular fury, not a single movement of his countenance betrayed anything but the most sturdy firmness and an almost supernatural presence of mind, which is something even more than firmness.* . . . When some one proposed to him to escape through *les greffes*, by which he could retire to his house without being seen, he answered in these words, 'The Court never hides itself.' " Accordingly he went out by the great staircase, protected by his colleagues, and awing the populace by his own courage: thus, though he was threatened on all sides, he succeeded in reaching home unhurt.

The deliberations having been renewed the next day, the populace seemed appeased, and the Parliament gave proofs, it appears to me, of consummate sagacity. While approving and sharing the patriotic zeal of its first magistrates, they made some changes in the treaty which the others had been obliged to conclude so hastily. The second article, for example, forbade the Parliament to assemble for deliberation on public affairs all the rest of this year: that article was rejected with indignation. The twelfth article left to the King the power of borrowing any sum he might choose; this article was rejected in the same manner. The Court, in its present state of distress, was too happy to accept the treaty even with these modifications: thus therefore in the final result, the conditions granted were in favour of the magistracy, since the important Declaration of the 24th of October was fully recognised and confirmed. A complete amnesty was granted to all the noblemen and gentlemen who had taken arms on the side of the Parliament. They gratified the Queen only in not following up the decree of the 8th of January against Cardinal Mazarin.

Peace was thus restored to Paris, and was not long in being established all over the kingdom. The Archduke, who had already penetrated with his troops to the neighbourhood of Rheims, perceiving that he could no longer reckon upon the support of the factious, withdrew precipitately into Flanders. The fate of Turenne was still more mortifying: at the first news of his defection Cardinal Mazarin had sent eight hundred thousand *livres* to M. d'Erlach, the Lieutenant-General, to be distributed to the army, and had caused letters to be written by the Prince of Condé to all the Colonels. These measures had their due effect upon the troops of Turenne: at the very moment when the peace was being concluded, they turned against their General, to remain faithful to their Queen, and Turenne, on the point of being arrested, escaped with some few friends, first into Germany and afterwards into Holland. From his retreat he implored the protection of Condé, who willingly granted it to the former companion of his glory; and being at that time all-powerful at Court, he not only succeeded in pro-

curing him his pardon, but afterwards gained for him several considerable favours.*

After the signing of the peace, the Château of St. Germain became the resort of many Frondeurs; the Duchess de Longueville, the Prince of Conti, and nearly all the other chiefs of the party, hastened to pay their respects to the Queen. She received every body without bitterness, some even with friendship; and the Minister on his part affected much general good-will. But in spite of these popular appearances, Mazarin, a coward, if ever there was one, could not make up his mind to return so soon amongst the Parisians; and under the pretext of superintending the war in Flanders, he removed the Court to Compiègne. To insult his timidity by the contrast, the Prince of Condé made his entry into Paris in broad daylight, and drove through the principal streets in his coach, attended only by two lackeys. The people were intimidated by his boldness, or touched by his confidence, and let him pass everywhere with respect. The Parliament on its part showed him great consideration, sending him a deputation to thank him for the good offices which he had rendered to the Company during the war.

* Desormeaux, vol. ii., p. 188.

CHAPTER IV.

Growing Irritation between Condé and the Court—Designs of Mazarin—His Confinement with the Frondeurs—Arrest of Condé and his Brothers—They are sent to the Donjon de Vincennes—Adventures of the Duchess of Longueville in Normandy—She embarks for Holland—The Princess of Condé and the Princess Dowager at Chantilly—Their Alarms and Anxieties.

ONE of the first effects of the peace between the parties was a reconciliation in the House of Condé. The Princess Dowager employed herself with zeal and success in re-establishing harmony between her children. Condé, who despised his brother too much to hate him, readily agreed to a reconciliation with him. As to his sister, he had always felt for her great affection and confidence, and she no less for him: these sentiments were revived at their very first interview at Ruel, and he not only gave her back his friendship, but began to enter into her views, and even to be guided by her counsels.

The Prince's policy was to make Royalty powerful and respected, but not absolute. He said publicly that he had done what he ought in upholding Mazarin, because he had promised to do so; but for the future, if things took a different line, he should not be bound by the past.* Upon the same principle he refused the command of the army in Flanders—foreseeing that any reverses would tarnish his own glory, and that successes would increase the power of the Minister. A prey to a thousand conflicting feelings, and discontented with everybody, and perhaps with himself, he took the resolution of retiring for several months to his government in Burgundy.

On returning from Dijon in the month of August, the Prince found the Queen and the Cardinal at Compiègne, and very much dejected. Their general in Flanders, the Count d'Harcourt, had failed shamefully at the siege of Cambray, and the campaign was a failure. But Condé's generous nature often led him to

* *Memoirs of Motteville*, vol. iii., p. 124

assist the weak and throw his weight into the scale of the unfortunate. If he had shown any ill-humour at his departure, there were no traces of it on his return. "Madam," said he to the Queen on their first meeting, "your Majesty will not find me "changed ; I am neither a Frondeur nor a devotee, but always the "same" (this is the usual language of men who have undergone any alteration) ; "and always ready," continued he, "to spill the "last drop of my blood in your Majesty's service !" He then pressed her to return to Paris with her Minister, answering for Mazarin's safety, at the risk of his own head.* It may well be imagined that the Queen hastened to take advantage of this generous offer. Their entry into Paris took place a few days after, the Prince in concert with his family having arranged everything for this object. Such was then the influence of the House of Condé, and such is always the instability of the people, that Mazarin was received by an immense crowd, not only without any hooting, but even with acclamations and applause. Condé was seated beside him, at the *portière* of the Queen's coach, and listened with equal contempt to the cries of joy from the people, and to the Minister's protestations of friendship.†

Soon after, on the day of St. Louis, the young King, hardly eleven years of age, made a brilliant cavalcade in the Rue St. Antoine ; and the *Prévôt* of the Merchants announced a magnificent ball at the Hôtel de Ville. The Queen wished to direct herself all the details of this fête. She first tried out of spite to exclude Madame de Longueville, foreseeing, no doubt, that such a blow would go straight to her heart ; but Condé interceded in her favour, and it became therefore necessary to submit and send her an invitation. Anne of Austria, however, did not even then give up her womanly design of revenge. Knowing that Madame de Longueville's complexion had lost its first bloom, the Queen ordered that the ball should take place, not in the evening, but in broad daylight, "much," added she, "as "it may vex certain painted ladies, who have been great *Fron-*

* Desormeaux, vol. ii., p. 214.

† "There was an extraordinary confusion amongst the people. I was "never more tired. It was extremely hot ; we were eight persons in the "Queen's coach, and were from three o'clock in the afternoon to eight "o'clock at night in coming from Le Bourget to Paris, which is only two "short leagues." (Memoirs of Mademoiselle, vol i., p. 240, ed. 1746.)

“ *deuses*, and who will gain nothing when seen by the light of “ the sun !”

Cares and anxieties soon succeeded to fêtes and rejoicings. Mazarin had just concluded a marriage for one of his nieces, Mademoiselle de Mancini, with the Duke de Mercœur, eldest son of the Duke de Vendôme ; but Monsieur le Prince declared that he would not allow this alliance of the Prime Minister with the House of Vendôme, the old enemies of the House of Condé. The Duke de Longueville demanded the town of the Pont de l'Arche in Normandy, and Monsieur le Prince supported his pretensions. In vain did the Queen represent that the Duke de Longueville already held the government of the citadels of Dieppe, Caen, and Rouen, and that if that of the Pont de l'Arche was added, nothing would be wanting but the title of Duke of Normandy. “ I should like better,” said she with bitterness, “ to give up one-third of the kingdom to the enemy, “ than the Pont de l'Arche to the Governor of the province !” Without being moved by such expressions, Condé addressed the same request to the Prime Minister, and receiving another answer in the negative, he forgot himself so far as to touch him rather roughly with his hand under the chin, and exclaimed on leaving him with contempt, “ Adieu, Mars !” It is even said that he sent him, a short time afterwards, a letter addressed “ *A l'Illustrissimo Signor Fuquino.*” * The Cardinal, less irritated than alarmed at these insults, sent M. Le Tellier, Secretary of State, to him on the following day, with conciliatory overtures ; but the Prince, so far from allowing himself to be appeased, desired Le Tellier to inform the Cardinal that he would never meet him again but at Council, and that he declared himself his open enemy.

Attentive to all these changes, and foreseeing that discord amongst others would increase their own strength, the chiefs of the Frondeurs hastened in crowds to the Hôtel de Condé to offer their services. The Coadjutor and the President de Bellièvre especially pressed the Prince to place himself at the head of their party, to join his own to theirs, and to combine in shaking off the yoke of the foreign favourite. Such a combination could not have been for a moment withstood. The Cardinal seeing his

* Memoirs of Guy Joly, p. 82, ed. 1817.

humblest submissions repulsed one after the other, was already resigning himself to his disgrace, and was making preparations for his journey into Italy; but Condé, brought up with a profound veneration for the throne, and on the other hand despising in his heart the gentlemen of the long robe, could not make up his mind to the proposed alliance. He began to lend an ear to the entreaties of the humbled Minister. "During three days," says his friend the Duke de Rohan, "he changed his mind three hundred times!" The decisive moment having at length arrived, Gondy and Noirmoutier went to the Hôtel de Condé on the 18th of September. It was only four o'clock in the morning, and they found Monsieur le Prince still sound asleep. Having awakened him, they learnt with surprise from his own lips that he renounced the projects concerted between them, because he could not agree to a civil war; and that the Queen was so attached to the Cardinal that there was but that one method of separating them. He added that he had already accepted the Pont de l'Arche for his brother-in-law, and that he restored his friendship to the Cardinal at that price; but that nevertheless he promised his protection to both the Coadjutor and the President, if it should ever become necessary. Then taking leave of them, after a few other complimentary speeches, he dressed hastily, and proceeded to the Queen's levee.*

On leaving the Court, where he had been taking his final measures, the Prince went to see the Duchess de Longueville, whom he found much hurt at not having been consulted on an affair of such importance. He found with her only Pierre Lenet, of whom we shall often have occasion to speak hereafter. He was a Councillor in the Parliament of Dijon, and one of the most devoted servants of the House of Condé. "Well, sister," said the Prince in a laughing and jesting tone, "Mazarin and I are now become like two heads in one cap!" "That is very fine, brother," replied the Duchess in a more serious tone; "but I pray to God that you may not lose at this game all your friends and all your reputation, which the Abbé de la Rivière and the Duke of Orleans will not bring back to you, and still less the Cardinal and the Queen!" †

* *Memoirs of Retz*, vol. ii., p. 21, ed. 1817.

† *Memoirs of Lenet*, vol. i., p. 24, ed. 1729.

It must be acknowledged that on this occasion the sister proved herself to be a more skilful politician than the brother. Instead of insulting and humbling the Prime Minister, it would have been better either to treat him frankly as a friend or at once to crush him; but Condé, without the slightest caution, prescribed the hardest conditions, which were arranged in the form of a treaty by the Abbé de la Rivière, and were signed a few days later by the Prince, the Queen, and the Cardinal. This treaty imported that the Cardinal should break off the marriage of his niece with the Duke de Mercœur; that the post of High Admiral should remain vacant; that no considerable office should be granted without the approval of Monsieur le Prince; and that in the army especially he should have the right of choosing not only the generals, but even the lowest officers.

Mazarin was like a reed which bows before the tempest, but rises again after it. All his life he preferred degradation to danger. He promised everything that was asked to escape present peril, but watched with care for an opportunity of overthrowing his terrible protector. The violence of Monsieur le Prince easily furnished weapons against himself. According to the memoirs of the time, "he liked better to gain battles than hearts;" and the Duchess de Longueville was even less willing to conciliate than himself. "In affairs of consequence," says Madame de Nemours, "they took a pleasure in disobliging; and in every-day life they were so reckless that it was impossible to bear it; they had such a mocking tone, and said such harsh things, that nobody could fail to be offended. In any visits which were paid them they displayed a disdainful weariness, and openly showed their ennui. Whatever was the rank of the visitors, they had to wait a prodigious time in the antechamber of Monsieur le Prince; and very often, after having waited so long, he sent every one away without seeing them."*

I pass lightly over several errors committed really by the imprudence of the Prince, but exaggerated still farther by the artifices of the Cardinal. The Parliament of Aix having sent deputies to complain against the Count d'Alais, governor of Provence, Condé threatened to "cane them to death" if they continued to cry down M. d'Alais; and he turned them out igno-

* *Memoirs of Nemours*, p. 276, ed. 1817.

miniously from the council-room. The Prince of Marsillac asked the privilege then called "*le tabouret*" for his wife, when with the Queen, and the right of entering the court of the Louvre in his coach, and Condé supported his petition. In vain did the most trusty servants of the House of Condé represent to him "that for a friend of his sister, who was by no means always his, it was not wise to draw upon himself the hatred of so many of the nobles;" for in fact the other nobles, great and little, were all much concerned at this new pretension. There was a general and furious exasperation; assemblies of the nobility were held; even civil war was considered preferable to such a breach of etiquette. The Prince of Condé persisted for a long time, chafing at the resistance which he encountered, and threatening with his anger all those who should oppose his will; but he was at length obliged to yield to the torrent.

Another affair at Court very justly offended the Queen. The young Duke de Richelieu, heir of the late Cardinal, was under the guardianship of his aunt, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, who intended as his bride Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, one of the first matches at the Court; but a growing inclination turned Richelieu himself towards a young widow without fortune, Madame de Pons, sister of that Mademoiselle de Vigeon whom Condé had once loved so tenderly. Without the Queen's knowledge, or rather in spite of her authority, Condé one day conducted the young Duke to Trie, a château belonging to Madame de Longueville, where he authorised by his presence the marriage with Madame de Pons. He did more: he advised the newly-married couple to set off immediately and seize Havre, of which Richelieu held the title of governor, but where Madame d'Aiguillon commanded until he had attained his majority. The Queen, informed of this in time, sent in all haste M. de Ber, a harsh man, but devoted to her interests, to retain the place in her obedience. On his side, Monsieur le Prince despatched another courier with orders to throw into the sea, with a stone about his neck, any one who should present himself on the part of the Queen. After having given these orders, Condé reappeared at the Court as though nothing had happened. He went to see the Queen with an unchanged countenance, and related to her the details of the wedding with much gaiety and unconcern.*

* Memoirs of Motteville, vol. iii., p. 343.

But whatever resentment Anne of Austria may have shown in this affair, it was slight when compared to her feelings at the adventure of M. de Jarzé. Wishing to supplant Cardinal Mazarin, Condé had encouraged Jarzé to make a declaration of love to the Queen, who repulsed him with contempt; but Condé taking his defence, insisted upon Jarzé's being permitted to make his appearance at Court, and threatened that if this was not done he should take him into his own service, and would bring him every day, "by his fist" he said, to the Palais Royal;* yet, as the ladies of the Court observed, reasonably enough, "There is no private gentlewoman even, to whom, in an affair of this nature, one ought not to leave full liberty to act as she pleases."†

About the same time a quarrel broke forth between the Prince and the Frondeurs, produced by a concurrence of singular accidents in which the caprice of fortune strangely seconded the craft of Mazarin. Some of the chiefs of the Fronde still wishing to cause an insurrection amongst the Parisians, devised a plan that a pistol-shot should be fired at one of the Syndics, in order to give credit to the report that the Court intended to assassinate the defenders of the people. Joly, a Councillor at the Châtelet and a Syndic, offered to be the instrument of this singular imposture, to bear the brunt of the pistol-shot, and to show afterwards a slight wound made beforehand. Accordingly this scene took place at seven o'clock in the morning in the Rue des Bernardins, but did not produce the desired result, because all reflecting men at once suspected that the attempt at assassination was not real. This manœuvre, however, enabled Mazarin to make Condé believe that it was against his Highness the design had been formed, and that another ambush was prepared for that same night on the Pont Neuf, where the Prince was to pass in his carriage. Condé proposed to go himself to see how the case really stood, but the Minister pretending great zeal for a life so precious to the State, at last obtained that the Prince's carriage should go without him, but with the blinds drawn to disguise his absence. On arriving at the Pont Neuf, the Marquis de la Boullaye, an adventurer in the secret pay of Mazarin, was found there, with three or four men under his orders. According to their

* *Memoirs of Lenet*, vol. i., p. 288.

† *Memoirs of Motteville*, vol. iii., p. 318.

secret instructions they fired at the carriage the moment it appeared, and severely wounded one of the lackeys. Thus the event appeared to confirm Mazarin's story, and Condé no longer doubted that the chiefs of the Fronde had formed a design against his life. La Boullaye had taken to flight after the attack, and Lenet advised Monsieur le Prince to pursue, at law, this man only, unless in his confession when caught any circumstances were found to implicate the Coadjutor and the Duke de Beaufort ;* but Condé, impelled by his fiery temper, and despising La Boullaye as an adversary, made a complaint to the Parliament against the Coadjutor, the Duke de Beaufort, and the Councillor Broussel, as authors of this attempt against his life. Mazarin neglected nothing which could keep up the Prince's false impression, and promised him from day to day to bring new testimonies and conclusive proofs against the accused.

Thus it was that the same resentment against Monsieur le Prince drew together and united two parties which only a few months previously were warring furiously against each other—the Court and the Fronde. Anne of Austria first opened this negotiation by a note to the Coadjutor, who came several times disguised as an officer, during the night, to hold conferences with the Queen and the Cardinal. Their common hatred served as a foundation to their new friendship. They soon agreed to strike a great blow by arresting the Prince of Condé at the Palais Royal, and at the same time to crush his party by seizing the Prince of Conti, the Duke de Longueville, the Duke de Bouillon, the Prince of Marsillac, and the Viscount de Turenne. Mazarin promised several places and a great deal of money, and at this price Gondy undertook to answer for all the principal nobles of the Fronde. Similar offers would not have succeeded in gaining over the chiefs of the Parliament, who could make use of the decree of the public safety in favour of the imprisoned Princes ; but it was known that they were violently irritated against Condé, and they made the Queen give her word that in future she should no longer dispute the political authority of the Companies, and that the principal affairs of the State should be referred to their deliberation. Notwithstanding the secrecy of this negotiation, and the small number of negotiators, the Prince received several warnings

* *Memoirs of Lenet*, vol. i., p. 72, ed. 1729.

upon it. He wished to assure himself of the truth. One day at the Palais Royal, fixing his eagle eye upon the Cardinal, he asked him suddenly if it was true that he received nocturnal visits from the Coadjutor disguised. But Mazarin, who was reckoned, as he deserved to be, the most crafty dissembler of his time, bore, without being troubled, the piercing look of the Prince, and dispelled his distrust by the frank and cheerful tone of his answer. "A pretty figure," said he, laughing, "the Coadjutor would be, with white plumes and his crooked legs, in the dress of a cavalier! If he comes thus to visit me, I promise to inform your Highness, so that your Highness also may have the pleasure of seeing him!"*

Everything being, however, prepared, the execution of the design was fixed for Monday the 18th of January, 1650. That very morning the Prince was on the point of discovering the plot; for entering, without being announced or expected, the Cardinal's sitting-room, he found him with M. de Lyonne, his secretary, who was at that very moment drawing up the orders relative to his arrest. Lyonne had scarcely time to hide these papers in all haste under some others which lay before him. The Cardinal, on the contrary, far from being at all disconcerted, announced in a joyous tone to Condé, that they had just discovered the retreat of a certain Parrain Descoutures, who had been concerned in the plot against the Prince's person on the Pont Neuf, and who was acquainted with all the secrets of the Fronde. On giving the address of this man to Condé, Mazarin added, that he had received certain intimation that the Duke de Beaufort was making preparations for rescuing him from the hands of justice, and that consequently he entreated his Highness to have him safely escorted to prison by a body of the troops under his orders. Condé replied, that he did not wish to be accused of persecuting his enemies, and that therefore he preferred that Descoutures should be arrested by other troops than his own. Pretending to yield to these honourable scruples, Mazarin pressed the Prince, however, to point out the precautionary measures which would be necessary; and accordingly the Prince set about arranging the posts, and writing the orders to the Queen's light cavalry to con-

* *Memoirs of Nemours*, p. 248, ed. 1817.

duct that same night a prisoner to the Castle of Vincennes. He little thought that this prisoner was to be himself! It was thus that, by a refinement of perfidious raillery, of which few other examples are to be found in history, Mazarin found means of making Condé give the orders for his own imprisonment.

On taking leave of the Cardinal, the Prince promised him to return in the afternoon with his brother and his brother-in-law, as several affairs which nearly concerned them were to be discussed at the Council. From the Palais Royal he went to dine with his mother, who took occasion to blame him for the entire confidence he placed in the Court. "Believe me," added she, "I know the Court from my own experience."—"What have I to fear?" said the Prince; "the Queen never treated me so well; the Cardinal is my friend."—"I doubt it," interrupted Madame la Princesse.—"You are wrong, Madam, for I can reckon upon him as much as I could upon yourself." The Princess ended the conversation with these words—"God grant, my son, that you may not be mistaken!" and on seeing the Prince set out to return to the Court, she resolved to follow him thither and speak to the Queen.

An old friendship united these two Princesses; they had undergone together the first persecutions of Richelieu, and Madame de Condé had more than once braved the Minister's anger to do the Queen service. She thought that she still retained a place in her heart, or at least a claim to her gratitude; and if any danger did really threaten her children, she hoped to read some warning of it in the countenance of her former friend. Having arrived at the Palais Royal, she found the Queen full dressed, but lying on a bed in her apartment; she sat down by the side of her pillow, and was received in a friendly manner, and with a familiar conversation, which dispelled all her suspicions, and would have done honour to the dissimulation of Mazarin himself. While they were together the Prince of Condé entered the apartment to pay his respects to the Queen, but not wishing to interrupt their conversation, he withdrew a few minutes after. This was the last time that he was destined to see his mother: we shall find hereafter that she died of grief during his captivity.

The Queen and the Princess were still engaged in conversation when the former received a message from Cardinal Mazarin that

all was ready, and that they were waiting for her Majesty at the Council. This was the signal agreed upon, to announce that the Prince of Conti and the Duke de Longueville had arrived, and that they were about to proceed to the execution of the great project. Hereupon Anne of Austria took a friendly leave of the Princess: this was also the last time she saw her; and she went in search of the young King, with whom she shut herself up in her oratory. Then she informed him of what was doing at that very moment, and desired him to kneel down and pray to God, with her, for the success of this enterprise!*

During this time, the Princes and Ministers assembled for the Council were awaiting the Queen's arrival in the gallery. Some weeks previously the three Princes had come to the resolution, that for their common safety they would never go all three together to the Council; but on that day they had lured the Duke de Longueville, promising to grant him the reversion of the *Vieux Palais* of Rouen, which he had for a long time solicited for the young Marquis de Beuvron.† Whilst they were still waiting, Cardinal Mazarin went out, under some pretext, and then, instead of the Queen, were seen to enter Monsieur de Guitaut, captain of the guards, followed by his officers and his company. Condé thought at first that Guitaut, whom he liked, might have some favour to ask of him; but Guitaut, approaching him, told him in his ear that he had the Queen's orders to arrest himself, the Prince of Conti, and the Duke de Longueville. Though much surprised by this sudden intimation, Condé expressed neither fear nor concern. In a loud and firm voice he repeated to the Princes his brothers, and to the Ministers of State, what had just been announced to him. The Chancellor, confused by such an event, and not having been initiated into the secret, observed that it could only be a jest of Guitaut's. "Go then, and find the Queen," replied Condé, "and inform her of the jest: as for me, I look upon it as very certain that I am arrested." The Chancellor went out accordingly; and, after a short interval of reflection, Condé sent Guitaut also to the Queen, and Servien to the Cardinal, to entreat that they would grant him some moments of conversation; but Guitaut soon re-

* *Memoirs of Motteville*, vol. iii., p. 374.

† *Memoirs of Nemours*, p. 295, ed. 1817.

turned, to tell him that the Queen had refused to see him, and had reiterated the order for his arrest. Upon this they were obliged to set out; but the Duke de Longueville being ill, and the Prince of Conti quite scared, could hardly support themselves. Conducted by Guitaut, the three Princes went down into the garden by a private staircase and a dark passage. "Here is what savours strongly of the States of Blois!" exclaimed Condé, alluding to the assassination of the Duke de Guise. "No, no, Monseigneur!" retorted Guitaut quickly; "if that were the case, I should not be concerned in it." In the garden the prisoners saw a double row of gendarmes and of body guards, and beyond that a door which opened upon the Rue de Richelieu, where one of the King's coaches awaited them, surrounded by an escort. Condé, walking at the head of the others, recognised, as he passed, several of his old soldiers, and addressed to them these words—"This is not the battle of Lens!" He no doubt hoped for some sudden burst of feeling in favour of their former chief; but their discipline was even stronger than their devotion to him; none of them replied a word. As soon as the Princes had entered the carriage the horses set off at full gallop in the direction of Vincennes. They had reckoned so entirely upon secrecy for the execution of this project, that the escort consisted only of sixteen cavalry soldiers, commanded by Miossens, who was afterwards the Maréchal d'Albret. The town was traversed without accident, but beyond it the road was so deep and miry, and the night so dark, that the carriage was overturned and broken. The prisoners were obliged to get out, and a ray of hope revived in Condé's heart. "Ah! Miossens, if you would ——," said he.* But Miossens was already beginning to speak of his duty; and Guitaut, seeing the Prince cast a look to the right and left, as though seeking some help, approached him, and said in his ear—"I am your Highness's most humble servant, but I must warn you that I am prepared to stab you to the heart rather than let you slip from my hands, and thus not be enabled to render to the Queen a good account of the charge with which she has intrusted me."

After two hours of painful suspense, the coach was raised

from the ground and repaired; and at ten o'clock the Princes arrived at the château of Vincennes. They were lodged in the Donjon, but they found there neither beds nor supper: for to prevent any suspicion the Queen had not dared to direct the least preparation for their reception. The habits of the young warrior made him nearly callous to such want of comfort. After having swallowed two fresh eggs, he throw himself, all dressed as he was, upon a bundle of straw, on which he slept for twelve hours without waking. This was the first token of that calmness and intrepidity which he displayed during the whole time he was in prison. As for the Prince of Conti and the Duke de Longueville, they seemed not only cast down, but aghast; and they trembled, the first from fear, and the second from illness.

A few days before had been obtained, without much trouble, the consent of the Duke of Orleans, Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, to this *coup d'état*. When he heard of its successful execution, he exclaimed with some wit, "There is a good haul of the net; they have just taken together a fox, a monkey, and a lion!"*

The news of this great event was circulated through Paris that same night. Although taken quite by surprise, the Prince's friends wished to make an effort in his favour. A hundred gentlemen assembled under the Count de Boutteville, a young officer of the House of Montmorency, who became afterwards the Maréchal de Luxembourg, and went towards the Val de Grâce, to carry off the Cardinal's nieces, and detain them as hostages; but Mazarin having already foreseen the possibility of such a design, had placed them in safety in the Palais Royal. Some other partisans of Condé hoped to raise an insurrection amongst the people by spreading the report that it was not the Prince of Condé that had been arrested, but the Duke de Beaufort. A feeble stratagem! The people did rise, it is true, and were preparing to take arms; but the moment the Duke de Beaufort, their idol—"Le Roi des Halles," as they called him—appeared on horseback in the streets, followed by servants bearing flambeaux, to show their master—all became calm once more. And as soon as the people were sure that Condé really

was a prisoner, the resentment at his conduct in the war of Paris in the last winter again became the paramount feeling. The conqueror of the Spaniards was forgotten, in the enemy of the Parliament and of public liberty; and on that very night bonfires were lighted, of which the glimmering fire could be distinguished even by the prisoners themselves from the Donjon of Vincennes. At the Palais Royal, as amongst the populace, gaiety reigned that night. A crowd of nobles attached to the party of the Fronde hastened to its saloons, which had long been closed against them, and overwhelmed the Queen and the Cardinal by their noisy congratulations. Holding their swords in their hands, they swore that they would become the defenders of the throne and the main-stay of the government: several even added the somewhat equivocal compliment, that after such a blow struck by the Cardinal, they no longer considered him as a Mazarin!

On the other hand, the grief of the Princess of Condé and the Dowager Princess may be imagined—the grief of a wife and a mother—when the Count de Brienne came from the Queen to announce the fatal news, and signify to them her orders that they should retire by the following day to their Château of Chantilly, accompanied by the Duke d'Enghien and the children of the Duke de Longueville.

Mazarin had for some time hesitated whether he should not also arrest these two Princesses and the son of the Prince of Condé; but he thought that all honourable men would accuse him of gross ingratitude to the memory of Cardinal Richelieu, his benefactor, if he advised the imprisonment of the young Princess, his niece, and that it would be thought a most cruel action to arrest a child of seven years old, with his mother and grandmother. "He considered also," says Lenet, "that the Dowager was a Princess of a timid and indolent disposition, that the young Princess was without friends, without money, and without experience, and not very well satisfied with the conduct of the Prince her husband."* How far was he from foreseeing the great and noble actions of which this young Princess proved herself to be capable!

* Memoirs, vol. i., p. 104.

The Court displayed less consideration towards the Duchess de Longueville, knowing her stirring and active spirit, and remembering also her conduct during the war of Paris. As soon as Condé was arrested, the Duchess was summoned in all haste to the Palais Royal, with the intention of detaining her there a prisoner: but having been already informed of the event, she took refuge for several hours in the house of her friend the Princess Palatine; that same night her lover, the Prince of Marsillac, went to carry her away, accompanied by several tried and zealous attendants, and conveyed her on horseback towards Normandy, where she hoped to succeed in effecting an insurrection.

The Minister failed equally in securing the Duke de Bouillon and the Viscount de Turenne: these two brothers, warned in time, set off in all haste from Paris—the Viscount for Champagne, where he intended to take up his residence at Stenay, a fortified town belonging to Monsieur le Prince; the Duke to his Viscounty of Turenne, in Auvergne, hoping there to assemble his vassals and his neighbours. Of all that party, the President Perrault of the Chamber of Accounts, and agent to Condé, was the only one whom the Court succeeded in seizing.

On the next day the Parliament received orders to send Deputies to the Palais Royal; and the Chancellor, in the Queen's presence, explained the motives which had determined her Majesty to arrest the Princes. Some days after these motives were developed at greater length in a letter from the Queen, which the Judge Advocate, Talon, brought to the assembled Chambers. Condé's friends had, however, the consolation of seeing that they could not impute to him any understanding with the enemies of the State, nor any conspiracy against the safety of the throne: it was only said that the growing power of his family obscured the Royal authority, and there followed an angry recapitulation of the offices and employments which he had obtained since the Regency. But if these favours did really appear excessive, ought not such a crime to be imputed rather to those who granted them than to him on whom they were lavished, and might not a little presumption well be pardoned in a young Prince of twenty-nine, after so many victories achieved?

In the Queen Regent's letter was also a formal protestation that "Her Majesty had no intention of infringing upon the

“ Declaration of the 24th of October ; on the contrary, she wishes “ and intends that the aforesaid Declaration should continue in “ its full force and effect.” What security, however, did such a promise afford ? How could any private individual rely upon a law for the public safety which was infringed upon even in the case of Princes of the Blood ? But Cardinal Mazarin was well aware that parties rarely look beyond their own immediate interest. Vengeance is dearer to them than safety ; and they will always allow a principle to be violated, provided only they see an enemy crushed. The most enlightened magistrates—Mathieu Molé especially—deplored the arbitrary blow which had just been dealt by the State, and appeared gloomy and thoughtful : nine-tenths of their Company, on the contrary, expressed great joy. It was only in favour of the President Perrault that they resolved to tender a remonstrance to her Majesty. The Queen received them with kindness, and assured them that the affair of the President Perrault should be forthwith examined into, and that if the suspicions on his conduct were proved to be groundless, he should be immediately set free.

No other Parliament of the kingdom bestirred itself in Condé’s favour. The majority of his partisans and the greater number of his châteaux were equally taken by surprise. The Count de Marsin, who was entirely devoted to his interests and who commanded in Catalonia, was arrested at the head of his troops and sent as a prisoner to France. The Chevalier de la Rochefoucauld allowed himself to be intercepted in Dammartin ; and there now only remained in Champagne the town of Stenay, where M. de Turenne had arrived, and had assumed the title of “ Lieutenant-General of the King’s army for the deliverance of “ the Princes.” In Berry, the new governor, the Count de St. Aignan, made himself master of the citadel of Bourges, which was called “ The Great Tower ” (*La Grosse Tour*) ; and only the château of Montroud, though almost without a garrison, still remained faithful to the family of Condé.

In the provinces of Burgundy and Normandy, however, which had long been governed by the Houses of Condé and Longueville, there was some reason to hope for a general revolt. Lenet was at Dijon when he received the first news of the imprisonment of the Princes ; he instantly despatched a

courier to Paris with letters for the Princess Dowager, the Princess, and the Duchess de Longueville. He strongly advised the Dowager to bring the Duke d'Enghien into Burgundy, and place herself at the head of the party—the Princess to join her father, the Maréchal de Brezé, in Anjou—and Madame de Longueville to set off to Rouen. The courier found the Dowager Princess still at Paris, having solicited and obtained from the Court a delay of several days in her journey to Chantilly. The manner in which this Princess received Lenet's advice shows not unaptly the two prominent traits of her character in her old age—the fear of entangling herself, and the horror of spending money: “My courier,” says Lenet, brought “me back no letter; he told me only ‘*de vive voix*’ that “the Princess Dowager had read and burnt the one I had “written to her, and also the one which he had been desired to “give to the Princess, whom she forbade his seeing, saying that “such affairs ought not to be communicated to a person of her “age; that at the very slightest demonstration of resistance they “would both be put in prison; that as for her, she wished to “live quietly, and weep over the misfortunes of her family in “her retreat at Chantilly; that she hoped by her prayers to “obtain God's grace to make known the innocence of her “children to the King: that she would let all her friends act as “they thought proper, but that she would interfere in nothing “which would endanger her own liberty: that she begged me not “to write to her, but hoped I should always love her House. “Such was the answer of the Princess Dowager, which made “me lose all the hopes that I had conceived of exciting an insurrection in Burgundy in favour of the Princes.”* Accordingly the Castle of Dijon opened its gates to the newly-appointed Governor, the Duke de Vendôme; and the other fortified towns in the province yielded in the same manner, with the exception of Bellegarde on the Saône, where the Counts de Tavannes and de Boutteville, with many other brave gentlemen, had shut themselves up.

The Duchess de Longueville had already, of her own accord, adopted the plan which Lenet suggested. Already on the night

* Memoirs, vol. i., p. 80, 95.

of the 18th she was on her road into Normandy, escorted by the Prince of Marsillac and about forty horsemen. By the next day she had arrived at Rouen. The Marquis de Beuvron, of the House of Harcourt, who commanded the "old palace," as they called the citadel, received her very coldly, although the Duke de Longueville had risked a good deal for him on the evening before at the Palais Royal, where he went expressly to do him service. Mazarin, however, did not leave time enough to the Duchess to concert her measures. He thought, and truly, that the presence of the Sovereign might crush the revolt in its bud; and having hastily assembled some troops, he made the Queen and the young King set off for Normandy by the 1st of February. At the news of their approach the populace of Rouen did, in fact, as he had expected, revolt against the Duchess, who was obliged to take to flight. She hoped to find an asylum at Havre with her friend Madame de Pons, the new Duchess de Richelieu; but this latter was already negotiating with the Court to have her marriage ratified as the price of her submission. Caen and the Pont de l'Arche equally flung open their gates to the King's troops. Then as a last resource, and followed only by a very small retinue, Madame de Longueville threw herself into the castle of Dieppe.

The Cardinal, who knew the importance of gaining time in a civil war, hastened to send a body of troops in pursuit of her. At their approach the governor of the castle declared that he should continue faithful to the King; and it was in vain that the Duchess harangued the populace of the town, and tried to excite them to take her defence. What resource was then left to her? Her courage chafed at the idea of submitting to her enemies—and to embark at a moment when the tempest howled, and the wind was contrary, threatened her life.

The sister of Condé did not hesitate. She first made a general confession to a priest, with all the marks of a sincere repentance, and desired her lover Marsillac to depart from her, and go and assemble his vassals in Poitou. Then she left the castle by a secret door which was not guarded, followed by several gentlemen, and by some of her women who had the courage not to forsake her. It was night, and fearful weather: she walked, however, two leagues to reach a little port (it was, I suppose, Ailly), where

she had kept a ship ready in the roads. She found in the port only two little fishermen's boats ; neither of them would venture out, so raging and violent was the tempest. At last, however, they yielded to her entreaties. But the sailor who took her in his arms to carry her through the breakers was unable to resist the united strength of wind and sea, and let fall his burthen into the water. She was on the very point of perishing, but several men dashed into the waves to save her, and at length succeeded in rescuing her and dragging her senseless upon the beach. She had scarcely recovered her consciousness, when with a most heroic courage she wished to attempt another embarkation ; but this time the seamen were thoroughly alarmed, and remained deaf to her entreaties and to her promises of a large reward.

Then it became necessary to change the whole plan. Fortunately there were horses at hand. The Duchess placed herself on a pillion behind a horseman ; the ladies of her suite did the same, and they succeeded in reaching in this manner the house of a gentleman of the country of Caux, who gave them an asylum. She took, however, only a few hours of repose : by night she approached the coast with the intention of again putting to sea ; the wind was lulled, and fortune seemed to smile upon her design, when at the very moment of her embarkation she saw one of her equerries making towards her at full speed, bearing the news that she had been betrayed, and that the captain of the ship had promised Mazarin to secure her as a prisoner the moment she should go on board. Warned in time, the Duchess again took refuge inland, and wandered during fifteen days from one retreat to another, according to the intelligence she received. At the end of this time she found means of gaining over the captain of an English ship at Havre, to whom a story was told of a gentleman who had fought a duel, and wished to escape into Holland. The Englishman, well paid, promised to convey her. Thus the Duchess embarked, disguised in men's clothes, and reached Rotterdam without accident, where she once more assumed the dress of her own sex, and the splendour suitable to her rank. She was received with great kindness at the Court of the Princess of Orange, daughter of Charles I. of England ; but she only remained there a few days, and set off hastily to throw herself into the fortress of Stenay.

Once arrived there, and with the gallant Turenne, it is to be feared that she soon forgot not only her new vows of penitence, but also her faith to her former lover.*

Equal in beauty to the Duchess de Longueville, the Duchess de Bouillon at this same time proved not inferior to her in courage. Passionately anxious for the aggrandisement of her family, she had directed all the political intrigues of her husband with dexterity and skill; but she had not been able to follow him into Auvergne, being then far advanced in pregnancy. The Queen, with very little generosity, had her arrested before she went herself into Normandy. The Duchess de Bouillon was delivered of a child that same day, and had continued ever since to be closely guarded in her own house as a prisoner. But on her recovery she often received visits from her little daughter, who was seven years of age, and one day found an opportunity of making her escape. While the sentinel who was waiting in the ante-room was taking his light and walking on in front of her little girl, to show her the way out, the Duchess followed her daughter, stooping behind her and unperceived. She thus crept as far as the cellar, from whence one of her women extricated her through the air-hole. Having found an asylum at Paris in the house of one of her friends for several days, she was on the point of setting off to join her husband, when her daughter fell ill of the small-pox. She could not make up her mind to leave her. This tender mother was found watching at the pillow of her child, and from thence was conveyed to the Bastille.†

Normandy having submitted to the Royal authority, Anne of Austria and Louis XIV. returned to Paris, but the Cardinal made them set out almost immediately again towards Burgundy to commence the siege of Bellegarde.‡ Whilst before this town the young King went more than once to visit the works and the trenches. Whenever he was seen by the besieged they never

* *Memoirs of Motteville*, vol. iii., p. 416–429, ed. 1723; *Vie de la Duchesse de Longueville*, p. 158–168, ed. 1738.

† *Memoirs of Motteville*, vol. iii., p. 418, 439.

‡ This place must not be confounded with one of the same name on the Geneva frontier. The Bellegarde of which we are now speaking is between Dôle and Châlons sur Saône; it is now called Seurre, but then was Bellegarde, after one of its Seigneurs.—(*Guide Pittoresque en France*, vol. i., Dépt. de la Côte d'Or, p. 17.)

omitted exclaiming "Vive le Roi!" and waving their hats in the air; but their batteries still continued to fire, and they thought themselves quite freed from their duty by abusing Mazarin amongst themselves for thus exposing the sacred person of his Majesty! Amongst all these young gentlemen filled with bravery, but devoid of discipline, not one would obey, and not one knew how to command; and it was already foreseen that their fortress could not hold out much longer.

In Anjou the Prince's party sustained a still greater loss. The Maréchal de Brezé fell dangerously ill, and the Princess of Condé earnestly solicited the permission of the Court to go and attend the last moments of her dying father; but the Queen harshly refused.* The Marshal expired on the 13th of February, in his house at Milly, near Saumur, of which place he was Governor. On his death-bed he made Dumont, one of his principal officers, swear to keep this important town in its allegiance to the Princess of Condé, his daughter; but Mazarin, on hearing of his death, lost no time in sending thither a body of troops, and in tempting Dumont's fidelity by offering him large sums of money. Thus, all over the kingdom Condé's party was either defeated or forsaken: for him there appeared neither any remonstrance from the Parliaments nor any revolt amongst the people, nor even much sympathy amongst the nobles. He and his brothers, shut up in the Donjon of Vincennes, were deprived of all communication with their friends, and watched most narrowly by the Sieur Bar, a harsh and implacable man. We find in the memoirs of those times some details upon their conduct during their captivity: "Of these three Princes who are prisoners, "M. de Longueville is very melancholy, and never utters a word; "Monsieur le Prince de Conti weeps, and hardly leaves his bed; "Monsieur le Prince de Condé sings, swears, hears Mass in the "morning, reads Italian or French books, dines, and plays at "battledoor and shuttlecock. A few days ago, as Monsieur le "Prince de Conti entreated some one to bring him the work "entitled 'L'Imitation de Jésus Christ,' that he might console "himself by reading it, the Prince of Condé exclaimed, 'And "for me, Sir, I entreat you to send me 'The Imitation of M.

* Petition to the Parliament of Bordeaux, 1st of June, 1650.

“de Beaufort,” so that I may be able to escape from hence, as he did two years ago!” *

Such was the state of things when Lenet set off from Paris to find the Princesses at Chantilly. Both of them received him with great marks of friendship; and bursting into tears related to him the details of the arrest of the Princes. From this they proceeded to tell him of the infidelity of several persons who had been till now in their interest; complaining that very little faith could be placed even in some of their own servants. They bestowed on Lenet, and with reason, their most complete confidence; and it was not long ere that skilful and devoted servant undertook the principal direction of their party. He became the very soul of this little council, composed principally of women, of whom several were beaming with youth and beauty, and many were animated by the noblest courage. There was to be seen the Countess de Tourville, of the House of La Rochefoucauld, a woman of conduct and resolution, whom Condé had placed about the Princess at the death of Richelieu as her Lady of Honour. There too was the Countess de Gouville, her daughter, only eighteen years of age, and Miss Gerbier, a young and handsome Englishwoman, who was Maid of Honour to the Princess.†

Occasionally, as to be seen there also the Présidente de Nesmond, who was sent to Chantilly by her husband every now and then to preach patience and submission. But above all was to be remarked Angélique de Montmorency, Duchess de Châtillon, who, as a relation and intimate friend of the Dowager Princess, exerted a very great influence over her mind. She had arrived at Chantilly at the same time as Lenet. Since the death of Châtillon the fair widow had again received the eager attentions of Condé: receiving him kindly as a friend, she had not, however, by any means encouraged him as a lover, and seemed to prefer to him another young Prince, the Duke de Nemours. But since Condé's imprisonment she had warmly devoted herself to his interests, and had even taken advantage of her ascendancy over the

* Letter of Doctor Guy Patin, March 1, 1650.

† This young lady was probably a daughter of Gerbier, the English Resident in Flanders, of whom mention is made in Anne of Austria's Declaration of the 17th August, 1637.—(Sismondi, vol. xxiii., p. 334.)

Duke de Nemours, to make him forget his jealousy, and give his word to the Princess Dowager that he would serve his former rival with all his power.

In those times of frivolous taste and depraved morality, the great qualities of the young Princess of Condé were still by no means understood or appreciated, and they conversed before her only on common topics. As soon as Lenet arrived at Chantilly, she took him aside to complain of this want of confidence. "She told me also," says Lenet, "that they threatened to take from her her son, the young Duke d'Engbien, who was her only remaining hope, and in whom her only consolation in this world was centered. She then entreated me not to consent that this great injustice should be done to her: adding, that if it were for the interest of the Prince her husband, to remove her son from Chantilly, she would follow him everywhere, even to the head of an army, and that she should never forget the obligations imposed upon her by the honour she had had in marrying a Prince of the Blood, of such rare genius and extraordinary merit as Monsieur le Prince her husband." Lenet very much applauded these generous sentiments, and promised the Princess to oppose with all his power the separation from her son, which she dreaded. "I already foresaw," said he, "how much we should stand in need of this Princess and that young Prince."*

On the other hand, according to the same author, "The many various suggestions which were made to the Princess Dowager altogether distracted her judgment. She hardly knew whom to trust, nor what to determine upon. Her natural vacillation was aided and increased by the thousand different counsels she received. She explained her thoughts to me pretty clearly, and I saw that timidity and avarice destroyed in one moment all that at other times was prompted by courage, the thirst for vengeance, and the wish of restoring freedom to her children. Sometimes she feared to be arrested like them; sometimes that they should be poisoned if a war was attempted; sometimes that their imprisonment would last beyond her life, if she remained inactive; and she never retained the same resolution

* *Memoirs of Lenet*, vol. i., p. 125.

“ for one hour. At length we got her to agree that whilst a war
 “ was carried on at the frontier, or in some of the provinces of
 “ the kingdom, of which war she could not be accused, remaining
 “ quietly in her house at Chantilly, her friends might attempt
 “ to create an interest either in one party or the other at Court,
 “ according to which appeared most promising when the Court
 “ was divided into parties, as there was great reason to suppose
 “ it soon would be, from the inveterate aversion which was borne
 “ towards Mazarin even by those who had been lately reconciled
 “ to him.”*

It was Lenet himself who became the director of all these negotiations. He made several secret journeys to Paris by a path which he had opened for himself, between Louvres and Lusarches, without passing by either of those villages. At Paris he came in and went out by several gates, and lodged at different places, but always in the house of some of his own party. His principal confidants there were the Dukes de Rohan and de Nemours, the Maréchal de la Mothe, and the Archbishop of Sens. “ One day,” says he, “ whilst I was taking a collation
 “ with the Marquis and Marchioness de St. Simon, they came to
 “ tell us that Servien, Secretary of State, who was their neighbour, was coming to pass the evening with them, so that I
 “ had no other alternative than that of throwing myself behind
 “ the bed in the room where we were eating. I remained there
 “ a full hour, listening to a conversation which was by no means
 “ pleasing to me, and very much opposed to the design which
 “ had brought me there. Servien was a man of considerable
 “ talent, well informed and daring, but violent, and holding very
 “ despotic opinions. He entertained the Marquis and Marchioness with nothing but an account of the punishments which
 “ were in preparation for all those who showed any attachment
 “ to the Princes, and on the utter impossibility of ever seeing
 “ them restored to liberty !”

Notwithstanding all Lenet's exertions, however, his intrigues at Paris made no progress. Neither the Courtiers nor the Frondeurs would at present lend themselves to any step which could in any degree lead to the liberty of the Princes. He there-

* Memoirs of Lenet, p. 132.

fore renewed, with fresh vigour, his correspondence with the nobles who had retired into the provinces, especially the Duke de Bouillon and the Prince of Marsillac. Both of them were in the best possible dispositions in favour of the party. Bouillon was justly irritated at his wife's arrest; and in his Viscounty of Turenne, in Auvergne, he could boast of several hundred gentlemen at his disposal. On all fête days he was wont to assemble his subjects (for so he called his vassals) to exercise them in the use of arms;* and by this plan he was enabled to set on foot as many as four thousand well-regulated troops. Marsillac was scarcely less powerful in Angoumois, and his sole ambition was to please Madame de Longueville. He had lately become Duke de la Rochefoucauld by the death of his father. He intended to render him solemn obsequies at the Château de Verteuil, and to make use of this pretext for assembling all his friends and vassals, and marching at their head to join the garrison of Saumur. On his side Lenet promised that at the first favourable opportunity he would try to persuade the Princesses to leave their residence at Chantilly, and go and establish themselves at the fortified Château of Montrond, in Berry, in order to place their persons in safety, and to animate the revolt by their presence.

"During this correspondence," says Lenet, "I used to go to and from Paris secretly; and when I was at Chantilly I often had the honour of walking with the Princesses, the Duchess de Châtillon, and the Countess de Tourville. These promenades were the most pleasant things in the world. The Princess Dowager had an agreeable wit and a sparkling conversation: she often spoke with regret of the Queen's ingratitude towards her, recalling the many services which she had rendered her during the life of the late King, of which she narrated to us many curious particulars. She sometimes described to us, with horror, the character of Cardinal Richelieu; then she told us many singular and interesting anecdotes connected with the love of Henry IV. for herself. . . . I cannot resist inserting here an adventure which she related to us, and which appeared to me to be very amusing. The Prince

* See Lenet, vol. i., p. 293. He adds, "If all the Seigneurs did the same, there would be much less of drunkenness among the peasantry." But rebels are even worse than drunkards!

“ of Condé, her husband, and father of the present one, absented himself as much as possible from the Court in order to remove the Princess from the eyes of Henry IV. He had retired to Verteuil, an abbey situated at the entrance into Picardy; and as he had invited several friends and dependents to celebrate with him the feast of St. Hubert, the Sieur and Lady de Trigny invited the Princesses, mother and wife of the Prince, to go and dine on that day at their house, which was only three or four leagues from this abbey. It would seem very much as though this party had been concerted with the King, but he was at any rate informed of it by the Sieur de Trigny, who always assisted him in his pleasures; so that the Princesses, making this promenade, saw a carriage pass with the King’s liveries, and a great number of dogs. The Princess-mother, who was passionately fond of her son, and watched the actions of the young Princess very narrowly, feared that, under the pretext of some hunting excursion, the King had prepared for them a rendezvous. She called the huntsmen, whom she saw at a distance: they approached, but one of them, advancing before the others, came to the door of the coach to give the Princess an answer to what she asked, and disarmed her fears by telling her that a captain of the hunt, who was in the neighbourhood to celebrate the feast of St. Hubert, had placed the relays where she saw them because he was hunting a stag with some of his friends. Whilst the Princess Dowager was speaking to the huntsman, the young Princess, who was at the *portière* of the coach, observed the others who had remained at a little distance, and perceived that one of them was the King, who, the better to disguise himself under the livery which he wore, had put a large black plaister over his left eye, and held two greyhounds in a leash. The Princess told us that she had never been more surprised in her life, and that she did not dare mention what she had seen to her mother-in-law for fear she should tell it to her husband. She acknowledged to us at the same time that this gallantry had not displeased her; and continuing her story she told us that, having arrived at Trigny, she made an exclamation, on entering the drawing-room, at the extreme beauty of the view, on which Madame de Trigny said to her that if she liked to put her head at a window she would

“ show her, she would see one which was still more agreeable.
“ Having advanced to it, she saw that the King was placed at
“ the window of a pavilion opposite, he having gone in advance
“ of her after having had the pleasure of seeing her on her road,
“ and that he held all the time one hand on his lips, to send her,
“ as it were, a kiss, and the other on his heart, to show her that
“ it had been wounded. The surprise of this rencontre not
“ giving the Princess time to reason on what she should do,
“ she retired abruptly from the window, and cried out, ‘ Oh,
“ heavens, what is this? Madam, the King is here!’ On
“ which the Dowager Princess, greatly exasperated, divided her
“ words between ordering her horses to be immediately put to
“ her coach and pouring forth abuse and injurious expressions
“ against Trigny, with whom she was conversing, and against
“ his wife, who was speaking to the young Princess. Even the
“ King, who hastened to the spot on hearing the commotion,
“ was not exempted from her reproaches and invectives. The
“ enamoured Prince employed all the entreaties which his
“ passion dictated to him, and all the promises that were pos-
“ sible, to persuade her to stay; but vainly, for the Princesses
“ re-entered their carriage, and returned instantly to Verteuil,
“ where that same night the Princess-mother broke the promise
“ which the King had drawn from her, and told the whole story
“ to her son, who a few days after carried off the Princess his
“ wife, took her to Brussels, and placed her in the hands of the
“ Infanta Isabella.

“ The evenings at Chantilly were not less amusing than the
“ walks; for after the usual prayers had been read in the chapel,
“ which everybody attended, all the ladies retired into the apart-
“ ment of the Princess Dowager, where they played at various
“ games and sung. There were often fine voices, and always
“ very agreeable conversations, and stories of Court intrigues
“ and gallantries, which made life pass as pleasantly as it was
“ possible to us attendants, who nevertheless shared very sin-
“ cerely the grief of the Princesses. Sometimes we read in
“ private conclave, with the Dowager, the letters of the Duchess
“ de Longueville, and the serious or satirical publications which
“ were set afloat in favour of the Princes and against the Car-
“ dinal; and sometimes we examined those which had been

“ composed, but not yet published. These amusements were
“ often disturbed by the bad news which was brought in con-
“ cerning some of the servants of the house who were either
“ exiled or arrested; or of several plans which had been over-
“ thrown, and of which we had perhaps hitherto conceived great
“ hopes.

“ It was a great pleasure to see all the young ladies who com-
“ posed this Court melancholy or gay according to the frequency
“ or rarity of the visits that were paid them, and the nature of
“ the letters they received. . . . We used to see constantly
“ messengers or visitors arriving, which gave great jealousy to
“ those who received none; and all this drew forth verses,
“ sonnets, and elegies, which equally amused the indifferent and
“ those personally interested in them. Some were to be seen
“ walking on the edge of the water, some in the alleys of the
“ park or garden, on the terrace or on the lawn, alone or in
“ parties, according to the state of mind in which they were;
“ whilst others sung airs, or recited verses, or read romances on
“ a balcony, or as they walked or reposed on the grass. Never
“ was there seen so beautiful a place, in such a beautiful season,
“ filled with better or more agreeable company. Such was our
“ situation when on the 11th of April, at eight o'clock in the
“ morning, the Princess Dowager received some news which did
“ not surprise me much, because I had often been astonished
“ that it had not happened sooner; but it grieved me extremely,
“ because this misfortune destroyed, or at least delayed, all the
“ measures which we had taken.” *

* Lenet, *Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 173-182. He adds, “ From that day I com-
“ menced a journal, and kept it as exactly as the great affairs which were
“ intrusted to me allowed me, and I shall make use of it for the continuation
“ of these *Memoirs*.”

CHAPTER V.

Lettre de Cachet again: st the Princess brought by Du Vouldy—Her courageous Resolution—Her Disguise of one of her Attendants—She escapes with her Son from Chantilly, crosses the Loire, and arrives at the Fortress of Montrond—Her Preparations for Defence—The Princess Dowager appears before the Parliament of Paris—The Princess combines a Civil War in Guyenne—She leaves Montrond—Joins the Army of the Dukes de Bouillon and de la Rochefoucauld—Her Residence at the Château de Turenne—Skirmish at Brive la Gaillarde.

It was then on the morning of the 11th of April, 1650, that advices were received from several quarters that some Royal Guards had marched from Paris and Soissons, and were approaching Chantilly in both directions, having last night taken up their station in the neighbouring villages. The Princess Dowager, justly alarmed, sent to reconnoitre in these places whether this intelligence was true; and it having been confirmed by mid-day, she assembled after dinner her little Council in the apartment of the Duchess de Châtillon. Opinions were divided as to the motive of this sudden arrival of the troops, but all agreed in saying that there was no longer any safety at Chantilly for the Princesses, and still less for the Duke d'Enghien. Lenet then began to develop the plan which he had been framing for some time past; he proposed to take the young Duke beyond the Loire, where his presence could not fail to give to their party a specious name, to dispel any latent jealousy among the great nobles, and to animate the enthusiasm of the people. But here Lenet was interrupted by the young Princess. "I am not," she said, "either of an age or experience that should entitle me to give my advice; I have no other wish than to pay all deference to that of my mother-in-law. But I entreat her most humbly that whatever may happen, I may not be separated from my son, my only remaining hope; I will follow him everywhere with joy, whatever dangers I may have to encounter, and I am ready to expose myself to anything for the

“service of the Prince my husband!” The Princess Dowager replied to her with tears in her eyes and with praises for her zeal. Since both of them, she added, had but the same object—that of saving, in the person of the young Prince, the remains of their House and the fragment from their wreck—so they should both share the same destiny; they would try to put themselves out of the power of their persecutors, and bring up their son in the fear of God and for the service of the King.

At this point the conference was interrupted by the arrival of the Bishop of Senlis, who was to administer the rite of confirmation to several young persons. But soon after, at five o'clock, an agent of the Princess, who came from Paris, brought the news that he had seen one of the Gentlemen in Ordinary to the King pass the great road in the forest, and that this gentleman had told him he was going to see the Princesses, but without giving him any explanation of the object of his visit. This new intelligence confirmed the suspicions which the marching of the troops had already raised in their minds, and they no longer doubted that this gentleman was the bearer of some order from the King to remove or to arrest the Princesses and the Duke. There remained only a few moments to decide. Nearly at the same moment one of the Princess's equerries announced that a Gentleman of the King's had arrived at the château; that his name was Du Vouldy; that he was the bearer of letters from his Majesty to the two Princesses, and that he requested to be introduced to them. Then the Princess Dowager yielded to Lenet's entreaties to retire to her apartment, throw herself on her bed, and counterfeit illness. Lenet himself passed in all haste to the apartment of the young Princess, who had gone to bed for a real illness, a severe cold and fever; but as soon as she heard that the moment for action was come, she rose, without complaining of her health, and stationed Miss Gerbier, her Maid of Honour, in her place. She then passed into the apartment of her mother-in-law, where she hid herself behind her bed, with Lenet and the Duchess de Châtillon, whilst the gentleman sent by the King was introduced into the Dowager's room.

Du Vouldy having been presented, delivered the *lettre de cachet* with which he had been intrusted: it was dated from Dijon, where the Court had gone for the siege of Bellegarde.

This letter announced that the King, judging that the residence of the Princesses at Chantilly was prejudicial to his affairs, had resolved to make them remove to Châteauroux in Berry with the Duke d'Enghien and the children of the Duke de Longueville, and that M. Du Vouldy was to conduct them by the route which had been given to him, with orders not to leave them.*

The Princess Dowager, after having read the letter, replied to the bearer, "That she was neither of an age nor health to set off so suddenly on the journey which the King (or rather he who persecuted her under the King's name) had ordered her to make; that she was going to write to the Duke of Orleans to obtain some time to make her preparations; and as to him (Du Vouldy), he might meanwhile go and deliver to the Princess, her daughter-in-law, the letter with which he was charged for her, walk about, rest himself, and in a word, amuse himself at the Château in any way he liked best."

Du Vouldy proceeded therefore to the apartment of the young Princess. There he was presented to Miss Gerbier, who had placed herself in her mistress's bed, and so perfectly mimicked her tone, her manner of speaking, the reproaches and complaints which she made against the Queen and the Cardinal, and the tears which she appeared to shed, that she deceived Du Vouldy, not for that day only, but for a whole week. He thought that he might venture to grant, without danger, the delay which was asked of him, on the ground of illness; and in answer to some rumours which were afloat at Paris on the escape of the Princess, he wrote word to the Court that he could answer for the contrary, and that he saw her Highness at all hours of the day!

On leaving the chamber of the Princess, Du Vouldy was taken to see the Duke d'Enghien, whom he asked to visit; but he saw only the son of the gardener, who, like the Duke, was seven years of age, and who, by Lenet's orders, had been equipped in the Duke's clothes as soon as the King's gentleman had arrived: and as Du Vouldy found this child in the midst of the governess and the women who had the charge of the little Prince, he never for a moment doubted but that it was him. They then conducted him to the fine *promenoirs* of Chantilly, and from thence to his room,

* Compare Lenet, vol. i., p. 192, and Montglat, vol. iii., p. 115.

where they entertained him with their company whilst the Princesses reassembled their council. "As I saw," says Lenet, "that they were all preparing themselves for long speeches, I interrupted the one who spoke second, since I knew there was no time to be lost . . . and I said that I saw no better plan in the present conjuncture, than to carry off in all haste the persons of the Duke d'Enghien and the Princess his mother, who had offered herself a few hours previously." The young Princess did not shrink from any danger, but fear had taken possession of the Dowager's mind. "Where do you intend to take them?" said she to Lenet in a bitter tone. "To Montrond, Madam," replied this faithful servant, "and I feel sure of conveying them safely." "You wish to have us all taken prisoners!" exclaimed the Princess Dowager angrily. "We are so already, Madam," retorted Lenet; "and should they even arrest us on the road, we could not be worse off than we are now."

Every one applauded these words of Lenet; and the Princess Dowager calming herself, desired him to continue his discourse. He therefore proceeded to say that it was very much to be wished, as her Highness had said that day, that all her House should share the same fate, and that she should not be separated from Madame her daughter-in-law and Monsieur her grandson; but that no one would like to expose a Princess like herself, of delicate health and advanced age, to the fatigues of so unforeseen and hurried a journey. He proposed therefore that while the young Princess and the Duke d'Enghien should go to Montrond, and perhaps place themselves afterwards at the head of an army, the Dowager should go a few days later to Paris and present a petition to the Parliament for the liberation of her children, and claiming the execution of the Decree of the 24th of October, 1648. All the little council at Chantilly agreed in urging this advice; and after some further hesitation the Princess Dowager at last resolved upon it. She was to be accompanied to Paris by her friend the Duchess de Châtillon, who generously promised never to forsake her, whilst the Countess de Tourville undertook to convey the young Princess. The night, however, had by this time arrived, and they could not any longer defer the journey to Montrond. A dark-coloured coach without arms had been prepared by the care of Lenet; and for better security in the event

of any hostile meeting, the little Prince was disguised in girl's clothes. The young Princess confided all her jewels to the charge of Madame de Tourville, as also those of her father the Maréchal de Brezé, for whom she still wore mourning.

According to Lenet, "The Princess Dowager had prepared a coffer, filled with a service of gold plate, to put behind the coach; but those who had to arrange the equipage thought that they had a much more valuable treasure within to save, and that it was better not to risk losing it by the weight of the other. Her Highness gave us some jewels of little value, and to me a gold watch, which she snatched from her side, where she wore it, saying very obligingly to me, that she begged I would remember her, and that she confided to me, in the person of the young Duke, the dearest thing she had in the world; but that she entreated me never to place him in the hands of the Spaniards, nor in those of the Huguenots, and still less in those of the Duke de Bouillon. . . . Then after the Princesses had embraced each other—after they had shed many tears at their separation—after the young Duke had received all the blessings and the caresses which seemed due alike to his tender age, to the distressing journey which he was about to take, to the sprightliness of his temper, and to his graceful appearance while thus disguised as a girl—after all those who were present at this cruel separation had embraced those who were going away, with many tears and sighs—then the journey commenced."*

The coach for this journey, drawn by only two horses, but in which harness had been put for four others, had been sent early in the evening as if for a drive to the entrance of the forest. A little while after four horses were taken out, as though to the water to drink, but they were in reality led towards the carriage. Then Clémence de Maillé left the château on foot, followed by her son, her physician Bourdelot, and the ladies of Tourville, Gouville, and Chaugrand. She was escorted by two equerries, one of whom carried the young Prince in his arms, and was, in case of an attack, to plunge with him into the depths of the forest. A century after there was still shown at Chantilly, with interest, the road which was taken by this little party: it was

* *Memoirs of Lenet*, vol. i., p. 197.

by the side of a very ancient building called Bukan, between the gardens and the village.* Having arrived at the opening of the forest, the ladies entered the coach and took the road by Louvres. At the same time Lenet, leading a few other attendants, had mounted on horseback; but not to give any suspicion by too large an escort, he passed by another road to the right. Let us here borrow again the words of his journal:—

“ We all set off at eleven o’clock at night, and arrived at Paris
 “ by the Gate of St. Denis, at the same time as the Princess by
 “ that of St. Martin, and we rejoined each other at four o’clock
 “ in the morning at the Gate of St. Victor (on the other side of
 “ the Seine). We sent for a train of horses belonging to the
 “ Princess from the Hôtel de Condé, which met us at Juvisy
 “ and served as a relay. We always moved only two and two,
 “ at as great a distance from each other as we could, so as
 “ always to keep the carriage in sight. We always stopped at
 “ different hosteleries, as though we were not acquainted. Madame
 “ de Tourville called herself Madame de la Vallée; and all the
 “ other persons in the coach passed as belonging to her family.
 “ Thus we arrived at four o’clock in the afternoon at Angerville
 “ la Rivière, the house of the President Perrault, who was a
 “ prisoner in the cause of the Princes.”†

Lenet had reckoned upon finding there the horses of the President, and of making use of them to push on ten leagues further; but they had been sold against his previous orders. The party were therefore obliged to sleep that night at Angerville. On the next day, the 13th of April, the Princess passed close by the Château of Choisy aux Loges, a house belonging to the Marquis de Montespan, who had great possessions in Gascony, and who leaned secretly to the Prince’s party. Lenet went to see the Marquise, and dissuaded her from receiving the Princess at her house, lest it should injure the interests of her husband; but she came to pay her duty to her at a hermitage near the road, where she offered her everything in her power, even to follow her. Clémence accepted nothing but a relay of horses to continue her journey.

That same day the Princess arrived on the banks of the Loire,

* *Essai sur le Grand Condé*, par Louis Joseph, Prince of Condé, p. 93.

† *Memoirs of Lenet*, vol. i., p. 200.

opposite the village and Château of Sully, then inhabited by the grandson of the great Minister, who had been dead only nine years. Those who go there now, would find, alas! the family extinct—the Château gloomily silent and in ruins! But who could contemplate without emotion the smallest relic of the abode of him who was not only the enlightened and laborious servant, but the ever faithful friend, of a hero, his master—that master the glory of France and the terror of Spain? Let the traveller too be mindful as he gazes, that what may diminish our admiration for the Château should increase it for the Minister. I learn from the details of the last years of his life, that there are in the second court of Sully's house several mounds and enormous heaps of earth, which one can easily perceive were formed by human hands. This expense, which is entirely unproductive of ornament, and has even a disagreeable effect, surprises those who do not know that the Duke de Sully found no other means of employing a number of poor people who in a time of great need and scarcity asked for work.*

It was at Sully that the Princess embarked to cross the Loire; and as there was only one little boat, she had afterwards to wait some time till her carriage and horses had also crossed. During this time the people assembled along the bank of the river, on seeing so large an equipage; and, in spite of her disguise, Clémence was recognised by a valet of the Duke de Sully, who ran off to announce it to his master. "We sat down," says Lenet, "on some large stones which lay there, as though we had all been of an equal condition in life; and even, to remove all suspicions on the rank of the Princess, she sat upon my knees, when of a sudden the valet of the Duke de Sully calling me by my name, I had not the presence of mind to avoid turning my head. I hastened, however, to assure him that he mistook me for some one else, but he told me that he knew me very well, and that he wished to speak a word with me. Having drawn me aside, he told me that he recognised the Princess perfectly, although thus disguised, and dressed in coarse clothes, and he named all the suite to me, and added that he saw we were making our escape: that he offered me from his master, who he said was the Prince's very humble servant, a retreat

* *Memoirs of Sully*, vol. iii., p. 420, ed. 1747.

“ in his Château, and eighteen thousand *livres* which he had received from his estates. I ran instantly to apprise the Princess of this, who thanked him extremely, and drew from her finger a ring, which she gave him without accepting any of his offers. I had, however, some wish to take the money, of which we stood much in need, for all our finances were reduced to about five hundred pistoles, which the Princess had, and about twenty thousand *livres* which I had partly borrowed and partly raised upon some plate which I had sold.”

This same day, the 13th, Clémence went as far as Argent, a little town in Berry. One may still see there a fine Château ;* it then belonged to the Sieur de Clermont, an old servant of the Prince, and father-in-law of Mautour, who was the Governor of Montrond. He received the Princess very well, as also her suite, and sent on his horses during the night ; so that Clémence found them next day on arriving at a Château within sight of Bourges. She contemplated from a distance, but without venturing to approach them, the towers of that great and noble city, where her husband's youth had been spent, and where Charles VII.—“ the King of Bourges,” as he was at first called by his enemies, “ the Victorious,” as France afterwards proclaimed him—had long found an asylum, and fixed his Court. In this Château, which belonged to the Chevalier de Rhodes, the Princess dined, procured another relay of horses, and sent back the equipage of Madame de Montespan with a letter of thanks : then continuing her journey, she arrived safely at Montrond that same evening about midnight. “ The haste,” says Lenet, “ which we made was as great as was possible in a coach with a lady and a child of their rank, having been as much taken by surprise as we were, and without having sent on any relays. Every one arrived in perfect health, in spite of the want of sleep and the fatigue ; and every effort was made during the journey to assuage the Princess's grief, and to divert her as much as possible.”

The Château of Montrond had been built by the Seigneurs of Albret, and restored by the great Duke de Sully ; but under Louis XIII. the Duke was obliged to yield it to the old Prince of Condé. Seated amidst some of the gayest and most smiling

* Guide Pittoresque en France, vol. iv., Dépt. du Cher, p. 14.

views in France, Montrond crowns the summit of a rocky hill just above the little town of St. Amand, and between the two rivers of the Cher and the Marmande, which join at its foot.* According to Lenet, in another part of his journal, the fortifications were then very numerous, and were disposed as an amphitheatre and in stories.† The Château could be reached only by one road, which was winding and cut in the rock.‡ Within there was an inexhaustible well; and with a sufficient garrison one could defend oneself against an entire army. But, when the Princess arrived there, only a handful of men were to be found; there was neither artillery, ammunition, nor money. They were surrounded by enemies; and some violent step of the new Governor of Berry, the Count de St. Aignan, was to be feared. Under these circumstances, unshrinking courage and prudent counsels were more needed than ever. Clémence possessed the former, and knew how to discriminate the latter. The next day after her arrival she sent very early for Lenet, in the presence of Madame de Tourville. "My age," said she to him, "and the small experience I have in affairs, the esteem which I entertain towards you, and the knowledge I have of your affection and fidelity in the service of the Prince my husband, oblige me to confide to you the principal management of everything. Tell me, therefore, what you advise me to do, in the condition in which I find myself?"

Lenet, after having humbly thanked the Princess for the honour she did him, answered that he had already been turning the subject over in his mind during a part of the night; that he thought that she should first despatch a courier to Madame, her mother-in-law, to inform her of her arrival, and thus alleviate the anxiety which she would probably feel until she received that news: in the second place, reconnoitre with the Sieur de Mautour the condition of the Château, and try to introduce into it by degrees all that was wanted: lastly, write to all the friends and servants of her House and to the neighbouring gentlemen, and continue the negotiations which had been commenced at

* Guide Pittoresque en France, vol. iv., Dépt. du Cher, p. 12.

† Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 538.

‡ Memoirs of Sully, vol. iii., p. 421, ed. 1747. See also the Memoir upon Berry in Boulainvilliers, Etat de la France, vol. ii., p. 212.

Chantilly. This advice having been approved of by the Princess, they all applied themselves to preparing letters and instructions which were to be sent next day, the 16th of the month. "One of the principal things," says Lenet, "which we had to wish for was the assembling of the States-General, and it was indeed what we tried to insinuate to everybody."

It was repeated also on all sides that the Duke d'Enghien was the last branch of the Royal Family that was still at liberty, as though the residence of the Duke of Orleans at Court had been only a kind of imprisonment.* The gentleman sent to the Princess Dowager was named Aubigny; he was at the same time to acquaint her how much the want of money was felt by the little garrison, and at any rate try to convert into money the service of gold plate which she had intended to give them at Chantilly. Lenet intrusted him with several other letters for Paris: "I wrote word," says he, "to send us some artillery officers . . . and all the pamphlets and pasquinades which were issued against the Cardinal, so that I might distribute them in the provinces. Nothing can be less necessary for persuading any honest people who are ready to serve, because either friendship or interest is their best adviser; but nothing is more useful for urging on the populace, who imagine nothing for themselves, so that one must stir up their minds by the press."†

The gentleman who was despatched to the estates of the Princess in Anjou had orders to give four hundred pistoles to Dumont, who held Saumur for her, and to send to the Duke de la Rochefoucauld a part of the service of plate, together with a few of the horses, belonging to the late Maréchal de Brezé. In the south of France Clémence eagerly solicited, but without much success, the assistance of the Duke de St. Simon (the father of the author of the Memoirs), who was a kinsman by marriage of the Princess Dowager, and the governor of the fortress of Blaye, very important from its neighbourhood to Bordeaux. She tried also by letters to awaken the affection of the Count Du Dognon, who owed all his fortune to her brother the Duke de Brezé, and who still held by his favour the fortified town of

* Desormeaux, vol. ii., p. 376.

† Memoirs of Lenet, vol. i., p. 211.

Brouage, in spite of all Mazarin's efforts to draw it from his hands. But Du Dognon, a thankless and grasping man, thought much more of preserving his gains than of proving his gratitude.

The news, however, of the Princess's arrival at Montrond was soon spread on all sides, and by the 16th several neighbouring gentlemen came to pay her their respects. "During the time," says Lenet, "that she resided at Montrond, she received marvellously well all those who visited her, and took great pains to try and enlist every one she could in her service." According to another historian—"Of a gentle character, very accessible and pleasing, Clémence de Maillé spoke with grace and fluency, and shone to great advantage on all occasions which required presence of mind and prompt decision."*

That same day they learnt that the Count de St. Aignan had set off from Bourges the night before at the head of a squadron of cavalry, and that he had traversed all the route which the Princess had taken, in the hope of still meeting herself and her son. He said, however, that it was only with the design of taking prisoner the Chevalier de Rhodes; that he had received no orders from the Court against their Highnesses; but that if he had met them, he would have cut in pieces those who escorted them, and have arrested them with all the respect that was due to their rank; and that he had sent to the Court to ask for troops, and propose the siege of Montrond. "We had," says Lenet, "put things into such good order for twenty leagues round, and on all the fords and bridges at a distance, that nothing could happen of which the Princess did not receive early and exact intelligence."†

The next day, the 17th of April, they received most alarming and well-nigh fatal news. The gentlemen shut up at Bellegarde had no chief, and consequently were wanting in conduct; and in spite of their proved valour, they became so bewildered that they consented to give up this important post without even the trenches being opened against them. The capitulation had been signed since the 9th, two days before the departure from Chantilly; it stipulated that the town should be ceded on the

* Anquetil, *Intrigue du Cabinet*, vol. iii., p. 428

† *Memoirs of Lenet*, vol. i., p. 221.

22nd if no succour were received before that time, but that the officers and soldiers of the garrison might retire quietly to their homes. Thus the last place which held out in favour of Monsieur le Prince in Burgundy was lost.* On the other hand, and at the same time, the Princess lost all that she inherited from her father, and the only resource of her party in Anjou—the Château of Saumur. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld had kept his promise. Under the pretext of his father's funeral he had assembled at his Château of Verteuil several hundred of his neighbours and vassals, and had begun his march at their head towards Anjou; but scarcely had he arrived at Lusignan when he heard that the officers at Saumur had concluded a private treaty and received the Royal troops. It was Mazarin's gold, and not his arms (though they alleged also their want of provisions), which had produced so sudden a capitulation. Thus no other alternative remained to La Rochefoucauld than to return to Angoumois, and send away his friends.†

Clémence having received this bad news in the morning, spent all this day at her devotions, praying to God for her son. At night she thought it expedient to try and gain time for her defence in the only fortress which remained to her, and to write to Le Tellier, Secretary of State, to apologise for her escape. After all, if she had not made her journey under the guardianship of Monsieur Du Vouldy, she had arrived in the very same province to which he was directed to conduct her, she was only one short day's journey from Châteauroux, and she could still in some degree protest her obedience to the Queen's orders. Some days later she despatched Blanchefort, one of her gentlemen, to carry a letter to the Queen herself, in these terms:—

“MADAM,—I should have deferred giving notice to your Majesty of my arrival at this place, and acquainting you that a fever and a cold, from which I had long been suffering at Chantilly, have not been powerful enough to prevent my obeying the King's commands with all possible haste. I had resolved to wait for news from Madame my mother-in-law, who had neither the strength, the health, nor the equipage necessary for

* Montglat, vol. iii., p. 113.

† Memoirs of Gourville, vol. i., p. 24, ed. 1782

“ coming here at the same time as myself, or bringing my nephew,
“ Monsieur de Longueville; but as I am still uncertain of the
“ time at which she may arrive, I have thought, Madam, that I
“ ought to hasten the moment when I had proposed to myself
“ to acquaint your Majesty with my proceedings, and to convey
“ to the King at the same time my just complaints against the
“ Count de St. Aignan, who, on hearing of my journey, called
“ together an assembly of unknown persons. He traversed the
“ road which I had taken with two hundred horse; and said
“ publicly at Bourges, that if he had met me he should have ar-
“ rested me and my son, and cut in pieces five or six of my servants
“ who accompanied my coach. I will hope, Madam, that he
“ said this without orders; but in any case it would have been
“ strange treatment of a person of my rank, who was conducting
“ her only son, of seven years of age, and who has the honour of
“ belonging to the Royal House, into a private château, and on
“ the faith of a *lettre de cachet* from the King. The Count de St.
“ Aignan, thank God, only met a groom and one of my carriage-
“ horses, which he took to Bourges, where he is publishing that
“ your Majesty is to send him troops to besiege me in consequence
“ of the information which had been given him by express,
“ that I had placed here some men-at-arms. On which I pro-
“ test to your Majesty, as I have already done to the King, in a
“ letter which I have written to Monsieur Le Tellier, that nothing
“ is more contrary to the truth, that I have in no way altered
“ the former orders, and that there are not above forty men of
“ the usual garrison. I have no other thought than that of
“ praying to God for the prosperity of your Majesties, of
“ bringing up my son in His fear, and trying by my example to
“ give him the same zeal as Monsieur his father always had for
“ the King’s service, that of your Majesty, and the good of the
“ State: assuring you, Madam, that I shall close my ears against
“ any proposals which could make me act contrary to these in-
“ tentions, and that I shall never seek any other remedy for the
“ ills which I endure, than in the goodness and justice of your
“ Majesty. It is with this view that I have written to the High
“ Courts of Bourges and Moulins, to beg them to send and
“ have drawn up a *Procès Verbal* on the state of this place,
“ in order that they may render an account to your Majesty, and

“ let you see at the same time the falsehood of the Count de St. Aignan’s despatches, and the truth of the protestation which I now make of being all my life,

“ Madam, yours, &c.,

“ CLAIRE CLÉMENTE DE MAILLÉ.”

Blanchefort, the bearer of this letter, found the Queen and the Cardinal on their road to return from Dijon to Paris. They were in haste to get there, in order that they might oppose the measures of Turenne and the Duchess de Longueville, who had signed at Stenay a treaty with the Spaniards, and were preparing, in concert with them, to invade the frontiers of Picardy. On the other hand, it was not unnatural to despise the power of a woman of twenty-two, and a child of seven years of age, in the recesses of a peaceable province. What danger could Mazarin fear on their part, unless indeed they should be driven by ill-usage to take some desperate resolution? Would he then, by going to besiege them, make all France believe that the order for their retirement into Berry was only a snare to secure their persons? Would he then run the risk of awakening the jealousy of the Frondeurs, his new friends, and engendering in the nation a feeling of compassion and sympathy for the imprisoned Princes? “ Nevertheless,” adds Lenet, “ I hold that one of the greatest faults that was ever committed by Cardinal Mazarin was that of not bringing before Montrond the King and the troops, which had just been employed in reducing Bellegarde; for as the season was not far advanced, they might have taken this place before the affairs on the frontier had become pressing.”*

Influenced by the considerations of which I have been speaking, the Queen received favourably the excuses of the Princess. She granted an audience to Blanchefort, made him give her an account of the adventures of the journey to Montrond, and laughed much at the disguise adopted for deceiving Du Vouldy.† She said she had never thought of detaining her good cousin a prisoner; on the contrary, she had written to the Count de St. Aignan to respect and honour her residence, provided that nothing occurred there which was contrary to the King’s service.‡

* *Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 222. † Letter of Blanchefort to Lenet, April 26, 1650.

‡ Letter of the Queen to the Princess of Condé, April 26, 1650.

Let us now see what had been passing at Chantilly since the departure of Clémence. Du Vouldy had never conceived the smallest suspicion, and the Princess Dowager had continued to deceive him till the 16th, when she received an answer from the Duke of Orleans, which conveyed to her orders to obey the King's commands without delay. Then, although she had not yet received any news of her daughter-in-law's journey, she would not any longer defer her own. She made her escape that same night, accompanied by the Duchess de Châtillon, and she had already arrived at Paris before Du Vouldy had the least idea of her departure. During ten days the Princess remained hidden in the house of Monsieur de Machault, Councillor of Requests, waiting for the first general assembly of the Parliament. The day having at length come, she repaired to the door of the Great Chamber by five o'clock in the morning, followed by the Duchess de Châtillon, the Marquis de la Force, and several other friends of her House, and holding a petition in her hand, which invoked the Declaration of the 24th of October, and claimed the liberty of her children. As the Councillors arrived she stopped them, with entreaties to take charge of her petition, or to give it their support. "As for me," added she with tears, "they want to send me a hundred leagues from hence and shut me up in a wretched prison. Is it not just that I should remain at Paris, to watch over the interests of my unfortunate family? And with what can I be reproached but of being the mother of the Prince of Condé?"

Notwithstanding the compassion which the Princess Dowager excited, several Councillors refused the dangerous service which she asked of them; but Deslandes Bayen, a brave and blunt man, exclaimed that fear should not prevent him from doing his duty, and, taking the petition, he read it in the Great Chamber. A great murmur arose; several magistrates wished to go immediately to the vote. But, considering the importance of the affair, the First President insisted that the deliberation should be adjourned to the day after the next, and that the Duke of Orleans should be invited to take his place at that sitting. Until that time her Highness was to continue under the protection of the Court, and in the house of one of the Presidents. She chose the house of Monsieur de la Grange, which was situated within the

limits of the Palais de Justice. She was conducted thither by deputies from the Company; and at this news the greater part of the nobility at Paris, even those employed in the King's service, hastened to visit her.*

Accordingly, on the day after the next the Duke of Orleans came to the meeting. He was accompanied by the confidants who then directed him, and who tried to give him courage, the Coadjutor of Paris and the Duke de Beaufort. The Princess was waiting for them in the *Parquet des Huissiers*, mingled with the crowd. She stopped Gaston as he passed, and threw herself at his feet, imploring justice for herself and her children. Gaston, not knowing what answer to give her, escaped from her hands, muttering some indistinct words. "Then," says Gondy, "the Princess asked the Duke de Beaufort to give her his protection! She told me that she had the honour of being my kinswoman! Monsieur de Beaufort was very much embarrassed, and I nearly died of shame."† Who indeed would not have felt something like compassion on seeing thus humbled and tearful, before her declared enemies, the daughter of Montmorency and the mother of Condé?

But compassion has little hold over a mind so cowardly as Gaston's, or one so ambitious as Gondy's. It was in vain that they saw this Princess, once so haughty and proud—a new Niobe‡—lowly prostrate at their feet. Deslandes Payen having once again read her petition, the Duke of Orleans began to speak, and said that the Queen did not at all intend to use any harshness towards Madame la Princesse, but that her Highness had been ordered to leave Chantilly and to go farther from the frontier, because they had intercepted one of her footmen charged with letters exhorting the garrison of Bellegarde to remain firm. Other letters for the Governor of Saumur had also been intercepted; and the Duke then placed before the eyes of the Company a copy of the treaty which had just been concluded with

* *Memoirs of Motteville*, vol. iii., p. 456, ed. 1723.

† *Memoirs of Retz*, vol. ii., p. 81, ed. 1817. See also Count St. Aulaire's *History of the Fronde*, vol. ii., p. 200.

‡ "Heu quantum hæc Niobe, Niobe distabat ab illâ :

"Invidiosa suis, at nunc miseranda vel hosti!"

OVID, *Met.*, lib. vi., ver 273.

the Spaniards by Madame de Longueville. This last state-paper seemed an unanswerable argument. The magistrates, full of integrity and national feeling, viewed with horror any combination with the enemies of the state. No voice was now raised in defence of the mother of Madame de Longueville. She herself felt that she must give up all hopes of any support from the Parliament, and left Paris that same night, to take refuge in a neighbouring village. All that she could obtain a few days later from the Queen was the permission to reside with her relation the Duchess at her château of Châtillon sur Loing, beyond Montargis. It was not long ere she fell ill from grief; she ceased from that time to struggle against so many reverses, and thought only of sparing as much as possible her dearly beloved strong box. Notwithstanding all her affection for her children, notwithstanding the entreaties of her daughter-in-law and Lenet, she would not send them the smallest assistance in money; even the service of gold plate which she had offered to them at Chantilly remained in her hands, and she was constantly writing to the Governor of Montrond orders not to receive or entertain any men-at-arms—an order which he was careful to disobey.]

The young Princess at Montrond was not, however, entirely without resources. Some farmers of the neighbourhood and of the Duchy of Châteauroux brought their little sums; the treasurer of her House at Bourges sent her eight thousand *livres*, and she also received two thousand *pistoles* which had been destined for the assistance of Bellegarde; whilst in Anjou they were melting the plate and distributing the horses belonging to her father. Her preparations for the defence of the Château were carried on with great activity. She sent an officer to have grenades made in the iron-works of the Nivernois; another to buy lead in different places; and she was treating at the same time with one of the principal merchants at Bourges for bringing in secretly all the other things necessary for the place. But she feared that the loss of Bellegarde and Saumur would slacken the zeal of her friends. She could no longer reckon upon Du Dognon at Brouage or St. Simon at Blaye. She was informed from a thousand different quarters that the Dukes de Bouillon and de la Rochefoucauld were negotiating with the Court; and

Clémence did not know whether it was, like hers, a pretended negotiation to gain time, or whether they really intended to change sides. She herself saw from her window the Count de St. Aignan come with a troop of cavalry to reconnoitre the fort of Montrond.* She even learnt that he had gone as far as Châteauroux, and given orders all along the river of the Creuse for the arrest of the Princess, if she attempted to pass into Guyenne or Poitou. Indeed, the situation of Clémence for several days appeared so critical that the Marquis de Valençay, one of the principal nobles in Berry, who was a partisan of the Princess, and who had come to Montrond to concert measures with her, saw no other alternative to propose to her than an escape from the country; and he offered to conduct her disguised by the Loire to Nantes, where she could embark for Holland.† But the Princess, the worthy wife of a hero, declared that she would never take to flight while there still remained a single castle to defend, or a single district to raise. "I hope everything," she wrote to the Princess Dowager, "from the mercy of God, who is always the protector of the innocent."‡

Th's noble confidence was soon justified by new gleams of success. Up to this time she had been surrounded by less than fifty men-at-arms for her sole defence; in a very little while at least six hundred officers and soldiers of the garrison of Bellegarde arrived in small bands. Several gentlemen devoted to her cause hastened from different parts of France. "Six weeks after I married," says Bussy Rabutin, the author of the *Satires*, "Tavannes, Châtellux, and I went together to Montrond. I remember that as we were posting thither we had changed our names, and that I had with me a volunteer from Brittany named Lannay Lays, who was full of self-conceit, and fancied that it was like a man of quality to change his name. Whilst he was thinking of another by which he would call himself, Tavannes, who was always twitting him upon his vanity, said to him, 'Why, Sir, you are surely joking in thinking that your name would be recognised; if you will take that which I have taken, I will call myself Lannay Lays,

* Petition to the Parliament of Bordeaux, June 1, 1650.

† Lenet, vol. i., p. 231. But this passage is a little tainted by the jealousy which Lenet scarcely conceals against this rival adviser.

‡ Lenet, vol. i., p. 303.

“and I should feel quite sure of remaining better disguised than any other of our party!”*

In order not to arouse the jealousy of the Court, Clémence took care not to detain her soldiers or her gentlemen at the Château. “Madame la Princesse,” says Lenet, “did not permit any one to remain more than one day at Montrond. She always told them that as she would not and could not undertake any thing by force, she did not wish to raise the smallest suspicion. She took from every one two directions, so that she might write to them when she had occasion for their services, and sent them away as well satisfied as she could.”† Lenet lodged some of them in the neighbouring town of St. Amand, and the Princess sent the greater number to the other châteaux and manor-houses belonging to the Prince of Condé in Berry. As for those who came from Guyenne or Poitou, she sent them back to their provinces, where she still hoped to be able to kindle a civil war. When, therefore, the *Présidial* de Bourges, according to her petition, sent deputies to Montrond to certify as to the state of the fortress, they found no appearance of change.

What Clémence most feared was to see the siege of Montrond commenced before she had time to complete her preparations for defence. She was relieved from this fear on the 28th of April, for the Count de St. Aignan having received new orders from the Court, sent a gentleman with a letter to her, assuring her of his respect and his forbearance, provided that she held no assembly at Montrond, and listened to no proposal against the King's service. “That same night,” says Lenet, “the Princess, who was lighter of heart and with her mind more at ease than it had hitherto been, resolved to go and sup in the park with the young Duke, having learnt that I had made preparations in a shaded avenue for the officers and persons of quality who were there. She brought thither all her suite, and it was the first time that she had taken any amusement since the imprisonment of the Princes.”‡

But the good news of that day was not yet over. After

* *Memoirs of Bussy*, vol. i., p. 258, ed. 1768. Bussy did not reach Montrond until the month of June, and after the Princess had taken her departure. See his letter to Madame de Sévigné of July 2, 1650.

† *Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 261.

‡ *Ib.*, p. 265.

supper the Princess was agreeably surprised by the arrival of another gentleman from the Duke de la Rochefoucauld. He announced that his master was to have an interview with the Duke de Bouillon at Marquessac in Périgord, and that they both undertook to declare themselves in her favour, with all their neighbours and vassals, if the Princess promised to put herself at their head, and bring her son with her. "According to the "ideas of those times," says M. de Sismondi, "a Prince of the "Blood was in some degree a warranty for the safety of those who "took up arms in his name: they were not henceforward looked "upon quite in the light of rebels."* Another historian of those times adds very justly, that "Loyalty to the King was "then a kind of faith without works, which did not imply "any obedience to his Majesty's orders."† He might also have remarked, that religion itself was then considered only according to its political aspects. The two Dukes were negotiating at the same time, and with equal readiness, with the Maréchal de la Force, chief of the Protestant party in the south, and with the Marquis de Bourdeilles, who was at the head of the Catholic gentlemen in Périgord. On the other hand, the Duke de St. Simon and the Count Du Dognon held out some hopes, and they also received assurances from the Prince of Tarente for his father the Duke de la Tremouille, and for his town of Taillebourg in Poitou. But above all, they hoped to be able to draw into their revolt the Parliament and the body of the *bourgeoisie* of the town of Bordeaux, by their hatred to the tyrannical Governor whom the Queen had imposed upon them (the Duke d'Epernon), and their gratitude for the protection they had formerly received from the House of Condé. It was the support of one of these High Courts of Justice which alone at that period could give credit and coherence to a party. On any decree from a Parliament the public coffers were opened without scruple, and private individuals paid without complaint; whilst the great lords, who had no towns, no magazines, and no ready money, could, on descending from their strongholds, make their armies subsist only by pillage and oppression. Far from having any such quarrels on the ground of personal interest, or such jealousies

* Histoire de France, vol. xxiv., p. 317.

† St. Aulaire, Histoire de la Fronde, vol. ii., p. 167.

for frivolous amours, as were constantly dividing the nobles, after they had sometimes united against a common enemy, the magistrates, ever firm, ever devoted to their Company, and sometimes even thinking of the welfare of the State, had on their side the veneration of the multitude, and knew how to maintain, even in the very midst of a revolt, the appearances of legal order.

It was not very difficult for the Princess to see that the assistance with which she flattered herself, depended more on hopes than on promises, and might perhaps fail her in the moment of danger. Still, for the service of her husband and her son, she did not hesitate to undertake the perilous part which was proposed to her, by giving the signal for a civil war, and placing herself at the head of the army. Besides, she received secret intelligence from several quarters, that the assurances of the Queen and the Count de St. Aignan were not to be trusted, and that they had on the contrary sent orders to the Maréchal de la Meilleraie in Poitou gradually to move forward his troops for the siege of Montrond. She wrote therefore to concert with the Dukes the day and the place where she could join them in Auvergne. During this time she redoubled her efforts to furnish Montrond with provisions of both ammunition and victual, intending to assemble there all the soldiers who were now scattered in the neighbourhood, and leave them under the command of the Marquis de Persan, whom she expected. It was also necessary to allay all suspicion in the little town of St. Amand upon the preparations for the journey, and to accustom both herself and her ladies to exercise on horseback. For this double object she undertook several hunting-parties in pursuit of roebucks round Montrond, she herself and each of her ladies mounting on a pillion behind a gentleman, and her son carried by her equerry upon a little seat in front of the saddle. She was assisted not only by the counsels of the faithful Lenet, but also by those of the Count de Coligny, Colonel of the regiment d'Enghien, and an officer of great merit, who had just arrived at Montrond.

It was only to these two persons and to Madame de Tourville that the Princess confided her plans. Another of her attendants, Blinvilliers, her equerry, inspired her with well-merited distrust. She doubted his discretion, or perhaps his fidelity, and determined to remove him from her presence, by em-

ploying him elsewhere. She therefore entrusted him with a letter to her uncle, the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, by whom Blinvilliers was well known, wishing on this occasion to awaken the affection of her kinsman, implore his kindness, and try to make him forget some just causes of displeasure which he had formerly received from the Prince of Condé. Here are some extracts from the letter which Blinvilliers conveyed :—

“ SIR,—I confess to you that I had always expected some
 “ mark of your remembrance, and some proof of your friend-
 “ ship, on the subject of the loss of my father; but finding
 “ myself deprived of the comfort of your sympathy in so great
 “ a grief, and being quite unable to imagine what can be the
 “ cause of your silence, I send this gentleman to you, so that he
 “ may inform me of the reason. I am perhaps unfortunate
 “ enough to have had some one speak ill of me to your Emi-
 “ nence, but I am not sufficiently so to have ever been wanting
 “ either in friendship or respect for a person so dear to me as
 “ yourself. If, however, I have innocently displeased you, Sir,
 “ recall to your mind what you are to my son and myself, and
 “ what is his and my present situation, and let that remem-
 “ brance urge you to be a father to both of us, since God has
 “ taken mine from me, and that Monsieur my husband is not in
 “ a place where he can take care of us. Allow me,
 “ my dear uncle, to have at least the consolation of weeping
 “ with you, for I own to you that I cannot restrain my grief.
 “ I leave to the bearer of this to tell you all our
 “ sad news: what took place at the Parliament on the part of
 “ Madame my mother-in-law, the state in which I am here,
 “ and the continual apprehension which I entertain of seeing
 “ myself besieged, with your grand-nephew. Your
 “ Eminence is so closely allied to us that I am sure I may rely
 “ on your good offices to prevent the execution of these evil in-
 “ tentions, for which I entreat you, assuring you that I shall
 “ be all my life

“ Your very affectionate

“ CLAUDE CLÉMENT DE MAILLÉ.”

Two other gentlemen were sent in great haste to the Duke de Bouillon by different roads, so that if one was arrested, the other

might arrive in safety. Both were to tell the Duke, on the part of the Princess, that she had resolved to leave Montrond with her son on the night of the 8th or 9th; and that she hoped to arrive the following Thursday near Salers, in the mountains of Auvergne, where she begged he would be with a sufficient escort to conduct her to his Viscounty of Turenne. The same day that Clémence had chosen, the 8th of May, her Maid of Honour, Miss Gerbier, arrived from Chantilly and related all the details of the comedy she had acted there. She declared that she never would from this time forward be again separated from her mistress. Her arrival was a great happiness to Lenet, who had fallen passionately in love with her. To prevent any suspicion as to the stir which might be remarked at the Château, the Princess had announced for that same day a great hunting-party in pursuit of roebucks, and under this pretext had invited all the officers and gentlemen who were distributed about the neighbourhood. Nearly a hundred and twenty obeyed her summons. As it rained, they readily believed that the party was postponed till the evening, in the hope of fine weather, and waited without suspecting anything extraordinary. All at once the Governor of the Château was commanded to close the wicket immediately, and not to let any one go out without a written order signed by the Princess or Lenet. At the same time Clémence ordered that supper should be served to the officers in the great saloon, and that it should be announced to them that she would, after their repast, communicate something to them which concerned the service of the Princes.

Every one was waiting impatiently for this news, when they saw the Princess enter, leading her son by the hand. With great emotion, but still with firmness and courage, she explained to them her design. "I go," added she, "with very great regret at separating myself and my son from so many brave men, to whom I would confide my life and his. But I retain at least the consolation of leaving this important fortress of Montrond—the only resource of our afflicted House—in the hands of gentlemen of your merit. You will know how to shed generously your blood for its defence, and give it back one day into the hands of that Prince who loved you so well, and whom you aided in gaining so many battles, glorious to

“ the State, and repaid to himself by a cruel prison. It now only remains for me to recommend you to maintain amongst yourselves harmony, good understanding, and friendship—to ask for yours, and assure you of mine.” Then she had her instructions (which were already prepared and signed) read aloud. She distributed them separately to each person; they swore, with tears, to observe them faithfully. The Princess then embraced, one after the other, the superior officers; as did also the young Duke d’Enghien, repeating with a very good grace a little phrase which he had been taught, “ That he recommended the liberty of his father to all of them, and vengeance against Mazarin; and that he promised to love them all his life.” It was near the stroke of midnight ere the Princess at last tore herself away from so many faithful servants to enter her coach with her ladies. Her escort, counting both the guards and lackeys, made altogether about fifty horsemen: they marched all night long. At the dawn of day Clémence sent back her carriage, with Madame de Changrand, to join the rest of her equipages, which were going by Poitou. She herself without delay mounted on a pillion behind the Count de Coligny. The other ladies followed her example; the young Prince was carried by her equerry; and it was thus that they rapidly pursued their journey. The greatest activity was necessary on this first day to avoid the Count de St. Aignan, who, if apprized of the project, might go in pursuit of them. To prevent any such tidings from reaching him, she had left directions at Montrond, not to allow any one to leave the Château until forty-eight hours had elapsed since her departure. In spite of all this care, however, St. Aignan received some intelligence which put him in motion with his cavalry; but deceived by the direction of the equipages, he followed them into Poitou, and took possession of them. Not finding the Princess with her carriages, however, he afterwards sent them forward to her.

The first day of her journey Clémence went to dine at Viersac; passed the river Cher at Chambon, and stopped to sleep at Marcillat, at the house of an old gentleman, who, recognising Coligny, and surprised to see so many people, asked him what it all meant. Coligny replied that it was a young lady of rank, whom he was carrying off and taking into Auvergne, where he

was to marry her; and this answer, quite conformable with the manners of those times, excited no suspicion.

The next day the little party, making a circuit in order to avoid the mountains of the Puy de Dôme, traversed the Limagne d'Auvergne, and passed the river Allier, on a ferry near Pont du Château. Clémence was received with great magnificence by the Marchioness de Boullier, in her château of Montaigu; and the following day, the 11th of May, pushed on as far as Lempde. On the 12th she climbed by steep and rocky paths amongst the mountains of Cantal, and went to sleep at the village of Diemme, at the house of the Count de Cavillac. Fatigued with her journey, Clémence would, however, continue it in a litter; and on the 13th she joined the advanced guards of the Dukes de Bouillon and de la Rochefoucauld.* The next day she met the Dukes themselves, in a plain near the village of Anglar, at the head of a great many gentlemen and eight squadrons of cavalry; then she mounted her horse to receive them and to present to them her son, who said to them with a very good grace, "I am not now, in truth, any longer afraid of Mazarin, since I find you here with so many brave men; and I now hope for my dear Papa's liberty entirely from their valour and yours." This little compliment from a child of seven years old was received with cries of enthusiasm. These acclamations were redoubled when they saw the mother and son, hat in hand, ride down the ranks. Then everybody, with swords drawn and waving, made a thousand confused and passionate protestations of dying in their service. Then arose, for the first time, that war-cry which was often heard afterwards repeated in the streets of Bordeaux, in those of Paris, and all over the kingdom—"Long life to the King and the Princes, and down with Mazarin!" †

On this night the Princess slept at Argentat, a little town on

* "Madame la Princesse and Monsieur her son at length arrived, after having endured fatigues almost insupportable to persons whose age and whose sex were so ill adapted to them."—(Memoirs of La Rochefoucauld, p. 130, ed. 1804.) "She passed through several provinces by rough and difficult roads, more than once obliged to sleep at nights exposed to wind and rain, lest if she entered into any town she should be arrested."—(Petition to the Parliament of Bordeaux, June 1, 1650.)

† Lenet, vol. i., p. 343. The expression which I have rendered "Down with Mazarin!" is far more energetic in the original, and denotes the coarseness of tone and language at that period.

the Dordogne, belonging to the Duke de Bouillon; and the next day she arrived in good time at his Château of Turenne. "It is only just," says Lenet, "that I should record the magnificence and the cordiality with which the Princess was treated there. She entered with all her cavalry and the nobles of whom I have spoken, and was received with the firing of cannon. There was every morning and evening a table for her alone; another for the Duke, her son; and one for Madame de Tourville, where the other ladies also were entertained—each served in different apartments; and in the great saloon there were four tables of twenty-five covers, all magnificently served, and without more noise and confusion than that which necessarily arose when they began to take away the first courses, and which increased by degrees, until most of the guests were in a state rather approaching to intoxication. They began and ended the healths with that of the Prince of Condé: it was drunk standing, kneeling, and in all manner of ways, but always uncovered and sword in hand. The Duke de Bouillon never failed to begin by a protestation of dying in his service, and never sheathing his sword until he saw him, with the Prince of Conti and the Duke de Longueville, restored to liberty. He drank these healths sometimes in one, sometimes in two or three bumpers; sometimes in glasses, sometimes in goblets, according to the German custom; and they were always followed by promises and protestations of assistance from his gentlemen: all the servants did the same. This fashion of drinking became common even amongst the troops. The expenses of the Princess's suite and equipages were all defrayed; and I cannot think how the Duke was able to furnish money for such an enormous expense, in the state to which his affairs had fallen, and after all the misfortunes which he had undergone since his imprisonment and the loss of Sedan. He gave all the amusements and diversions to the Princess that he could. The neighbourhood visited her; the country people came to dance before her: she played, and every one tried to amuse her by some pleasantry." *

* Lenet, vol. i., p. 376. Here follows a description of Turenne, which dates from 1718:—"The Château de Turenne is strongly seated on a high rock, not unlike a ship in shape, and with two great forests beside it, nine leagues in length."—(Corneille, Dict. vol. iii.)

But no amusements could distract the attention of Clémence from her sole and worthy object—the deliverance of her imprisoned husband. She never showed more activity of mind nor more application in affairs than during the eight days which she passed at Turenne. The fêtes which were given were only welcome as enabling her to become better acquainted with the principal gentlemen, and “to caress them, each in proportion to his “rank and merit;” whilst in private she had formed a little council, composed only of herself, the two Dukes, and Lenet, in which all affairs were decided. She levied nearly a thousand men in her duchy of Fronsac, with orders to march to Libourne, where she had some secret partisans. She sent a private agent into Spain. She wrote once more, in the most pressing terms, to the Maréchal de la Force, to the Duke de St. Simon, and to the Count Du Dognon. A circular to many other gentlemen announced that she had come amongst them “to put my son out of “reach of the violence of Cardinal Mazarin, who has everywhere “caused us to be pursued by his troops.”

At this appeal, civil war broke out in all directions. The gentlemen everywhere descended from their fortresses, assembled their vassals, and girded on the scarf of *Isabelle*; which colour, a sort of yellow, had been chosen by Condé for his own. It owes its name to a very curious circumstance. When the Spaniards were besieging Ostend, in 1601, the Archduchess Isabella, wishing to encourage the troops, and thinking that success was near at hand, made a vow of never changing her linen before she entered the town. Unfortunately for this Princess, the siege lasted three years longer. It may be conceived that during this time her linen lost something of its original brightness; and her ladies, to console her, and to follow her example, had their linen dyed of a colour which afterwards became the fashion, and which was called *Isabelle*.

On the other hand, the Duke d'Epéron, who commanded for the King in the province, no longer dared show his face at Bordeaux, his principal town, in consequence of the hatred which his tyranny had inspired. He had retired to Agen, where he lived openly with a woman of the lowest extraction, named Nanon, who, with little beauty and less talent, had found the art of absolutely governing him, “by admiring him all day, and

“ treating him like a prince ;” and who, by the traffic she made of his favour, had amassed a fortune of upwards of two millions of *livres*. On hearing of the muster in the Viscounty of Turenne, Epéron hastened to assemble his troops, which were less numerous, but much better, than those of the Princess of Condé. He confided the command of them to the Chevalier de la Valette, his bastard brother ; and his advanced guard, composed of a company of gendarmes, pushed on as far as Brive la Gaillarde, and took possession of that little town, only two leagues distant from the Château of Turenne. From the windows of her apartment Clémence could discern the serried ranks and white scarfs of her enemies. But the Duke de Bouillon was not the man to suffer such a defiance upon his own estate. He had the alarm sounded instantly in the four hundred villages of his Viscounty of Turenne. The country people flew to arms ; and the Duke, at the head of an imposing force, appeared before the walls of Brive. “ It is not surely,” exclaims Lenet, “ in that country that the proverb can have taken its origin, ‘ It is the order of Monsieur de Bouillon—when he speaks, no one moves ;’ for I never saw more prompt obedience.” Thus supported, the Duke caused to be carried and placed before each gate a great number of faggots, and announced to the magistrates, that if they did not surrender immediately, with all the strangers whom they had received, the town would be set on fire, and given up to pillage. This menace had its due effect. After several parleys, the officers of the Royal troops were allowed to retire with their arms and baggage ; but the soldiers remained prisoners, and the greater number consented to enlist in the service of the Princess. Such was the commencement of the war in Guyenne, and such also was the first advantage gained by the Princes’ party since their imprisonment.

CHAPTER VI.

The Princess descends the Dordogne—Action at Monclar—Popular rising at Bordeaux in her favour—She enters the City—She induces the Parliament to espouse her cause—Her able and intrepid conduct—Negotiations with Spain—Arrival of Don Joseph Ozorio at Bordeaux—Sanguinary Insurrection repressed by the Princess—*Les Jurats*—Siege of Bordeaux by the Queen Regent and the Royal Army—Attack of *L'Île St. George*—Condé attempts to escape from Vincennes—He is transferred to the Château of Marcoussy.

"TILL now," says Lenet, "the Princess of Condé had but acted in secret; she had only escaped from Chantilly and Montrond; she had concealed her designs from the Court, and even from her own friends and partisans; now her resentment was avowed: all was clear to sight. She is marching at the head of an army; she is seeking an asylum, arms in hand, directing that combination which had been reared so carefully and secretly—I would add, so skilfully, had I not taken myself an active part in these affairs. That combination was glorious to all those who upheld it, and who formed it in a time of grievous depression, after the blow which the imprisonment of the Princes had dealt upon us, and after the successes which the Cardinal had obtained in Normandy, in Anjou, and in Burgundy."*

It was becoming necessary, however, for Clémence to approach Bordeaux as quickly as possible. The zeal of her friends in that town had in some measure cooled as soon as they heard of her junction with the Dukes, and her appearance at the head of an army. Respect for the laws was always their predominant maxim; they would willingly give an asylum to oppressed innocence, but they did not wish to make common cause with ambitious nobles, often in rebellion, and always ready to form an alliance with Spain. The Duke de St. Simon, having entirely changed his party, never

* *Memoirs of Lenet*, vol. i., p. 380.

ceased writing to them from Blaye, that to receive the Princess would be their ruin, and that they must avoid it at all risks. Her arrival before their walls could alone, perhaps, re-establish their former warmth of friendship.

Animated by this hope, Clémence hastened her departure from Turenne, which she fixed for the 22nd of May. Two hours before sunrise, having heard mass in the chapel belonging to the Château, she descended into the plain, where she found the two Dukes, their guards, and the principal gentlemen on horseback, around two coaches which were waiting for her. She entered the first with her son and her ladies; the second served as a conveyance for the younger children of the Duke de Bouillon. Then they began their march to Montfort, on the Dordogne, where the general meeting was appointed to take place. Altogether, infantry and cavalry, there were only two thousand four hundred men. A council of war was held at night, and on the following day the little army continued their march by land, whilst the Princess embarked in a boat on the Dordogne; five other boats followed her, containing her coaches, the children of the Duke de Bouillon, and a hundred musketeers for her escort. Wherever she passed, the villagers on the banks of the river were touched at the sight of the wife and the son of the great Condé steering in a little bark towards a tempestuous future. With tears in their eyes they expressed their blessings, and wished her all kinds of prosperity. At Benac she received a visit on the river from the Seigneur of that place, who excused himself, on the ground of his advanced age, for not following her, but assured her that he meant to make his sons mount on horseback and join her army. At last she reached Limeuil, a little town commanded by a fortified castle, and built upon the confluence of the Dordogne and the Vézère. There she disembarked, and rejoined her troops, which she found increased by two hundred horse.

There also Clémence and the Dukes received the news that the Royal army, commanded by La Valette, was before them, and intercepted their passage. As soon as he had heard of their having left Turenne, La Valette, who had pushed on as far as Terrassons, had left that town, and was marching towards Bergerac, to cut off their road to Bordeaux. At this intelligence the two Dukes instantly determined upon giving battle. Leaving the

Princess and her suite at Limeuil, and putting themselves at the head of the army, they marched all that night, which was a very dark one, and on the following day met the *Epernonistes* (it was thus that they always chose to call them) encamped near the village of Monclar. They were separated from them by a deep and miry stream, which flows from thence towards the Dordogne; but without allowing themselves to be discouraged by this obstacle, the Dukes fell with such impetuosity upon the vanguard of the enemy, that they completely routed them, and they drew with them in their flight all the rest of the army.* Upwards of a hundred and sixty of their soldiers were cut to pieces, many were taken prisoners, and the remainder escaped at full speed behind the ramparts of Bergerac. All their baggage, carriages, and mules were taken, as well as all their coin, with the plate belonging to the Chevalier de La Valette. The spoil was estimated at three hundred thousand *livres*, more than one officer receiving twelve hundred *louis d'or* for his share. In the military chest of the Chevalier de La Valette were found all the letters which he had received from the Duke-d'Epernon, with a minute of the answers, and some copies of the letters from the Queen and Cardinal Mazarin. Several of these letters were against the interests of the Parliament and the town of Bordeaux, and against the honour of the Marquis de la Force, and several other persons of rank in the province; the Dukes therefore hastened to send these letters in the originals to Bordeaux, and copies to all those interested in them. They sent also to the Duke de St. Simon a copy of a certain *lettre de cachet* from the King, which was supposed to have been written to the Chevalier de La Valette, and to have been captured with his equipage, by which the King gave him orders to make every preparation to take Blaye by surprise, and establish a new governor there. Lenet adds, "that afterwards the pretended original was
"shown to several of our friends at Bordeaux; but the truth is,
"that some one who shall be nameless had with a certain drug
"erased all the writing of a real *lettre de cachet*, and had then
"filled up the blank with what I have just been saying: so much
"do emergencies and distresses impel people to act against good

* Lenet, vol. i., p. 393. La Rochefoucauld, *Memoirs*, p. 131, ed. 1804.

“faith.”* It was indeed assailing a deceitful man with similar deceit—Mazarin by a *Mazarinade*!

The day after the battle at Monclar the Dukes returned to the Princess to confirm this good news to her. On the 26th they remained at Limeuil to give the army some repose; but the next day it pursued its march, with the Princess at its head. Leaving the course of the Dordogne, and going into the interior of the country, they marched straight to the Château de Verg, which they hoped to enter; but the Seigneur of the place had raised his drawbridge, and refused to receive the Princess. On the other hand, they heard that the small-pox was raging in most of the cottages in the village, and Clémence fearing it for her son, preferred passing the night with him in the open air. This part of Périgord was very uncivilized. According to Lenet, the inhabitants were not accustomed to pay either their debts to their creditors or their taxes to the King: strange barbarism so near the birthplace of Montaigne!† Even in the midst of this wild country the route was not entirely without its charm. “In passing through St. Pont,” says Lenet, “the lady of the place gave us a very pretty and excellent collation beneath some trees near a fountain.” On the 28th the Princess passed the river L’Isle, not far from Mucidan, and the next day reached her duchy of Fronsac, and her house of Contras, where nearly a thousand men, levied by her orders and on her estates, came to join her army.

Contras!—who does not know that name, so renowned by the great victory of Henri Quatre over the Duke de Joyeuse? That Château, which had been inherited by the wife of Condé, was the same where the first of the Bourbons had rested the night after the battle; there is the room in which he slept—yonder the great saloon where the bodies of the Duke de Joyeuse and his brother, drawn from a heap of corpses, were laid upon a table covered only by a ragged winding sheet.‡ But it was not of these past conflicts that the officers and ladies of the Princess

* Lenet, vol. i., p. 461.

† The Château of Montaigne (St. Michel) is ten leagues from Périgerac, in the direction of Libourne. One may still see there his study, and the portrait painted in fresco of Eleanor, his only daughter. A table which is alleged to be the very same at which he wrote his Essays, is also shown to the curious who are endued with sufficient faith. (Guide Pittoresque, vol. iv., Dépt. de la Dordogne, p. 9.)

‡ Memoirs of Sully, vol. i., p. 124, ed. 1747.

were then thinking, nor even of the conflicts to come. Rejoiced at having arrived in so stately a château, with the large gardens which extended over a smiling country between the rivers L'Isle and Dronne, they hoped to remain there a long time, while awaiting the events at Bordeaux, and turned from the thoughts of war to pursuits of gallantry. Besides Lenet, Miss Gerbier could also rank the Duke de Bouillon amongst her admirers; and three rival officers were disputing for the heart of Madame de Tourville. "And already," says Lenet, "the ladies, and some of those whom I have named in connection with them, were beginning to engrave their initials and love-tokens on the bark of the bay-trees, which were the finest and largest I ever saw in my life, and which formed a beautiful avenue on the banks of a very large canal," when the Princess, who was very far from partaking in the frivolities of her suite, received intelligence from Bordeaux which made her hasten her departure. This intelligence, which came from a sure friend, named Mazerolles, conveyed the assurance that she would be well received in the town, provided she arrived there alone, without the Dukes de Bouillon and La Rochefoucauld, and that once entered, she might negotiate for their reception; but that she must use all speed, because Lavie, the Advocate-General, had just posted down from the Court, with very strict orders to prevent her reception, and that he must not be allowed time to concert his measures.

Clémence despatched her answer instantly to say that she would begin her march the next day at the earliest dawn; but that being linked in honour with the two Dukes, she would not on any consideration separate herself from them. "I should like better," added she, "that the gates should be shut against me than that this condition should be urged."

Accordingly on the 30th the Princess again commenced her march, accompanied by the Dukes, but leaving her troops encamped on the river L'Isle. On the 31st she passed the Dordogne at Lieusac, where she received good news. They sent her word that the whole town was burning with impatience to see her; that Lavie had so much influence on the *Jurats*,* that on

* "The same magistrate whom they call *Echevin* at Paris, and *Jurat* at Bordeaux, at Toulouse bears the name of *Capitoul*. That office confers nobility on the holder." (*Ménagiana*, vol. ii., p. 241, ed. 1715.)

the previous day he had obliged them to close the gates three hours sooner than usual, and that on that day he had prevented their being opened at all, for fear the Princess should enter: but that about nine o'clock on that very morning, the populace, greatly incensed, had assembled in crowds and had broken down the gates by the blows of a hatchet, swearing that they would butcher all those who opposed themselves to the entrance of the Princess, and forcing the *Jurats* and every one present to exclaim "Long live the King and the Princes, and down with Mazarin!"

It was on the next morning only that Clémence had intended entering Bordeaux; but wishing to take advantage of the excitement of the populace, she resolved to push forward on that very day. Having arrived on the banks of the Garonne, near the village of Lormont, she received a third despatch from Mazerolles, and the Dukes more than thirty private letters; all agreeing in saying that the inhabitants of Bordeaux would not at first grant an entrance to the nobles in revolt, and that they must wait for the result of the efforts which the Princess might be able to make in their favour. Then, by the express wish of the Dukes themselves, Clémence consented to pursue her journey followed only by her son and her faithful female companions: with them she put herself into a fishing-boat, and crossed the Garonne. Her friends perceiving her from the top of the walls redoubled their cries of "Long live the King and Monsieur le Prince!" and her entrance became a complete triumph.

Four hundred vessels which were in the port saluted her with three discharges of cannon; upwards of thirty thousand persons rushed to the shore to receive her, and strew her path with flowers; and the Marquises de Sauvebeuf and de Lusignan, who served her as equerries, had the greatest difficulty in conveying her to the carriage which awaited her. On arriving at the hotel, the crowd threw themselves before her, and filled all the rooms, so that the Princess was obliged with her son to pass upon a terrace in sight of all these desperadoes, who remained till midnight howling and reiterating blessings for her, and imprecations against Cardinal Mazarin and the Duke d'Épernon.

It so happened that on the very same day Colonel d'Alvimar arrived at Bordeaux, bearing a letter from the King, which re-

newed the order for preventing the reception of the Princess or any of her partisans. As soon as his mission became known, the furious populace turned against him ; he was assailed in the streets, and would very soon have been cut to pieces, when some one, in the hope of saving him, proposed to convey him to the hotel of the Princess. As soon as he got there, a discussion arose as to the manner in which he should be treated. Lusignan and Sauvebeuf, both men of very great weight in the town, earnestly pressed the Princess to sacrifice him to the fury of the populace ; but the Princess had a great horror of such an action, and Lenet proved its inutility. Hoping to be abetted in this decision by the Dukes de Bouillon and de la Rochefoucauld, the Princess wrote to them at Lormont in order to learn their views ; but the note which was brought her from the two Dukes begged her on the contrary to give up the unfortunate prisoner. In spite of this advice, which clearly shows the ruthless feelings of the times, Clémence had the firmness to resist such barbarity, and she caused D'Alvimar to be set at liberty, advising him only not to undertake another time a similar commission.

The next day, the 1st of June, the Princess went early to the Parliament ; she went on foot, followed by a crowd, and by her son, who was carried in the arms of an equerry. As each of the magistrates entered she presented to them the young Duke, imploring their votes for the petition which she had come to offer. The Parliament, though much moved by these touching entreaties, hesitated a long time in yielding to them. The majority leant rather towards obedience to the King's orders, and towards the advice of the Advocate-General Lavie, and the First President Pontac. They considered the danger, and—what moved still more these honourable men—the crime, of allowing themselves to be drawn into a rebellion with the Dukes de Bouillon and de la Rochefoucauld, whom the Parliament of Paris had just declared guilty of high treason. The debates were prolonged, and the result seemed uncertain, when the Princess, urged by impatience and grief, took her son by the hand and rushed with him into the Great Chamber. She was bathed in tears, and wishing to throw herself on her knees, was prevented with difficulty from doing so by those who ran towards her. Then in broken accents she pronounced these words :—“ I come,

“ Gentlemen, to demand justice from the King in your persons
“ against the violence of Cardinal Mazarin, and to place my person
“ and that of my son in your hands. I hope that you will be to
“ him a father : what he has the honour of being to his Majesty,
“ and the character which you bear, should oblige you to do
“ so. He is the only one of his House now at liberty ; he is only
“ seven years of age. Gentlemen, his father is in irons ! You
“ all know, Gentlemen, the great services which he has rendered
“ to the State ; the friendship which he has shown you ; that
“ which my father-in-law had for you : let yourselves be touched
“ by compassion for the most unfortunate House in the world,
“ and the most unjustly persecuted” Here sobs interrupted her discourse ; the young Duke, putting himself on one knee, exclaimed, “ Be a father to me, Gentlemen ; Cardinal Mazarin has deprived me of mine !”

It may be easily conceived that such a sight, and such speeches, affected the Councillors even to tears. The President Daphis, however, entreated the Princess and her son to retire, saying that the Court acknowledged their just grief, and that it was going to deliberate upon her petition. “ Some time afterwards,” says Lenet, “ the Company, knowing that the Princess was determined not to leave the *Palais de Justice* until she had obtained the decree she asked for, sent some of the King’s Counsel to entreat her not to give herself the trouble of waiting. She replied that it was no trouble, and that she had crossed the country with so much danger to herself, for the sole and express purpose of demanding justice at their hands. The porter had orders to offer her some of the fruit which his house afforded, which he did. The populace, however, who were becoming impatient, made a great noise in the hall, and violently threatened the Parliament if they did not grant the decree which the Princess claimed.”*

In spite of these outcries the debate between the magistrates was still prolonged ; compassion was on one side, but good policy on the other. Several amongst them wishing at least to save appearances, went to ask the Princess if, in the event of the Parliament giving her its protection in Bordeaux, she would live

there as a faithful subject of his Majesty? Clémence replied that she had so declared in her petition; and at last at six o'clock in the evening, the Parliament passed, by a small majority, a Decree announcing "That the Lady Princess of Condé, and the "Seigneur Duke d'Enghien her son, might reside in that town "in safety, under the safeguard of the laws."

This first step drew on the Parliament much further than they had wished. By the next day the two Dukes crossed the Garonne and came to reside in the Faubourg des Chartrons. The Princess went to visit them; and the people who followed her carriage went on shouting that they would butcher all those who should oppose their entrance into Bordeaux. These acclamations did indeed encourage them to enter the town that very same night; and two days afterwards they obtained, partly by terror, a decree from the Parliament authorising their residence there.

The intelligence, however, which was received that the Chevalier de la Valette was marching towards Fronsac caused the Dukes to depart again in all haste, with the intention of joining their troops and giving battle. But La Valette seeing before him this levy of gentlemen and country people, who he thought would soon be obliged to disperse for want of resources, judged that by avoiding a conflict he should remain at length master of the campaign.* Therefore he retired without striking a blow, and the Dukes returned to Bordeaux, after having thrown a garrison into the Castle of Vayres.

On their return they still found the town in great commotion. It is often very difficult to stir up a populace, but once stirred, it is still more difficult to tranquillize it. A report was circulated that Lâvie was endeavouring to excite a sedition against the Princess, and on this rumour a great number of individuals—even some Councillors of the Parliament—hastened to her, and offered to form her safeguard. Clémence thanked them civilly, but replied with much moderation that she wished no other safeguard than that of her Decree—an answer which very much pleased the Parliament.

But some days after, the infuriated populace, stirred anew by

every fresh rumour, assembled before Clémence's hotel, and exclaimed that they were going to cut in pieces Lavie and all his family. Clémence, appearing upon the balcony, opposed this attempt with all her power: unfortunately, there came up the Dukes, who had not the same feelings of humanity, and who thought that the fury of the people ought not to be restrained. Underhand therefore they applauded these acts of violence: nay more, when these infuriated people were out of sight of the Princess's hotel, the Marquis de Sauvebeuf put himself openly at their head. They then rushed to the house of Lavie, which they pillaged, and attempted to set on fire, with a thousand imprecations against "the traitor to his country"—and the "emissary of Mazarin;" and they would, no doubt, have butchered him, as well as his wife, if Sauvebeuf, touched by the tears of the latter, had not furnished the means for their embarkation on the Garonne. Lavie went to Blaye to the Duke de St. Simon; and several other magistrates, frightened by his danger, followed his example.

Having at last with extreme difficulty succeeded in calming the populace, Clémence saw very clearly that she must not risk irritating them again, by asking for contributions towards the war: she therefore undertook, from her own credit, to meet every charge. Her jewels, which she pawned to the merchants of Bordeaux, furnished her with a hundred thousand crowns. Lenet lent her twenty thousand *livres*, the produce of the sale of his plate at Paris; and the Duke de Bouillon generously poured into the common chest a hundred thousand *livres*, which he had levied in his Viscounty of Turenne. The Princess further received a hundred thousand *livres* from the Baron de Vatteville, who commanded for the King of Spain in Biscay. By these means she was in a situation to levy several new regiments, but not to keep them up for a long time. The soldiers were beginning to murmur, and the gentlemen to wish to return home, and Clémence was reduced to giving small sums on account to the principal officers unknown to one another, to avoid their pretensions and their jealousies.*

In this distress the Princess resolved at last to write to the

* Lenet, vol. i., p. 528.

King of Spain, to ask him for assistance, and to propose to him a treaty;* and she confided this negotiation to the Marquises de Sauvebeuf and de Sillery, wishing to get rid of the former and usefully employ the last. They embarked in a frigate for St. Sebastian; but on arriving within sight of Blaye the Duke de St. Simon, instigated by Lavie, caused them to be attacked by several large boats in so furious a manner that they were obliged to leave their ship, land in a little skiff, and at last return to Bordeaux. Without allowing himself to be discouraged, Sillery started again by land, and deceiving the watchfulness of the posts on the frontier, succeeded in crossing the Pyrenees. It may well be supposed that a power at war with France saw with pleasure the breaking forth of civil discord, and that the Court of Madrid received with favour the envoy of the insurrection. But these unskilful masters of Peru had less of the reality than the reputation of riches. They had recently exhausted their treasury for their armies in the Low Countries; and, as we shall see by and by, could only furnish Bordeaux with feeble and insufficient aid.

War was, however, already carried to the gates of Bordeaux. The Maréchal de la Meilleraie, renouncing the siege of Mont-rond which he had projected, was advancing upon Poitou with a body of troops; another, under the command of the Duke d'Epéron, was descending the course of the Garonne. Happily for the Princess, these two chiefs did not agree between themselves, and still more happily Epéron's approach re-animated the old hatred of the Parliament, which had somewhat languished since the outrage against Lavie. They passed a decree against their former Governor, and deputed the Councillor Voisin to carry their complaints to the Parliament of Paris and ask for assistance and union. By another decree four deputies were named to be present at any council of war over which the Princess presided.

During these decrees and negotiations several little conflicts were taking place round Bordeaux, and nearly all terminated to the advantage of the Bordelais. The Duke d'Epéron had at first taken possession of the Isle of St. George, and had crossed on the left side of the Garonne, to surround the town on all

* Letter to the King of Spain, Bordeaux, June 13, 1659.

sides ; but a detachment of Condé's troops not only succeeded in retaking the island, but also in taking prisoners there three hundred soldiers with the Chevalier de Canolles. It was with difficulty that these poor people were saved from the fury of the populace, who wished to put them all to death. "The fury was so great," says Lenet, "that a horseman of La Rochefoucauld, who exclaimed in returning, 'Long live the King and the Duke d'Epéron!' was instantly butchered, and dragged along the streets, after his nose and ears had been cut off!"*

But without pausing to narrate the details of all the smaller conflicts, let us pass on to the long-expected result of the negotiations in Spain. On the 8th of July the Princess received intelligence that three Spanish frigates were entering the Gironde, and that they conveyed Don Joseph Ozorio, Envoy of Philip IV., and laden, it was said, with considerable treasure. She instantly assembled her little council, where the opinions proved to be discordant. Some of them wished to receive Don Joseph at night and without noise, in order to avoid arousing the national feeling of the inhabitants of Bordeaux ; others advised a public and pompous entry, in order to pledge the Parliament decisively against the Court. This latter advice prevailed : therefore the Princess sent her carriage and six horses to await the Envoy at the gates of the town, and several of her gentlemen to compliment him. He was preceded in the streets by the music of lutes, violins, and trumpets ; and the Dukes, after having entertained him at supper, introduced him to the Princess, who had prepared a magnificent fête for him. Many compliments passed on both sides. During this time the populace, always ready to applaud any novelty, and never thinking of the result, followed Don Joseph about everywhere with acclamations of joy and cries a thousand times repeated, of "*Vivent les Princes !*" "*Vive l'Espagne !*" But the hearts which were truly French grieved at such a spectacle. Lenet himself acknowledges ingenuously what he calls "his weakness." . . . "I much wished for the arrival of this Envoy, from the great necessity in which we stood for want of money. But I was a Frenchman from inclination as much as

“by birth; I had, like my fathers before me, been all my life
“attached to the King’s service; I could not accustom myself
“to the name of Spaniard; and I had the greatest trouble in
“the world in dissembling a kind of inward pain, which made
“me privately condemn the joy which I saw in others.” Even
amongst the least scrupulous leaders the first burst of joy was
much lowered when they found that Don Joseph, though charged
with an infinity of fine promises, brought only forty thousand
crowns of ready money.

The patriotism of the Parliament did not belie itself for a moment. The four deputies at the council of the Princess had, it is true, abetted the public reception of the Spaniard, but the other magistrates, justly irritated and all astir, met on the following morning and passed an energetic decree against “the
“arrival of the three Spanish frigates and a certain Joseph
“Ozorio, a pretended Envoy of his Catholic Majesty, with orders
“to treat as an outlaw the said Envoy and the people in his
“train.”

At this decree, so far from favourable to the factious, Clémence betook herself to remonstrances and negotiations with the Parliament, which again assured her of its attachment. But the Duke de Fouillon, incensed with anger, had recourse to other means, marked equally by fraud and violence. Without any communication of his design to the Princess, or to Lenet, of whose honour he was well aware, he succeeded by his secret agents in stirring up the populace against the Parliament. Accordingly, two days after the *Palais de Justice* was surrounded, not to say besieged, by an immense crowd, which howled and threatened the magistrates and demanded loudly a decree of union. Upwards of three thousand amongst them were armed with swords, several Councillors were struck, and the whole Parliament narrowly escaped being massacred. The confusion was extreme; every one had risen from his seat, and every body spoke at once. The President Daphis exclaimed with oaths and blasphemies, “Thus, then, it seems we are at the
“point of being butchered, by the orders of those very persons
“for whom we have already done so much!”

Apprised of this terrible scene the Dukes refused to go and restore order; but the Princess did not hesitate in braving

this danger and performing this duty. She rushed towards the *Palais*, followed by her women and a single equerry. According to the faithful Lenet, "The acclamations of the populace redoubled at her presence, as well as their complaints against the Parliament. She harangued them effectually; and it must be owned that she had so peculiar a talent for public speaking, when she was warmed by some pressing interest, as in this mutiny, that nothing could be better, more to the purpose, nor more conformable to her rank, than what she said. After having spoken to them for some time, without being able to prevail upon them to adopt any resolution, she said at last with a very good grace, 'I see, Gentlemen, very well what you wish: you wish that I should make the populace retire, and draw you from the peril in which you now are; and a little of your Gascon vanity prevents you from asking me;' and as a few of them began to smile, 'Well, well, Gentlemen, I understand you; I will go and do my best. If I succeed, you will declare that your authority would have succeeded without me; and if I fail, you will be sure to say that my credit here is only what is given me by yourselves!' In concluding these words she wished to go out, but in vain, for the populace prevented her, exclaiming that the Parliament was principally composed of traitors, and that she must not come out till she had obtained complete satisfaction. She found it hopeless to tell them that she had complete satisfaction already. It was in vain; she was forced to re-enter."*

In these circumstances news arrived that one of the *Jurats* had assembled a corps of towns-people well inclined to the Parliament, and was marching to its assistance. Clémence took this opportunity of obtaining a passage by dint of entreaties, and passed through an avenue of two thousand drawn and waving swords as far as the portico of the *Palais*, when she perceived the troops of the *Jurat*, who were rushing on, and who, without seeing her, commenced a general charge. Two men, one the captain of the regiment of Enghien, were killed close to the Princess. But she, without fearing anything on her own account, exclaimed, "Let those that love me follow me," and rushed into

* Lenet, Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 26.

the very midst of the fire, followed by nearly all the gentlemen. Making herself known, she succeeded in obliging the partisans, ready to butcher each other, to lay down their arms, and to return to their homes, and she herself then went back to her hotel, accompanied by a thousand blessings. The terror, however, did not cease with the tumult: on the following days a deep and sullen silence reigned through the town, and the very next morning Don Joseph Ozorio re-embarked for Spain, still bewildered with the scene of the previous day, but promising to return with prompt and efficient succour.

On looking back to the events of Bordeaux in 1650, we cannot turn our thoughts from the similar events in the same town in 1815. Whilst we admire the noble courage of the Princess of Condé, can we forget that of the Duchess d'Angoulême—when alone, intrepid, and devoted to her duty, she strove against the zeal of the soldiers for their ancient chief, and the last smile of Fortune on Napoleon? No; History will enshrine together the names of Claire Clémence de Maillé and Marie Thérèse of France! Both of the House of Bourbon by birth or by marriage—both still more illustrious from their noble qualities—they both furnished an example that neither greatness nor virtue can in this world secure us against long and grievous suffering. Shame to those who can never acknowledge merit in any party but their own! Honour to those generous minds which, whatever may be their creed in politics, know how to devote themselves, and, if necessary, sacrifice themselves to it!

From the depth of his prison the Prince of Condé heard from time to time of the progress of his affairs. In spite of De Bar's rigorous watching he had found means of carrying on a correspondence with some friends without; but these letters were few and uncertain. His chief intelligence was derived from Dalencé, his surgeon, whom he was occasionally allowed to see under the pretext of illness. By chance Condé was on a little terrace in the Donjon, and was watering some pinks which he amused himself by rearing, when Dalencé related to him the events of Bordeaux. "Would you ever have believed," said the Prince, with a smile, "that my wife would have been waging war whilst "I watered my garden?"*

* Lenet, *Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 392. In the following years they used to

The resolute and successful measures taken by the Princess equally struck with surprise the Queen and the Cardinal, who had expected nothing of the kind. They had brought the young King as far as Compiègne to watch the northern frontier, where they had every reason to fear a dangerous invasion. But the Viscount de Turenne and Madame de Longueville were hardly in a situation to profit by the powerful diversion which was furnished to them by the Princess of Condé in the South of France. Spain, exhausted by a long war, and still more by a bad Government, could no longer supply the assistance of men or money which she was still constantly promising. When, therefore, Turenne, leaving Stenay at the head of several French regiments of the Prince's party, had joined the Archduke Leopold with his Spaniards, the combined army found itself so weak that they were obliged to limit themselves to the taking of Le Catelet. They afterwards besieged Guise; but, always harassed by the French army under the Maréchal du Plessis, and very soon deprived of provisions, they saw their ranks thinned by desertion and famine, and were obliged, on the 1st of July, to abandon the siege, and to retrace their steps towards the Low Countries.*

Seeing this army for the moment not in a state to continue the campaign, Mazarin judged that he should provide sufficiently for the safety of the frontier by leaving several regiments there with the Maréchal du Plessis, whilst he could conduct the others on a new expedition. All his thoughts turned towards the insurrection in Guyenne; he feared that the other Parliaments might make common cause with that of Bordeaux if the revolt was much prolonged; and he thought that the only means of smothering it was his presence and the authority of the King. Therefore giving the Court only a few days of repose at Paris, he set it again in motion without delay for Poitou. The troops, according to his orders, defiled in the same direction. He thought it prudent that the Queen should be accompanied in this journey by Mademoiselle, as a kind of hostage for the conduct of the Duke of Orleans, who was to remain at Paris, and endeavour by his name to impose some restraint upon the Parliament.

show at Vincennes the pinks planted by the hand of the victor of Rocroy, and the sight produced some indifferent verses from Mademoiselle de Scudery.

* Memoirs of Montglat, vol. iii., p. 118.

It was not without reason that the Cardinal mistrusted the deliberations of this Company. It was then divided into three parties:—first, that for the Princes, who called themselves “La Nouvelle Fronde,” knowing that the people were attached to this name; then the Ancient Frondeurs, who were still directed by the Coadjutor and the Duke de Beaufort, but who had lost much of their popularity since their alliance with the Court; finally, those faithful to the Government, whom the national voice tried to brand by giving to them the name of “Mazarins.” These three parties were about equal, each counting about seventy votes; therefore the majority of the Parliament was only found when two of these parties joined against the third, and the issue of a deliberation was always problematic and uncertain. Amidst all these divisions there prevailed another sentiment, the most powerful of all—the desire to maintain the authority of their Company and that of the other Parliaments of the kingdom. The very day that the Court left the capital, the Sieur Voisin presented himself before the Great Chamber as the deputy from Bordeaux. The Duke of Orleans wished at first to have him refused an audience, and afterwards abating this pretension, to let fall his request; but on the contrary the Parliament decided to send a deputation to the Queen, “Supplicating very humbly her Majesty “to pay attention to the complaints of the Parliament of Bordeaux, and restore peace to Guyenne.”

On hearing of this decree Mazarin saw very plainly that no time was to be lost. A few more months of revolt, and all the Parliaments would have made common cause together. The shortest means of obtaining the submission of the inhabitants of Bordeaux would have been to dismiss the Governor who was so odious to them; but Mazarin was bound by personal interest to the Duke d’Epernon, hoping for the marriage of his niece, Mademoiselle de Mancini, with the Duke de Candale, eldest son of the Duke d’Epernon. “You will see,” said the courtiers, “that “that man will ruin France for the ‘*beaux yeux*’ of Monsieur “de Candale.” Wishing, on the contrary, to strike people with terror, the Cardinal, on his arrival at Poitiers, despatched a letter, signed by the King, and forbidding, under the penalty of death, that the election of the new Jurats should be proceeded with, which election, according to custom, was made every year,

on the 1st of August. The inhabitants of Bordéaux took no notice of this prohibition; the elections took place as usual, and the choice fell upon the most devoted partisans of the Princess. Another decree of the Parliament of Bordeaux declared that Cardinal Mazarin should not be received in the town, and that his Majesty should be humbly entreated to enter without troops. The Princess also wrote to the King, imploring once more most earnestly that liberty should be restored to her husband and to her brothers-in-law. "And as an hostage of their fidelity," added she, "if so many great services are not sufficient, may it please your Majesty that I should go and pass the remainder of my life, in their stead, in the Donjon of Vincennes."* But this generous offer was not accepted. The King was not the jailer, nor Vincennes the prison, that Destiny reserved for Clémence de Maillé.

It became, therefore, necessary to have recourse to arms, and the Cardinal advanced with the Queen and the young King as far as the Dordogne. On the road he received the submission of the Count Du Dognon, for his town of Brouage, in spite of all the obligations under which he lay to the Princess's family. Having conveyed the Court to Libourne, Mazarin gave orders for an attack upon Vayres, a Château which still exists on the left bank of the Dordogne, and where the inhabitants of Bordéaux had sent three hundred men for a garrison.

Their commandant, Richon, though a simple *bourgeois*, showed himself a soldier at heart: he sustained several assaults with unflinching courage, whilst his fellow-citizens attempted to send him assistance—several times by troops by land, and once by fire-ships upon the Garonne. There were some little conflicts in the Island of St. George, without much loss on either side. In one of these conflicts, however, the Chevalier de la Valette, General of the troops of Epernon, was mortally wounded. But at last a traitor in the garrison delivered up the Château of Vayres, and Richon was conducted to Libourne, where the Cardinal, affecting to treat him as guilty of high treason, and not as a prisoner of war, condemned him to be hanged. Mademoiselle de Montpensier warmly solicited his pardon; the unfortunate

* Letter of the Princess of Condé to the King, August 2, 1650.

man himself implored a commutation of his sentence by being beheaded—all was useless. The Cardinal thought to effect a *coup d'état* by persevering in this cruelty; and the body of Richon, after his death, remained suspended several days under the market-hall of Libourne.

The effect of this news at Bordeaux by no means corresponded with Mazarin's hopes. It furnished new weapons to the partisans of the war; it excited to fury or reduced to silence those who had wished for peace. At the Parliament all the gentleness to which some of the Councillors had leant, gave place to the most violent anger. "After such an example," said they, "we have now nothing else to do but to cast aside our lawyer's gowns, gird on our swords, and prepare ourselves for an honourable death by a legitimate defence against a stranger, the enemy of the State." The furious populace rushed in crowds before the Princess's hotel, and burst into cries of vengeance: they thought of nothing less than butchering the three hundred prisoners taken in the Island of St. George, and it was with difficulty that the Princess succeeded in saving them; but she could not prevent the Council of War from deciding that reprisal should be made against the commandant of the prisoners, the Chevalier de Canolles. He had, however, made himself generally popular at Bordeaux by his gay and sociable disposition; and for several weeks he had been liberated on parole, the town only being assigned him as his prison. The guards who were sent to arrest him found him at table with his friends. He was not alarmed on hearing his warrant read to him, and could not believe that they were really going to take his life without his ever having committed any crime. The Princess, deeply touched at his fate, once more assembled the Council of War, summoning also the thirty-six Captains of the Militia of Bordeaux, and even the Lieutenants and Ensigns. All unanimously demanded the death of poor Canolles, and even with new tortures. They refused to hear the prisoner, or to observe any form of justice. Then the Princess limited her request to at least deferring the execution to the next day, hoping probably that she might contrive the escape of the victim during the night. "But," says Lenet, "the fury of the people was so great that she could not succeed. One of the principal persons amongst them said one of the silliest things imaginable in

“ support of the argument against any delay. ‘ The Cardinal,’ said he, ‘ has complete power over the King’s mind: he will induce his Majesty to send and ask the prisoner’s life of us; we should not be able to grant it, and that would lead his Majesty to refuse other favours hereafter when our fellow-citizens ask him. We must consider that we are very apt to fight duels, and that we are hourly exposing ourselves to require the King’s pardon.’ This fine reasoning was so applauded by all the people that nothing more could be done with them. Although it was already late, the execution took place the same night in the port of Bordeaux. The fury of the people was extreme on this occasion. This Chevalier de Canolles was a Huguenot; and it was not possible to persuade them to allow the poor man a priest to try and convert him in dying. They said that, being a Mazarin, he must of course be damned; and if the *bourgeoisie* had not been armed, he would have been torn to pieces by the rabble which followed him to the scaffold.” *

Notwithstanding all the horror which such an execution inspires, it must be acknowledged that it was followed by a good result: since that time the prisoners on either side were treated according to the rules of war. Must we then acknowledge that a compassionate heart, like that of the Princess of Condé, may sometimes become a dangerous counsellor?

This fear of reprisals saved the Châteaux as well as the combatants. Mazarin had already taken measures for the destruction of Vayres, but he immediately suspended them as soon as the Duke de Bouillon threatened to do the same with a fine country-house of the Archbishop of Bordeaux. According to the Cardinal’s orders they had also begun the demolition of the magnificent Château of Verteuil in Poitou, the ancient and illustrious inheritance of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld. It was there that his ancestor had the honour of receiving Charles V. in his passage through France in 1539, when the Emperor said on taking leave, “ that he had never entered a house which showed more of virtue, courtesy, and grandeur.” † When the Duke heard at Bordeaux that they were already in the act of destroying this venerable abode of his ancestors, he displayed no grief. On the

* Lenet, *Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 95.

† St. Aulaire, *Hist. de la Fronde*, vol. ii., p. 171.

contrary, he expressed joy at being able to offer this sacrifice the more to Madame de Longueville. It appears, however, that the dread of reprisals soon stopped the havoc at Verteuil; for I find that in 1698 the Château was entire, and in good preservation.*

The Royal army, which amounted to eight thousand foot soldiers and three thousand cavalry, persevered in attempting to retake the Island of St. George. It was defended, during three or four days, with a good deal of vigour, because at every tide a fresh regiment was sent from Bordeaux to relieve guard; but at length the boats which had brought some troops, and which were to take back those which had been relieved, having been sunk by a battery which the Maréchal de la Meilleraie had raised on the bank of the river, fear so completely took possession of the soldiers, and even of the officers, that they gave themselves all up as prisoners of war.† Thus the inhabitants of Bordeaux not only lost this island, which was important to them, but also twelve hundred men of their best infantry, and they saw themselves on the eve of being besieged by the King. Their courage, nevertheless, animated by the outrage against Richon, did not flag; and they occupied themselves with ardour in finding the means for their defence. It was thought, however, that it would be hardly prudent to show their troops, thus diminished, and very inferior to those of the King, in a general review which had been announced; and to have a motive for its postponement, the Princess was advised to keep her bed for two or three days, under the plea of an illness which she had not.

In the mean time the Deputies whom the Parliament of Paris had sent to treat for peace arrived at Libourne. They were accompanied by the Marquis du Coudray, whom the Duke of Orleans had adjoined to them for the same object. Mazarin, though much irritated at having his own department thus infringed upon, did not dare to oppose openly the first Court of Justice in the kingdom, and the first Prince of the Blood; and consented to grant a truce for ten days. On the other hand, the Princess and the Dukes saw no means of safety for themselves but in continuing the war. With so much repugnance in the leaders of

* Boulainvilliers, *Etat de la France*, vol. ii., p. 145, ed. 1727.

† La Rochefoucauld, *Memoirs*, p. 138.

both parties, it was not very difficult to perplex and entangle the negotiation. First several days were lost by the blunder of the Marquis du Coudray, who addressed his letter to the Parliament "*A Messieurs*," instead of "*Messeigneurs*," according to the form they required, so that his letter was not even unsealed. Even after he had repaired his mistake, and had come into the town to have an audience of the magistrates, he took fright at the furious crowd which followed him in the streets, exclaiming that if the Princess had not forbidden them, they would have thrown him into the river. On his return he assured the Cardinal and the Deputies from Paris that the devil was unloosed at Bordeaux, and that there was no hope of an accommodation with such people. Thus the war recommenced.

The Bordelais, however, calculated less upon their resources, which they knew to be insufficient, than upon those which they were led to hope for from without. They always thought that the Maréchal de la Force would not be long in joining them, and they "thought more of Monsieur de la Force," says Lenet, "than of all the other nobles in France." But the Maréchal continued quiet in his Château of Castelnau on the Dordogne, and only sent to Bordeaux his grandson, the Marquis de Cugnac, who gave the chiefs to understand that a good sum of ready money could alone determine him to take the field. Such a sum they were less able than ever to furnish; the resources of the Princess were nearly exhausted, and they lived on wretchedly from day to day on the small sums which Lenet still found means of borrowing from bankers. Spain, always poor in the midst of her treasures, sent nothing but promises, of which she was not a little lavish. At least twenty despatches arrived one after the other from the Baron de Vatteville, announcing that some ships laden with *pistoles* were on the point of sailing. "Again on the 4th of August," says Lenet, "he wrote to me promising a speedy assistance of men, money, and ships, which are still to come."*

The Princess on her side never ceased sending word into Spain of the necessity in which she stood; sometimes her messages were conveyed in boats on the Gironde, and sometimes

across the Pyrenees by Baron Dorte's people. This latter gentleman appears to have been the grandson of the brave Governor of Bayonne, at the famous St. Bartholomew's day. Charles IX. having written at that time to all the Governors an order for the massacre of the Huguenots, the Viscount Dorte replied: "Sire, "I have found amongst the inhabitants and the men-at-arms at this place only good citizens and brave soldiers, but not one executioner; therefore both they and myself entreat your Majesty "to employ our arms and our lives in things which are feasible." This great and generous courage, says Montesquieu, looked upon a base action as a thing impossible!*

The people of Bordeaux consented once more to allow themselves to be duped by the promises from Spain, but the chiefs now only reckoned upon those of Turenne. He had just communicated to them his projects by Gourville, who, formerly a lackey of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, became his valet-de-chambre, and later his confidential secretary, and who at this period often went to Stenay with messages from his master to the Duchess de Longueville. He was a man of a quick and penetrating mind, and extraordinary skill in affairs. Some years later the Prince of Conti, commanding an army, wrote of him in those terms to La Rochefoucauld: "I entreat you to send him "quickly to me in Catalonia, for I have very little infantry, "and without infantry and without Gourville one can hardly "make much progress in this country. If I am in want of "cavalry in the coming campaign, I shall still ask you to send "him to me; and when I am in want of cannon, I shall again "ask for Gourville."† The promises of which Gourville was the bearer gave assurance that as soon as the Court had arrived in Guyenne, and the frontier had been stripped of troops, Turenne would put himself in motion, and would attempt a bold stroke for the deliverance of the Princes. Accordingly, as soon as he saw a favourable opportunity, gaining by a skilful manœuvre several days' march from the Maréchal du Plessis, and beating the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt, who had thrown himself with some troops across his road, he advanced at the head of a large corps of cavalry by the plains of Valois towards the Château of

* *Esprit des Loix*, livre iv., ch. ii.

† *Memoirs of Gourville*, vol. i., p. 153, ed. 1783.

Vincennes. On the other side the Archduke Leopold led his Spaniards to Fismes sur Vesle ; and to exasperate the people's minds against Mazarin, proclaimed by manifestos that the war continued only because the Cardinal persisted in refusing all offers of accommodation.

At the news of Turenne's approach, a great agitation manifested itself amongst the people of Paris, and discord broke out amongst their chiefs. It was necessary to provide without delay for the safe custody of the Princes by transferring them to another prison, and the Coadjutor insisted upon the Bastille, which would have put them entirely at his disposal, whilst the citadel of Havre was proposed by Le Tellier, who knew Mazarin's secret intentions. At last the Duke of Orleans caused the choice to fall upon Marcoussy, a fortified Château six leagues from Paris, nearly in the direction of Rambouillet. This Château was built in the middle of a large and deep piece of water, and the enemy could not approach it without having crossed the Seine and the Marne ; but what still more pleased Gaston, was that he himself would have much influence over the fate of the prisoners whilst they remained at Marcoussy, which belonged, it is true, to the Count d'Entragues, but which was contiguous to Limours, the country-house of the Duke of Orleans. Thus, therefore, almost at the same moment as Turenne's advanced guard, headed by the Count de Boutteville, came in sight of Vincennes, the Princes were transferred from thence, under the care of Bar, who had promised the Queen to stab Condé with his own hand rather than let him have an opportunity of recovering his liberty.

Having thus missed his aim, and not daring any longer to reckon upon a revolt at Paris, Turenne returned slowly and with regret towards the Archduke, who began ravaging the plains and reducing some little towns. The result to Condé of this brilliant enterprise was only to make him lose other hopes of escape, which the zeal of his friends and his own courage had been preparing. They had found means of conveying letters to him, which were placed in the false bottoms of bottles of wine, made on purpose ; and they made use in the same way of crown-pieces, which were sent for his use in playing cards, and which were made hollow.*

* *Memoirs of Claude Joli, Chanoine de Paris.*

In the same manner a crutch which the Prince of Conti had requested during an illness contained a sword for the victor of Rocroy.* The opportunity of using it for his deliverance seemed near at hand. Of the seven soldiers who slept every night in his room, three had been gained over by Gourville in his last journey; and Monsieur le Prince was, in concert with them, to draw his sword from its hiding place, disarm the other four guards, and descend into the moat of the castle, whilst some men on horseback were to await him on the other side. For the execution of this design a Sunday had been chosen, when M. de Bar would be at vespers; and everything was ready for its completion, when one of the soldiers who had been gained over was seized with a panic, which he called remorse, and going to the confessional, he slipped into the hand of the priest a note thus expressed: "Sunday next, at three o'clock, the Princes are to be set at liberty; there is an understanding in Vincennes for that purpose." This note was carried to the Coadjutor, who by Saturday had the guards changed at Vincennes, and sent over M. de Beaufort with some horsemen, for the purpose of watching the surrounding country.† Thus it became necessary to abandon this project; but without losing courage, the Princes' friends were framing a new one, when the transfer to Marcoussy once more disconcerted their plans.

During the whole time of his detention at Vincennes Monsieur le Prince evinced much courage and firmness. He was resolved, so long as he remained in prison, not to make the smallest concession to his enemies. A proposal had been made to him through Dalencé, his surgeon, for a marriage between the Prince of Conti and one of the Cardinal's nieces. Condé replied haughtily that he would rather remain a prisoner all his life than purchase his liberty at the price of such an alliance.‡

Providence, guide and support of those even who dare to abjure thee, by what divine goodness dost thou throw a veil over that future which we seek so imprudently to penetrate! How many happy illusions dost thou preserve to us—how many sufferings dost thou spare! If Condé could support as a hero his own

* *Memoirs of Abbé Arnould*, p. 128, ed. 1824.

† *Gourville, Memoirs*, vol. i., pp. 26—35.

‡ *Lenet, Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 171.

misfortunes, would not he have sunk under those of his blood? Could he have foreseen that this same Donjon of Vincennes would become not only the prison but the tomb of his race—if his heart had opened to the anguish of a father, of whom the terrible malediction of the Roman should be accomplished—

“ULTIMUS SUORUM MORIATUR:”—

if his eye had perceived those two words of eloquent simplicity—*HIC CECIDIT*—which to this day mark, in the depth of the moat at Vincennes, the spot where perished of a deplorable death the last Enghien—if at this sight myself, a stranger to the Bourbons, and in whose veins French blood even does not flow, feel my heart beat and my pulses thrill—who can imagine, who will dare to describe, what Condé himself would have felt?

CHAPTER VII.

Attack of le Palais Gallien—Action at la Porte Dijeaux—Growing desire for Peace—Negotiation concluded—Interview at Bourg between the Princess and the Queen Regent—The Court enters Bordeaux—The Princess retires to her Father's house of Milly—Her reception at Valençay, and at Montrond—Condé conveyed from Marcoussy to the citadel of Havre—Death of his Mother—Steps taken in the Parliament of Paris toward his liberation—Change of Affairs—The Queen Regent detained as a captive—Mazarin a fugitive at the head of three hundred horse—His interview with Condé at Havre—Condé and his brothers set free.

AFTER the capture of Vayres and of the Island of St. George, the Royal army, having thus occupied the principal posts around Bordeaux, took measures to carry on with vigour the siege of the town. In order to watch the operations more closely, the Cardinal conveyed the Court to Bourg, a large village at the mouth of the Dordogne. On their side the Bordelais, without losing courage, prepared themselves for an obstinate resistance.

Having obtained information from the bakers and corn-dealers, they found that they had sufficient provisions in the town to last them a year. Reassured on this point, they resolved to increase their thirty-six companies of militia to two hundred men each, superseding at the same time all those who from their age or infirmities were incapable of service; and the gentlemen of the Princess were to share the guard together with the *bourgeois*. They caused also, by means of their sluices, the water from the river to be retained at a certain height, so as to enable them, if necessary, to flood the marshes, which defended the greater part of the town.

The two Faubourgs which appeared the most exposed were that of the Bastide, on the other side of the Garonne, and that of St. Surin, near the gate of Dijeaux. Under the direction of the Dukes de Bouillon and de la Rochefoucauld considerable works were raised at these two points. A great many houses were em-

battled ; several barricades were made at the entrance of all the streets ; and a little mound in front of the gate of Dijeaux, gradually formed by the accumulation of filth and rubbish which had been thrown out of the town, served for the foundation of a half-moon. By a decree of the Parliament each house was to furnish one man to work at the fortifications, and the populace, always eager for novelties, assembled there, as though it had been a merry-making or a fête. Pains were taken to keep them in this happy humour. The principal ladies of the city were seen carrying earth in little baskets ornamented with ribbons ; the Princess herself insisted upon taking part in the toil, to animate the others ; and the young Duke d'Enghien, mounted on a little white horse, went from post to post to visit the works, and caused every one to exclaim when he passed " Long live the King and the Princes, and down with Mazarin ! " At night the Dukes regaled the ladies with fruits and sweetmeats, and the workmen with wine. Then Clémence used to take them excursions in a graceful galley, which had been equipped for her use, and which was called after her, " The Princess ; " she was greeted by the firing of all the guns of the vessels in the port, and by acclamations of joy from the people on the shore. On the sails of her galley, as well as on the standards of her soldiers or the militia, was embroidered the device which she had adopted from the commencement of the war : this was a grenade bursting and spreading its fire on all sides, with this word, *Coacta*, meaning that as the grenade never causes any noise of itself, so the Princess only did so because she was compelled.*

Meanwhile, the country people of the neighbourhood—from the marshes, which are still called by the Latin name of *Palus*—made common cause with the townspeople, and every morning brought them many prisoners whom they had taken in their dykes and on their wastes. There were soldiers of the Royal army, who had disbanded for pillage. Beside such prisoners, the countrypeople, placing themselves in ambuscade, killed a great many. " I cannot refrain," says Lenet, " here relating an order " which was given by the Captain de Candeyrand ; for thus was " called the person who commanded all the villagers, because he " came from a place of that name. This order prohibited them

* Compare two passages in Lenet, vol. ii., pp. 229 and 451.

“from firing at any but Mazarin’s cavalry—seeing,” said he, “that a foot soldier is not worth the charge of a gun!”*

The Royalists having at last completed all their preparations, and assembled all their forces, the Maréchal de la Meilleraie proposed to commence the campaign by attacking the Bastide; but Cardinal Mazarin, who had served in his youth as a captain of cavalry, and who, like his master, Richelieu, piqued himself upon his military genius, preferred the Faubourg St. Surin for the beginning of the operations against Bordeaux. He therefore made the troops cross over to the left bank of the Garonne, and desired the Maréchal to march to the attack on the morning of the 5th of September. Himself, from the summit of a steeple, watched, and fancied that he directed, the conflict. But he little expected so valiant a resistance. At his very first movement the alarum-bells sounded all over the town; the Dukes mounted their horses before the morning had dawned; the militia-men rushed from their different quarters; and they proved on this occasion, says Lenet, that all Gascons are born brave.

Some of them, leaving the town, placed themselves as marksmen amongst the vines, or along the hedges; others defended the enclosures; Bouillon himself was in the cemetery of the Church of St. Surin, and La Rochefoucauld at the barricade where the principal attack was made.† The barricades, the adjoining houses, the alleys of the Archbishop’s residence, the Roman ruins, which are called the “*Palais Gallien*,”‡ were all assailed at the same time, but without success. Five or six attacks, one after the other, of the King’s best troops—veteran soldiers formed by Turenne and by Condé himself—were vigorously repulsed by a handful of gentlemen, and by the *bourgeois*—numerous, it is true, but without any experience in arms. The fire was very sharp, and continued the whole day without slackening. At length, towards night, the Faubourg was carried, and the Bordelais retreated into the town. They had about a

* Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 257.

† La Rochefoucauld, Memoirs, p. 143.

‡ These are the remains of an ancient amphitheatre supposed to have been built by the Emperor Gallienus. Perhaps, however, the name is derived from a ridiculous fable of the dark ages on a Princess Galiène, daughter of a Moorish king and wife of Charlemagne. See the Mémoires de l’Académie des Inscriptions, vol. xii., pp. 239—252.

hundred and twenty men killed or wounded ; amongst others, the Chevaliers de Mailly and de Guitaut, who died of their wounds, and several prisoners of note, like the Chevalier de Thodias. But the loss of the besiegers was much more considerable—a hundred officers and nine hundred soldiers killed or wounded ; and the army, which was already not superior in number to that which it was besieging, was much and dangerously weakened and discouraged. The Maréchal asked for a truce to bury his dead, but the Bordelais refused it.

The next day, concentrating all his forces, the Maréchal opened the trenches in front of the half-moon at the gate of Dijeaux. He hoped to make himself master of it without resistance : it was a work of little strength, and constructed in haste, only six feet high, and which had not even any ditch before it. But the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, who commanded there, gave an example of the most brilliant courage. In the first attack the besiegers lost two hundred men ; and the following days they were not more fortunate. Once, however, they penetrated into the interior ; but La Rochefoucauld drove them out again, sword in hand : and to encourage the others, he would no longer quit his post, either night or day. The besieged also made three great sorties, to sweep the trenches and burn the camp of the Royal troops ; and the Princess, after having animated by her presence all those who were to make the attack, mounted—like the lady of the castle in the days of chivalry—to the top of a neighbouring tower, to contemplate their exploits.* At last, after thirteen days of open trenches, the siege was not more advanced than the first day.† “ It is singular,” says an historian, “ that a mere dung-heap like that of the Porte Di-jeaux, should have served as a fortification against eleven thousand men of regular troops ! ” ‡

The Maréchal de la Meilleraie, now renouncing any further attacks, withdrew his troops to some distance, and took measures for bombarding the town. But several circumstances equally disposed at that time both parties—the Cardinal and the inhabitants of Bordeaux—to peace. The Minister wished to reduce,

* Lenet, *Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 296.

† La Rochefoucauld, *Memoirs*, p. 144.

‡ Ramsay, *Hist. de Turenne*, vol. ii., p. 260.

and not ruin this flourishing town. Its bombardment could have been a triumph only to the Court of Madrid. He saw with pain the progress made by the Archduke upon the northern frontier, and the necessity of leading back his troops against their former enemy. What caused him still greater disquietude was to remember that the Princes were prisoners at Marcoussy, in the hands of the Duke of Orleans; and he longed to return, in order to persuade the weak-minded Gaston to transfer them to the citadel of Havre. His presence was not less needful to restrain the encroachments of the Parliament of Paris, and the other intrigues which resulted from the imprisonment of the Princes. "This affair," exclaimed he, "is a thistle which pricks on every side!" Thus, in order to have done with the insurgents of Bordeaux, he expressed himself ready to agree to any reasonable conditions, and especially that which they had most at heart—the revocation of the Duke d'Epéron as Governor of Guyenne.

On the other hand, the Bordelais saw themselves frustrated in the hopes they had formed from Turenne's expedition. They were tired of calculating upon any help from Spain, and began to regard her promises as snares laid by the Duke de Bouillon. They thought that he disguised his own people as couriers to come and detail news invented by himself. "That was not true, however," says Lenet; "and if we did lie, it was only in publishing the lies of the Baron de Vatteville."*

Discord, the usual result of want of resources in a party, increased daily between the *bourgeois* and the gentlemen, and amongst the gentlemen themselves. One morning two officers declared that they were going to leave their posts if each of them was not forthwith named a *Maréchal de Camp*, which would have made all the others equally discontented; and it was necessary to disturb the Princess from her devotions, which she was performing in the church of St. André, in order to compose these differences.† But the reason which, above all, weighed with the Bordelais in their endeavours for ending the siege, was the desire to leave the town and go to their vintage. Without success or without a peace before the 1st of October, the grapes would be spoiled, and the landlords be ruined.

* *Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 231.† *Ib.*, p. 319.

Thus determined upon the same end, though with different motives, Cardinal Mazarin and the Parliament of Bordeaux accepted the mediation of the Deputies from the Parliament of Paris and of the Marquis du Coudray; and a truce of ten days was concluded immediately, in order to make another attempt at negotiation. During this time almost everybody, out of curiosity, passed from one camp to the other, and the *bourgeois* went in such crowds to visit the trenches and batteries of the besiegers that it became necessary to forbid them by a decree from passing the barriers on pain of death.

On their side, the Princess of Condé and the Dukes were far from partaking this ardour for a peace, unless indeed it bore as a condition the liberation of the Princes; but they depended entirely upon the goodwill of the townspeople, and they had no means of forcing them against their inclination to continue the war. The Princess, in spite of her regret, showed, as she always did, much gentleness and dignity. An assembly of the "Hundred and Thirty" having been convoked at the Hôtel de Ville, to deliberate upon the articles, Clémence went thither. She was accompanied by her son and the Dukes, but had forbidden all the other officers and gentlemen to follow her, fearing that in so delicate a conjuncture, where every word ought to be well weighed, some one might let drop an indiscreet expression. "I do not come, Gentlemen," said she, "to create any obstacle to the peace which the members of the Parliament have determined to accept. I leave you full liberty to conclude it at any time or in any manner which you may judge proper. . . . Besides, it will be a great consolation to me if my presence and that of my friends amongst you, and the blood which they have shed, shall have obtained for you the revocation of your Governor, and the other conditions which you had solicited without success for a whole year before my arrival. . . . As for me, I will only say that it would be generous in you, if you can no longer maintain me in your town, to find me some retreat elsewhere, where I might be protected from the violence of Cardinal Mazarin, whom I shall never trust; for I will not expose my son to the same treatment which Monsieur his father suffers. . . . And I give you my word, as well as that of my son, though he is still so young, that we will never forget our

“ present obligations towards you, nor those which we still hope
“ to owe.”

The Dukes spoke after the Princess, and Monsieur de Bouillon said, for both of them, that although the Queen kept from him all his estates, and his wife and daughter as prisoners—although Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld had been deprived of his government of Poitou, and his houses had been destroyed—they still had both of them no other object in the negotiations which they were about to commence than the liberation of the Princes, and that they asked nothing for themselves but a passport for their retirement out of France.* The Councillors, who knew how much they had bound themselves by their own former decrees, and who expected complaints and reproaches for having failed in their promises, were equally surprised and touched by this moderation. They forthwith charged their Deputies not to accept any peace unless they obtained complete sureties for the Princess and all her partisans; and in leading her back to her carriage, several of the most powerful amongst them whispered her, “ Do not distress yourself, Madam; we will begin again after the vintage, and we shall then have better means for assisting you than we have yet had.”

The Bordelais had already desired their Deputies to make an effort to obtain the deliverance of the Princes, but at the very first word the request had been strenuously rejected. In order that nothing should be neglected on their part, the Princess had sent Lenet, and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld Gourville, to the Court for the same object; but these two skilful men could obtain nothing but empty words. The Cardinal protested that the dearest wish of his heart was to grant the Princes their liberty, were it in his power: but they were at Marcoussy; the first object must be to transfer them to Havre; and then he swore that he would not lose a moment in treating with them, and offering them his friendship. Mazarin's promises were already reduced to their just value in public estimation: he could still tell falsehoods, but he could no longer deceive.

Considering the eagerness which both the Cardinal and the Bordelais had for peace, the negotiations were not long: the

* We must here compare, and as it seems to me combine, two passages of Lenet, *Memoirs*, vol. ii., pp. 297—300, and 383—385.

treaty was concluded before the end of September. In order to be tender of the Royal authority, it was agreed to pass over in silence the principal condition—the recall of the Duke d'Epemon; but it took place immediately after, and Mazarin promised that the choice of the new Governor should be agreeable to the province. The articles of the treaty stipulated that the King and the Queen should be received in Bordeaux with their usual suite—that the town should preserve all its privileges—and that the Château Trompette should remain in its ruined state. A full and complete amnesty was granted to all those who had taken up arms; and the great lords, particularly the Dukes de Bouillon and de la Rochefoucauld, were to be restored to the employments and estates which they possessed on the day the Princess left Montrond. The Princess herself, and the Duke d'Enghien, might retire unmolested, with their suite, officers, and servants, to any of her houses in Anjou which she chose, where she should enjoy all her revenues—unless indeed she preferred the Château de Montrond, where she was to have the right of maintaining a garrison of two hundred foot soldiers, and fifty mounted guards.† These troops were to be chosen by herself, and commanded by her officers, but defrayed at the expense of his Majesty, on the general receipt of Berry.

Thus assured of a good fortress for her residence, and a good garrison for her defence, Clémence made her preparations for her departure; and commenced her visits of thanks to each Councillor who had upheld her interests in the Parliament. They saw her depart with real regret. “Her gentleness,” says an historian, “her constant humanity, her heroic intrepidity in all dangers, her tenderness for her son, and her devotion for her husband, had excited a tender admiration in all classes.”* Even in the last moments of her stay, when she had her equipage to prepare, when all her resources seemed to be exhausted, and her want of money was urgent, she no sooner had received two or three thousand crowns, lent by some gentlemen, than she caused them to be distributed instantly to such poor officers as were wounded or ill.† But the town would not allow itself to be out-

* St. Aulaire, *La Fronde*, vol. ii, p. 266

† Lenet, *Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 419.

done in generosity. In a solemn assembly, held at the Hôtel de Ville, it was resolved to restore to the Princess the jewels which she had given them in pledge, and to charge themselves with all the other debts which she had contracted at Bordeaux for the common cause. The *Jurats* and the principal magistrates came therefore to restore the jewels to the Princess. "She made great difficulties in accepting them," says Lemet: "she insisted upon giving them at least her bond, which they as steadily refused. At last, after a long debate, the Princess accepted the gift which was offered to her. She repaid them with many tears of gratitude, which flowed so abundantly during the whole time of this interview that she could scarcely utter a word; but she embraced the most considerable persons among them, and the young Duke all of them, as many as there were, one after the other. They all left her hotel in tears."

"Thus," adds the same faithful servant, "Madame la Princesse had gained the affections of one of the most important towns in the kingdom; she had carried on the war without loading her House with debt; she had given the impulse, by her firmness and that of her friends, to all those who were seen soon afterwards to declare themselves, in different parts of the kingdom, in favour of Monsieur her husband; she caused her friends and her followers to be restored to their estates and employments; she avoided falling, with her son, into the hands of the enemies of her House; and, above all, she gained the friendship of Monsieur her husband, who had not thought her capable of contributing so much as she did to the recovery of his freedom. All France, and, it may be said, all Europe, saw with astonishment a young Princess, without experience, do all that the most consummate prudence and the most determined daring could have undertaken. But what cannot be achieved by goodwill and honour?"

Even in concluding the peace, the Dukes de Bouillon and de la Rochefoucauld wished to prepare themselves for another war in the spring. They judged it expedient to send the Marquis de Lusignan to Madrid, with their ciphers and private instructions, so that they might be in a position to solicit fresh assistance from Spain when they should require it. This project required the most profound secrecy, and at the very moment of

a treaty with the Court was somewhat repugnant to good faith—they therefore carefully concealed it from the Princess. Only the night before her departure from Bordeaux they had her awakened from her sleep, in order to obtain, on the sudden, and without leaving her leisure for deliberation, her signature to the credentials for Lusignan; and Lusignan, provided with these credentials, was already on his way before daybreak.

On the 3rd of October the Princess left Bordeaux in a galley, accompanied by her son and her ladies, the Dukes de Bouillon and de la Rochefoucauld, the Counts de Coligny, de Guitaut, de Lorge, and many other gentlemen. Upwards of twenty thousand persons followed her to the port, heaping their blessings upon her, as well as upon the young Duke d'Enghien. She intended to disembark at Lormont, and go to her house at Coutras, where she had permission to remain for three days; but she met on the river the Maréchal de la Meilleraie, who was on his way to visit her at Bordeaux. La Meilleraie having received secret instructions from the Cardinal, warmly pressed the Princess to come to Bourg to pay her respects to the Queen, assuring her that she would be well received, and that she might perhaps obtain by her entreaties favours which had been refused to her when asked for arms in hand. Clémence expressed the strongest repugnance to such a step, of which she foresaw the utter inutility; but Bouillon and La Rochefoucauld advised her to overcome her feelings, and follow the advice of the Maréchal, in order that she might not neglect the smallest chance of recovering the liberty of her husband. This argument determined the Princess; she therefore turned her galley towards Bourg, whilst the Maréchal plied his oars to hasten in advance of her, and announce her arrival.

This pacific interview so immediately succeeding, as in romances of chivalry, the most murderous conflicts, excited the curiosity of the Court to the very highest pitch. Every one came forth to view the disembarkation of Clémence. She looked ill, and indeed she had suffered from fever during the last few days, and she held her arm in a scarf, having been bled the previous evening. But every one admired the nobleness and propriety of her demeanour, which, without hiding her devotion to her husband, displayed her respect for her Sovereign. "One of my

"friends," says Madame de Motteville, "who wrote me these details, assured me that grief had made her beautiful."*

Another writer declares that she appeared melancholy, but full of grace and gentleness, without any pride, but also without the smallest shadow of meanness.† On the contrary Mademoiselle, jealous of the new reputation which the Princess had acquired, directs against her a blow, which perhaps, in her womanish ideas, she considered to be the most deadly of all: "Her scarf was put on so awkwardly, as well as the rest of her dress, that I found it difficult to avoid laughing."‡ As for the Duke d'Enghien, she is willing to acknowledge that he was "the prettiest child in the world."

On entering the Queen's apartment, the Princess found there only the Queen, the King, Mademoiselle, and the Cardinal. She held her son by the hand, and had no one in her suite but Madame de Tourville. Without bowing to, or even looking at the Cardinal, Clémence placed herself on one knee before the Queen, and said to her: "Madam, I come to throw myself at your Majesty's feet—to ask your forgiveness if I have done anything which has displeased you. You must excuse the just grief of a private gentlewoman who has had the honour of marrying the first Prince of the Blood, now in a dungeon, and who thought she had reason to apprehend the same fate for his only son, that she now has the honour to present to you. Both he and I, Madam, entreat with tears in our eyes the liberty of Monsieur his father: grant it, Madam, for the sake of those great actions which he has done for the glory of your Majesty—grant it for the sake of the life which he has so often risked for the service of the King and that of the State, and grant it also to my very humble prayer."

Anne of Austria replied: "I am very glad, my cousin, that you are conscious of your fault: you now see that you had taken the wrong means for obtaining what you ask. Now

* *Memoirs*, vol. iii., p. 525.

† "Condæana, sine ullâ vilitatis suspicione, innocentiam suam ingressit. Suppliciter tristis, tantâ modestiâ sermonem commendavit, et tam concinne mœrens visa, ut in eodem cum illâ effectus sentirent se omnes mutari." (*Prætorius*, lib. v., c. 27; et Bayle, *Dict.*, sub voce *Brezé*.)

‡ *Memoirs of Montpensier*, vol. i., p. 189. We see another cause of her ill humour when she adds, "During her visit paid me the next day, she spoke to me only of trifles."

"that you are going to adopt a very opposite method, I will consider how and when I can give you the satisfaction which you request."

The contempt which the Princess showed towards the Cardinal did not in the least discourage him. Wholly devoted to ambition, he was accessible neither to pride nor rancour. She had scarcely withdrawn to her lodging ere Mazarin came with the greatest effrontery to visit her. He was received with extreme coldness by Clémence, who with difficulty abstained from reproaches; but Mazarin, without being in the slightest degree disconcerted, or losing his cheerfulness, advanced towards the Duke d'Enghien to kiss his hand. The child withdrew his hand angrily, and would not answer him a single word.

The Princess remained only one night at Bourg; the next day she continued her journey to Coutras. Before she went, she saw Lenet, who had been detained one day longer at Bordeaux to conclude his affairs: she related to him what had passed, and left him her instructions.

As soon as the Cardinal heard of Lenet's arrival, he requested to speak to him privately. Instead of reproaches, he overpowered him with praises and compliments, affecting an extreme frankness. Then taking him by the hand, he led him to a window of his room which looked upon Bordeaux. "It is a strange thing," exclaimed he, "what those people have got into their heads! In good faith, tell me what has Monsieur le Prince done for that town which could have obliged it to risk all it has risked in his service?"

"Sir," replied Lenet, "the Gascons have more generosity than others. Besides which, they are all persuaded that your Eminence wishes to oppress them, to gratify the resentment of M. d'Epemon. They think that Monsieur le Prince was not last year of opinion that they should be so persecuted, and that you sought to ruin them; they hate you, and they love him; he suffers, and you reign."

Mazarin, proceeding to discuss public affairs, then began to excuse himself for his past conduct; but it became necessary to interrupt the conversation; midday was approaching; it was the festival of St. Francis, and the pious Cardinal had not yet heard Mass! He caused the Dukes de Bouillon and de la Rochefou-

could, as well as Lenet, to enter his coach with him. "Who would have thought," said he, smiling, "eight days ago that we should all four have been in one carriage together?"

"All things happen in France," replied the author of the *Maxims*.

Lenet added, "It is a great honour to me, Sir, to be in this carriage in such company, but I shall never be happy until I see in it also Monsieur le Prince!"

The Cardinal laughed. "All that will come in due time," said he.

In the course of that day Lenet went to pay his respects to the Queen, and afterwards to Mademoiselle. The former, by the advice and according to the example of the Cardinal, gave him a most gracious reception. She could not, however, entirely restrain her anger, suddenly she broke through her discourse, coloured deeply, and exclaimed aloud, "Ah! if one was not a Christian, what ought one not to do against those who come from a rebellious town, who have been at Bellegarde, and who are going straight to Stenay—to Madame de Longueville and Monsieur de Turenne!"

A little stunned at this outburst, Lenet replied, however: "Allow me, Madam, to take the liberty of supplicating your Majesty never to become incensed with those persons who are faithful to their masters. . . . I know very well, Madam, that your Majesty is not speaking of me, because I have not been at Bellegarde, and I am not going to Stenay; but, Madam, may God preserve your Majesty from so cruel a fate as that of the late Queen-Mother, Mary of Medici! And remember that such a discourse as you have now been pleased to make, would authorize all your dependents to abandon you, if ever you should be persecuted under the name of the King your son!"

The Queen, recovering quickly, saw that she must change the subject. "Have you not seen the King?" said she; and she immediately presented Lenet to her son.

Mademoiselle's reception of Lenet was even more favourable. As soon as she perceived him, she approached him with "a blunt and deliberate air," which was habitual to her, and said to him that she had almost a mind to embrace him. so much was she

satisfied with all that he had done for his master ; “ for,” she continued, “ I do not at all love Monsieur le Prince, but yet I “ love all those who have served him well.”

After dinner Lenet returned to the Cardinal, who redoubled his cajoleries, and detained him in a conference from seven o'clock in the evening till one in the morning. Mazarin laboured especially to persuade Lenet that he had a sincere intention of liberating the Princes, trying by this means to prevent the alliance which he dreaded between the ancient Frondeurs and the friends of Condé. He tried too, but in vain, to discover how far the negotiation between these two parties had already advanced. “ Then,” adds Lenet, “ he spoke to me of the Duchess “ de Longueville and of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, as of “ persons whose friendship it would not be easy to gain, because “ they have friendship,” said he, “ only one for the other.”— “ If that is the case,” said I, “ you have only, Sir, to please one “ to insure the friendship of both ; and I think you would easily “ be able to please the Duchess by granting her the liberty of “ Messieurs her brothers, and of Monsieur her husband.”—“ I “ think,” replied he, “ that I should please her still more if I “ kept back the latter !” *

On the other hand, Lenet tried to entice the Cardinal by letting drop some hints of great alliances for his family ; by pointing out to him that his three nieces might perhaps marry the Prince of Conti, and the eldest sons of the Dukes de Bouillon and de la Rochefoucauld. At last they separated, each hoping he had deceived the other. “ His Eminence,” says Lenet, “ embraced “ me twice, and made too many protestations of esteem and “ friendship for me to think them sincere.” The next day, accordingly, Lenet went to rejoin the Princess at Coutras, whilst the Court embarked for Bordeaux.

After several days of repose at Coutras, the Princess was obliged to separate herself from her brave friends. The Duke de Bouillon departed for Turenne, with the gentlemen of his suite, and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld for Verteuil, whilst Clémence herself turned her steps towards her father's house in Anjou. She charged Lenet to wait upon the Princess Dowager at Châtillon sur Loing, to give her an account of what had hap-

* Lenet, *Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 475

pened, and to soothe her anger on their having placed, without her permission, a garrison at Montrond.

The reception by the Bordelais of the Queen Regent and the King was cold, silent, and without enthusiasm. They avoided as much as possible paying any mark of respect or honour to the Cardinal. It was only towards Mademoiselle that they expressed any zeal or gratitude, for the good offices which she had rendered them during the negotiations. Mazarin, displeased as he was at such a reception, was not tempted to prolong his visit, besides, his return was becoming necessary in opposition to the new efforts of the factious party at Paris, and of the Spaniards in Champagne. Therefore he hastened to re-establish in their employments Lavie and the other magistrates who had been expelled during the siege, and to provide for the most pressing affairs, whilst he adjourned the others, such as the choice of a successor to the Duke d'Epemon; after which he led the Court again towards Amboise and Fontainebleau.

The Princess of Condé arrived without accident at Milly, near Saumur. There she was joined by Lenet, who had found the Princess Dowager at Châtillon, apparently in good health, but more avaricious and more timid than ever, and fearing, above all things, to compromise herself with the Court. "I then went," says he, "to Milly, whither the peculiar temper of the Maréchal de Brezé had led him to retire after his quarrel with the Cardinal de Richelieu, his brother-in-law, in the zenith of his power. He passed there the remainder of his days, going but very rarely to the Court or elsewhere. He amused himself by hunting; and in truth I have seldom seen a spot where it could be more agreeable or convenient than this. He read, and composed love verses and other light poetry. He was completely managed by a woman, the widow of one of his domestics, without beauty, but of a quick and ready wit, who disposed of all his fortune, up to the last moment of his life. He was not much beloved, but very much feared and respected in his government, even during the period of his disgrace. He was brave, skilful, and very well informed; he talked too much and too well; he was singular in many things, and affected to be so; he was well-bred, and courteous to his friends, and exactly the contrary to those whom he did not like or esteem. He was a great enemy

“ to all constraint and ceremony. This house of Milly was an
 “ ancient Château, which he had made comfortable. He had
 “ caused a marble slab to be placed over the door, on which he
 “ had engraved in golden letters these words:—

‘ NULLI NISI VOCATI.’

“ And in order that those who did not understand Latin might
 “ not pretend ignorance of its meaning, there was upon the same
 “ marble, underneath, the following couplet:—

‘ Dans ce lieu de repos on ne veut point de bruit,

‘ Et nul n’y doit entrer qu’invité ou conduit.’

“ This inscription surprised me very much: its singularity in-
 “ duced me to inquire into its motive; and his old domestics
 “ told me that the Duke de la Trimouille on one occasion paid
 “ him a visit, which he found very troublesome; and that on the
 “ Duke’s departure he immediately sent for the workmen neces-
 “ sary for this inscription, in order that no one should in future
 “ go to visit him unless after an invitation.*

“ The Princess did me the honour to show me her house
 “ and all its ornaments. She offered me a present of a fine
 “ set of tapestry, a fine bed of crimson velvet, embroidered with
 “ gold, and the whole set of furniture, which I never would
 “ accept, however much she pressed me, having resolved from
 “ the commencement of these affairs not to receive any favour
 “ from her, and to shun like a quicksand all the personal advan-
 “ tages which I might have derived from them. It struck me that
 “ some persons of her suite had not done quite the same!†

Having concluded all her affairs at Milly, the Princess set
 off with her suite to establish her residence at Montrond. She
 first passed by Tours, where she was magnificently received in
 the Archbishop’s palace, although the Archbishop himself was

* I find upon this subject another anecdote in Tallemant des Reaux (Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 44, ed. 1834): “ It is said that some advocates having gone one day to speak to the Maréchal, he reproved them sharply, asking them how they came to be so bold as to call without being sent for, and whether they had not read what there was over the gate. ‘ Yes, Monseigneur,’ said one of them, ‘ there is *Nulli nisi vocati*—None but advocates!’ He began to laugh, and gave them audience.”

† Lenet, Memoirs, vol. ii., pp. 574—577. This Château of Milly (which was never completed) still exists; it bears at present the name of Brezé. It is about three leagues from Saumur, in the direction of the ancient abbey of Fontevraud. (Guide Pittoresque, vol. i., Dept. de Maine et Loire, p. 16.)

absent. "She had," says Lenet, "acquired so great a reputation in all that she had undertaken for the liberation of the Prince her husband, that she was everywhere looked upon as a most extraordinary woman." It was, however, rather the triumph of virtue than of genius. She had done what nearly any courageous woman devoted to her duty might have achieved in her place.

From Tours, Cl mence continuing her journey, went to pass one day at Valençay. This Château, which then belonged to the Marquis of the same name, has become celebrated in our days by the possession of Prince Talleyrand, and the residence of King Ferdinand the Seventh. Let us here borrow the pen of an eloquent writer to describe that enchanting abode:—"This spot is one of the most beautiful in the world, and no King possesses a more picturesque park—trees of finer growth, lawns of a more exquisite green, or more gracefully undulated ground. This fresh and wooded valley is an oasis in the midst of the dreary plains which surround it, and which give no idea of one's approach to it. One comes suddenly upon a ravine thickly studded with rocks and forest trees, in the midst of gardens of regal splendour, from the centre of which rises a Spanish palace, full of poetry and grace, which reflects itself from its rocky height upon the blue waters of the river beneath. It seems as though a dream had wafted us to some enchanted country, which would vanish at one's waking, and which does in truth vanish at the end of a quarter of an hour, when one only crosses the valley and follows the road to the south. Then the endless plains, the yellow broom, the flat and naked horizons reappear. What one has just seen, appears imaginary." *

On leaving Valençay the Princess pursued her route, without stopping, as far as Montrond, where she fixed her residence till the close of this year. Here, to my great regret, end the Memoirs of Lenet. He had intended to continue them to the Peace of the Pyrenees, but unfortunately he did not live long enough to carry out this design.† His Memoirs appear to me distinguished by their scrupulous accuracy, being drawn from the Diary which he kept at the very time when all these events

* George Sand, *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, vol. ii, p. 106.

† See the Introduction of Messieurs Petitot and Monmerqué, p. 24.

were passing. We may convince ourselves of their truth by comparing them with several other authentic documents of that period, such as "A Truthful History of all that has been done or happened in Guyenne during the War of Bordeaux;" several extracts from which have been printed as notes in the complete collection of the "Memoirs of France." We should only, I think, be a little on our guard against Lenet's inclination to ascribe to himself the principal direction in all affairs, even when they more properly belonged to the Princess of Condé or to the Dukes de Bouillon and de la Rochefoucauld.

Whilst the Princess was reaching Montrond, the Queen, who had long been detained at Amboise by illness, was on her way to Fontainebleau. She had desired the Duke of Orleans to come and join her there, and Gaston foresaw what she would ask of him; therefore, to reassure his friends of the Fronde, he gave them his word of honour before he set off, that he would never consent to the prisoners at Marcoussy being transferred to Havre. He had scarcely arrived, however, ere the Queen's threats so completely turned the head of that poor Prince—the most cowardly perhaps of whom history makes mention—that he unresistingly signed the warrant which she presented to him. Measures were instantly taken for its execution: that same night the Count d'Harcourt was directed to set off with a strong body of cavalry and conduct Condé and his brothers to their new prison. "Monsieur le Prince has since told me," says Cardinal de Retz, "that if they had not removed him from Marcoussy, he should infallibly have made his escape by a project which was then on the point of execution."*

This project was due to the zeal of Monsieur Arnauld, Maréchal de Camp. A boat had been constructed of boiled leather, which rolled up in a small compass, and which could be carried on horseback to the banks of the moat which surrounded Marcoussy. Arnauld undertook to convey this boat at night beneath the walls of the fortress; a soldier who was in the secret was, with the assistance of the Princes, to cut the throats of his comrades and convey the prisoners in the boat which was ready for them; whilst a body of cavalry drawn up on the oppo-

* De Retz, *Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 174, ed. 1617.

site bank was to protect their landing and proceed with them to Stenay.*

Being obliged to relinquish this hope on leaving Marcoussy, the Princes began their journey on the 15th of November, under the charge of the Sieur de Bar, and escorted by the Count d'Harcourt. Some gibes against this officer served to dispel Condé's grief. Here follows a stanza which he composed on the way, and which was soon circulated all over France:—

Cet homme gros et court,
 " Si fameux dans l'histoire,
 " Ce grand Comte d'Harcourt,
 " Tout rayonnant de gloire,
 " Qui secourut Casal, et qui reprit Turin,
 " Est maintenant Recors de Jules Mazarin !"

They proceeded by short day's journeys on account of the escort, and the Duke de Longueville had thus the mortification of passing slowly over, as a captive, the very province of which he was the Governor. One night in an inn the Prince of Condé attempted to escape, but De Bar watched him so narrowly that he found it impossible.† At last, after a ten days' march, the prisoners arrived at the citadel of Havre, a fortress in the hands of the Duchess d'Aiguillon—that is to say, of Cardinal Mazarin, this lady being completely devoted to the interests of the Court.

Reassured on this point, the Cardinal led the Court back from Fontainebleau to Paris, and departed himself towards Champagne to take the command of the army. But the various parties in the capital were far more to be apprehended by him than the enemies on the frontier. On the very day after his departure (it was on the 2nd of December, at the opening of the Parliament after the vacations) the Councillor Deslandes Payen presented a petition, in the name of the Princess of Condé, claiming the effect of the Declaration of the month of October, 1648, and consequently the liberty of her husband and her brothers-in-law. This petition, which had been written by the First President himself, sounded agreeably to the ears of the Magistrates, by some expressions which were not generally employed by Princes and

* *Memoirs of Abbé Arnould*, p. 283, ed. 1824.

† *Memoirs of Motteville*, vol. iii, p. 537.

Princesses: it began thus: — "Humbly supplicates, Claire Clémence de Maillé," and was addressed not to "Messieurs," but to "Messeigneurs du Parlement." The deliberation on this petition was, however, postponed, in order to afford the King's Council time to give in their opinions.

That same day came tidings which still more disposed people's minds to compassion for the House of Condé. The Princess Dowager had just sunk beneath her sorrows: she died on the 2nd of December at Châtillon sur Loing, with true sentiments of Christian piety. She desired her Confessor in her last moments to go and see the Queen and tell her that she died her very humble servant, although she died of the grief which had been caused her by the persecution of her children. But what afflicted her still more was the irregular conduct of Madame de Longueville. "My dear friend," said she to the Countess de Brienne, who was with her when she expired, "send word to that poor benighted creature at Stenay the state in which you see me, and let her learn how to die."* These noble expressions had their effect after many long years: this good seed remained long hidden in the ground, but we shall see it at length produce enduring fruits.

The partisans of Condé, however, at Paris were not slumbering: they had formed a little secret Council, which assembled generally in the hotel of the Princess Palatine. Anne of Gonzaga, Princess Palatine, was well known by her wit and her gallantries. According to the *Memoirs of Montpensier*,† "The Duke de Guise, Archbishop of Rheims, though he was, had paid court to her in a most extraordinary manner; he made love as people do in romances; when he quitted France she quitted it too. Soon after she dressed herself in men's clothes, and went straight to Besançon in order to go from thence into Flanders; she called herself Madame de Guise; when she wrote or spoke, she talked of her husband; in short, she omitted nothing which could declare her marriage. Whilst she was at Besançon, and he at Brussels, he fell in love with another lady, whom he married; then she returned to Paris, and reassumed her name of the Princess Anne, as though nothing had hap-

* *Memoirs of Motteville*, vol. iii., p. 547.

† Vol. i., p. 306, ed. 1746.

"pened."—Having thus very happily returned to her single state, she married in secret, some years after, Prince Edward, one of the younger sons of the Elector Palatine; but as she was very prone to gallantry, and her husband very poor and very jealous, they did not agree extremely well. She had conceived a great enthusiasm for the noble qualities of the Prince of Condé, and she drew around her in his service the Duchess de Châtillon, the Duke de Nemours, the Presidents Viole and de Nesmond, and many others; she also negotiated with the chiefs of the Fronde.

In the midst of these cabals the Prince's party was suddenly stunned by the news of a great victory which had just been achieved by Mazarin. On arriving at the frontier the Cardinal had assembled a considerable army and undertaken the siege of Rhetel, a town reduced by the enemy a few months previously. The Governor of the town sent word to Turenne that he engaged to hold out at least four days longer, and the Viscount set off to his assistance, accompanied by Don Estevan de Gamarra and his Spaniards. But Rhetel was surrendered by the Governor the very day after his promise, and an occasion presented itself for falling upon the troops of Turenne and Gamarra unawares. The French were commanded by the Maréchal du Plessis on the field of battle, and watched by the Cardinal Mazarin from the top of the church tower of Rhetel. The enemy were completely routed, Don Estevan and the greater number of his officers were taken prisoners, twelve hundred men were left dead on the field, and Turenne could muster only a hundred and fifty cavalry in his flight towards Montmedy.*

The Cardinal returned in triumph to Paris: he arrived the last day of the year, and expected to find every party bowing lowly before the victorious Minister. But, on the contrary, after the first moments of surprise and terror, the people became more determined than ever to oppose him. As is well said by the author of the *Maxims*—"Fortune so capriciously ruled the events of this battle that Monsieur de Turenne, who had lost it, became thereby necessary to the Spaniards, and obtained the entire command of their army; and, on the other hand, the Cardinal, who claimed for himself all the glory of this action,

* Ramsay, *History of Turenne*, vol. i. pp. 264—271.

“renewed in every breast the disgust and fear of his ascendancy.”* Thus it was to the vanquished that this victory brought advantage!

To understand clearly the state of politics at this period, we must recall the events at Montrond and at Bordeaux. Pity for the unfortunate fate of Condé, admiration for his great military exploits, sympathy for the devotion of his young wife, had taken possession of all hearts. The chiefs of the Fronde, without partaking of this general feeling, could not entirely neglect it without compromising the sole support of their tottering power—their popularity. They thought, besides, that Mazarin, after his victory, would cease to treat them with caution, because he would cease to want them; and that he would even try to crush them, in order that he might reign alone. Their chief leader, the Coadjutor of Paris, had also other personal motives: he wished to become Cardinal de Retz; and Mazarin had lately irritated him by refusing his nomination at Rome. For all these combined reasons the ancient Frondeurs in the Parliament zealously joined the new ones (that is, the partisans of Condé), to support the petition of Madame la Princesse. It was in vain that the Advocate-General, Talon, opposed it with some miserable cavils; as, for example, that “The aforesaid Lady, Princess of Condé, did not prove that she had been authorized by Monsieur her husband—an essential condition, without which no woman could act in law!” The Parliament, by a large majority, decided that they would make remonstrances to the Queen to obtain the liberty of the Princes.

Without limiting themselves to this assistance, the chiefs of the Fronde proposed to the friends of Condé a close alliance and a formal treaty; but La Rochefoucauld, who came to Paris to take part in these negotiations, and was concealed at the hotel of the Princess Palatine, leaned rather to a reconciliation with Mazarin, who held the keys of Havre, and who, without intrigues or revolutions, could by a single order restore liberty to the Princes. The Duke had several nocturnal conferences with the Cardinal at the Palais Royal, where he went alone and disguised, and where the Cardinal came himself to open the door, his candle in his hand.

* *Memoirs of La Rochefoucauld*, p. 154, ed. 1804.

Mazarin, however, always promised, but never kept his word. The month of January passed without anything being resolved upon; and the Duke at last told the Cardinal that if he did not obtain that very moment a positive answer, he should be obliged to conclude other engagements, and could not again return to the Palais Royal. This frank and honest declaration produced no effect. Men who are themselves deceivers can never believe (and therein lies their principal punishment) in the sincerity of others. Mazarin did not think the thing so pressing as he was told it was: he said "Adieu," with a smile, and allowed the departure of La Rochefoucauld, who instantly returned to the Princess Palatine, and signed, for himself and for Madame de Longueville, a treaty with the Coadjutor and the Fronde. One of the principal conditions was the marriage of the Prince of Conti with Mademoiselle de Chevreuse. They found means to draw the weak-minded Gaston into this alliance, in spite of all his misgivings. Caumartin, secretary to the Coadjutor, followed him everywhere for several days, the treaty in one pocket and an inkstand in the other: at last he caught him between two doors, put the pen between his fingers, and Monsieur signed, said Madame de Chevreuse, as he would have signed a compact with the Devil had he been afraid of being surprised by his guardian angel! *

This powerful combination was preparing the downfall of Mazarin; an imprudence committed by the Cardinal himself hastened it. One night at Court he had the folly to compare the chiefs of the Fronde to Fairfax and to Cromwell. These words were repeated by the Duke of Orleans to the Coadjutor, and by the Coadjutor to the Parliament. The indignation they excited was the more violent because they were not entirely without truth. Moved with anger, the Parliament allowed itself to be drawn into a petition, addressed to his Majesty, entreating that he would dismiss Cardinal Mazarin from his presence and his councils. The people, feeling their ancient hatred revive, lighted bonfires in the streets at the news of this petition; and Gaston, taking courage, publicly declared that he should join himself to the magistrates to obtain the liberty of his cousins.

Mazarin plainly saw that he could no longer struggle against such an outbreak in the capital; but, although losing the game,

* *Memoirs of De Retz*, vol. ii. p. 200, ed. 1817

he did not throw up his cards. He resolved to quit Paris, to retire to Havre, to treat with Condé himself if he could, and in any case to form a body of troops by collecting all the garrisons of the towns which were still at his disposal. The Queen was to remain at the Palais Royal in the hope of regaining her influence over the Duke of Orleans; but if she could not succeed, she promised to join her favourite, and recommence a civil war.

With these views Mazarin first made the Queen sign an order to the Sieur de Bar, directing him to do whatever might be commanded him on the subject of the Princes by the Cardinal. Then taking leave of her Majesty the evening of the 6th of February, Mazarin disguised himself as an officer, put on a hat and feathers, and went out by the Porte de Richelieu, where he found an escort of three hundred mounted men, commanded by his countryman and his friend, the Count de Broglie; and at the head of this little troop he moved slowly on towards Havre.

Anne of Austria, remaining at Paris, proposed several times, but in vain, an interview to the Duke of Orleans. Gaston mistrusting, and with reason, his own weakness, refused to see her. Then the Queen, more than ever devoted to her darling Cardinal, made secret preparations for carrying off the young King in the night of the 9th of February. Unfortunately for her, the chiefs of the Fronde received intelligence of her design. They hastened to the Duke of Orleans to ask for an order to retain her by force; but Gaston, quite terror-stricken, ensconced himself in his bed, and refused to give any direction. Then the Coadjutor and the Duke de Beaufort, on their own responsibility, took energetic measures, to which the feelings of the people no less quickly responded. The drums beat in every street; the *bourgeois* ran to arms; their former captains placed themselves anew at their head; the gates of the town were speedily guarded; the Palais Royal was assailed, and the Queen's own guards showed no zeal in defending what they considered only as the interest of a minister, or rather a minion, who had become hateful to them.

In this feeling, which was almost general, not a drop of blood was shed, and yet what a strange vicissitude! The all-powerful favourite a proscribed fugitive, and the Queen Regent almost a prisoner in her own palace!

In the midst of all these tumults the Queen showed as much courage in undergoing, as Gaston had shown cowardice in directing them. Without appearing at all disturbed, she declared to every one that she never had entertained the least idea of carrying off her son. Hearing some few *bourgeois*, more forward than the rest, who had entered the court of the Palais Royal, and who were calling loudly, 'Let them show us the "King! we will see the King!" Anne of Austria commanded all the doors to be thrown open, herself received the insurgents, and conducted them to the room of the young King, Louis XIV., who was slumbering sweetly and calmly. "These mutineers," says a lady of the Court, "were delighted with this frankness: "they all placed themselves close to the King's bed, the curtains of which they had undrawn, and then, seized with strong feelings of affection, poured forth on him a thousand blessings. "They watched him a long while asleep, and could scarcely enough admire him. Their anger ceased; and though they "entered like men half beside themselves, they went out "gain like loyal and submissive subjects!"

The freedom of the Princes naturally followed as a consequence upon the Queen's constraint. By the very next day it was resolved in the Parliament, in the presence of the Duke of Orleans, that La Vrillière, Secretary of State, should go and carry to the Sieur de Bar the order which the Queen had already signed for the liberation of the prisoners, and that La Vrillière should be accompanied in this mission by the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, the President Viole, and several other Deputies. A new Declaration was issued against the Cardinal, by which he was enjoined to leave the kingdom within a fortnight, with his family and his domestics.

Some of the magistrates, however, who had acted the most courageously in favour of Condé, and against Mazarin, appeared grieved at their own triumph. These men of integrity loved none but legal means: they had a horror of tumult or sedition; they held the Majesty of Kings as sacred, and they knew how to prefer virtue to victory. The First President Molé, especially, continued in his place in the Great Chamber, and, with his accus-

tomed calmness, was judging private and individual affairs, but he showed by his countenance and his demeanour that greater things filled his mind. Melancholy, says De Retz, appeared in his eyes, but that kind of melancholy which touches and enthalls us, because it has in it nothing of dejection.* When Monsieur informed him that the *lettre de cachet* for the liberation of the Princes would be despatched within two hours, Molé replied, with a deep sigh, "Monsieur le Prince is at liberty, and the King—the King our master—is a prisoner!" Gaston, who every now and then—that is to say whenever he was not frightened—spoke well in public, replied instantly, "The King was a prisoner in the hands of Mazarin, but thank God, he is no longer so!" And the *Conseillers des Enquêtes* exclaimed, like an echo, "He is no longer so! he is no longer so!"

Like the moth which is for ever fluttering around the hostile flame which has already wounded and will wound it again—thus Mazarin, proscribed by the Parliament and driven forth by the people, still hovered in the neighbourhood of Paris, always hoping to be recalled, or at least rejoined, by the Queen. Already could he see tokens of the downfall of his fortunes by the change in all those about him—already had the officers of his household laid aside their respectful bearing, and begun to greet the Cardinal with clouded looks and bitter words. On hearing what had passed on the 10th of February at Paris, he felt that he had not a moment to lose, if he still wished to negotiate with the Princes; therefore he hastened his march, and arrived before Havre on the morning of the 13th at sun-rise. But the news of his reverse of fortune had preceded him. De Bar declared drily, that with regard to his prisoners he should act according to the Queen's orders, but that as for the fortress of Havre, he was resolved to maintain it for the Duchess d'Aiguillon; that he would not receive the Cardinal's troops, and that he should only allow his Eminence himself to enter. Mazarin had recourse first to cajoleries and then to threats, without, however, being able to shake De Bar's resolution. Whilst he was still parleying before the gates of the town, a courier arrived from Paris, announcing that the Deputies who carried the order for

* De Retz, *Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 259, ed. 1817.

the liberation of the Princes would be at Havre before night. Then it was no longer possible for Mazarin to treat with Condé, and propose his liberation from prison as one of the conditions, but he could still reserve to himself the merit of being the first to announce this happy news; and, according to the memoirs of those times, "Not being able to play the part of a minister, he wished at least to play the part of a courier."* Leaving therefore his escort, he entered the citadel and presented himself to the Princes.

At the unexpected sight of his mortal enemy Condé could not repress a gesture of surprise, but his reception displayed neither arrogance on the one hand nor meanness on the other. The Cardinal at last fell upon his knees, and protested that he had taken no part in the imprisonment of the Princes; that it was the act of the Duke of Orleans and the Frondeurs; and that the Queen had just granted their liberty to his own earnest entreaties and prayers. Condé replied, in a few words only, that he was grateful to find her Majesty now did him justice, and that he would serve her faithfully as he had always done. Without taking any notice of the Cardinal's overtures of conciliation, he continued treating him with the utmost politeness, which bordered, however, a little upon disdain. He ordered dinner to be served for himself and his brothers, made Mazarin take a seat at their table, and civilly drank to his health. The Prince of Conti and the Duke de Longueville appeared less polite, and in a greater hurry to leave the prison. After the repast, Mazarin asked Condé for a private interview; and finding himself alone with him, he redoubled his professions and entreaties, imploring his pardon for what had passed, and his protection for the future. He urged that the Throne was tottering before the Fronde, and that the only means of rendering it firm and stable was a close alliance between himself as confidant of the Queen, and the Princes of the Blood. Condé listened coldly to him, and answered but little: at last he went down stairs, still followed by Mazarin, and entered a coach with his brothers and the Maréchal de Grammont. At the last moment Mazarin threw himself before him, and embraced his boot; Condé, turning round, with a formal salutation, said only "Farewell, Monsieur

* *Memoirs of Motteville*, vol. iv., p. 87.

“ le Cardinal.”* The fallen Minister for a long while followed with his eyes the coach, which seemed to bear away from him his last hopes. He saw Condé take the road towards Paris, to the sound of salvos of artillery, and amidst the acclamations of the populace—that same populace which, thirteen months before, had lighted bonfires at the news of his imprisonment !

* Account of Condé himself to Mademoiselle de Montpensier. See her *Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 5, ed. 1746.

CHAPTER VIII.

Condé arrives at Paris—Arrival of the Princess from Montrond—Power of the House of Condé at this period—Erroneous Policy of the Prince—Fresh dissensions with the Court—He retires to St. Maur, and to Montrond—Renewal of the Civil War—Condé at Bordeaux—His campaign on the Charente—Return of Mazarin to France—Military movements on the Loire—Mademoiselle de Montpensier at Orleans—Her Courtship by Charles II. of England—Victory of Turenne at Jargeau.

“ I FELT,” said Condé himself some days afterwards to his cousin Mademoiselle de Montpensier, “ I felt unspeakable joy when “ I saw myself out of Havre, and with my sword at my side ! ” * Like an eagle bursting through the bars of his cage, and once more soaring towards the skies, already he stretches forth his wings to protect his nest, or his talons to seize his prey. What earthly happiness can be compared to that of the prisoner who, after a grievous and protracted expectation, and hopes often disappointed, at length sees the door of his dungeon open before him ? With what transports does he contemplate, as though it were for the first time, that sky resplendent with brightness, those verdant meads, and yonder bright and gushing stream ! After a long night—or rather a slow death—he feels, as it were, born anew ; but as though one could be born with a complete knowledge of objects, and a full development of mind ! Pleasure, fortune, family, fatherland—all these are summed up to the poor prisoner in that one word “ Liberty ! ” Ah ! why did Condé forget the sorrows of his captivity and the happy day of his deliverance, when, twenty years later——But let me not anticipate my story.

The night of his release Condé slept at the Château of Gros-menil, four leagues from Havre, where he met the Duke de la Rochefoucauld and the President Viole, and heard from them all the details of the late events.

Two days afterwards he made a solemn and public entry with his brothers into Paris. He received at St. Denis the congratu-

* *Memoirs of Montpensier*, vol. ii., p. 5.

lations of that very same Guitaut who had arrested him, and who now came to congratulate him on the part of the Queen ! The Duke of Orleans had also advanced as far as *La Chapelle* to meet his cousin, bringing with him in his coach the Coadjutor and the Duke de Beaufort. Condé embraced them all, as though he had forgotten his ancient feuds with the Fronde. Cries of joy arose from the countless multitude which lined the road : some mounted on the roofs of houses, others upon the trees which lined the plain ; every one wished again to see and hail the hero. Condé, who had supplied himself with money and jewels, distributed them to all those who surrounded him. He had nothing left but his sword, when, hearing a young officer say how happy he should be in possessing it, "Here it is," said the Prince with kindness ; "may it gain for you the bâton of a *Maréchal de France* !" * It is added that the young officer proved himself worthy of this gift : he attained the rank of Brigadier, and twenty-four years later was killed when fighting under Condé's own banner at the battle of Seneff.

The Princes went first to the Palais Royal, where the Queen, both sick and sorrowful, had placed herself in her bed to receive them. The compliments on either side were very cold, and soon over. From thence, always accompanied by the acclamations of the populace, the Princes went to the Luxembourg, the palace of the Duke of Orleans. A great supper was there awaiting them, which lasted till very late at night. A thousand healths were drunk to the Princes and their friends, and every insult was heaped upon the fallen Minister. Condé alone had the generosity to say that the absent ought to be spared.

The next day Condé and his brothers went to thank the Parliament for its declarations in their favour, and receive its good wishes and congratulations ; whilst the rejoicings of the populace lasted several days more, in fire-works, banquets in the streets, and noisy acclamations. A panegyrist adds, with much simplicity, and without intending any malicious meaning, "That the drunkenness (*l'ivresse*) of the capital was never yet so great !" †

In the midst of these rejoicings the Duchess de Longueville arrived from Stenay, and the Princess and her son from Mont-round. It was a joyful family reunion. Condé ceased to treat

* Desormeaux, vol. ii., p. 455.

† Ibid.

his wife with the contempt which he had shown her ever since their marriage, and for the first time manifested towards her friendship and regard. "I went to see Madame la Princesse "on her return," says Mademoiselle; "she appeared to me on "that day more quick than usual; I staid only a short time; "she was so transported with joy at seeing so much company "in her house."* We may perhaps be allowed to think that her joy was rather caused by seeing her husband out of prison, and herself well received by him.

At this period the House of Condé seemed to have attained the utmost pitch of greatness. The Parliament, the Fronde, the nobility—every chief of every party—had united for its defence, and each in turn sought its support. On its side were enlisted the most highly honoured magistrates, the most skilful politicians, the most valiant soldiers. The favour of the common people responded to this general alliance of the great. Its enemy, the Cardinal Mazarin, repulsed at Havre, and become more than ever the object of general hatred, had at length decided upon leaving the kingdom, and had found an asylum at Brühl, the country-house of the Elector, near Cologne. From this retreat he continued to govern Anne of Austria as absolutely as though he had been still at the Palais Royal; and every one of his letters became an order, without appeal, to his submissive mistress. But the Queen, weakened in general estimation by this foreign influence, and become a mark for all the combined resentments aimed at her favourite, no longer possessed any real power, and remained almost a prisoner in the midst of her own Court.

In these first moments it would not have been difficult for Condé (and many of his friends advised it) to deprive the Queen of her authority, and shut her up in the Val de Grace, whilst a declaration from the Parliament might transfer the Regency to the Duke of Orleans, or perhaps even to Condé himself. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld—a very competent judge in these matters—says that all parties would willingly have agreed to this measure. "But," adds he, "Monsieur le Prince, who returned as it were in triumph, was still too much dazzled with "the splendour of his liberation to see very distinctly all that he "might undertake. Perhaps, too, the greatness of the under-

* *Memoirs of Montpensier*, vol. ii., p. 7.

“taking prevented him from seeing its facility.” * He let pass the favourable opportunity, which, once lost, never returns. He thought he could safely trust a woman accustomed to dominion, and whose wishes were all centered in the return of her favourite. Above all, he did not sufficiently consider that the union of the parties which he had found on his liberation, and on which rested his own power, must needs be temporary, and that all the new friends who had attached themselves to him during the storm against a common danger, would drop from him like the wings of Icarus, at the first gleam of sunshine. He must either strike at once, or soon find himself disarmed. But the whole history of Condé is a proof that a consummate genius in war is sometimes wholly unskilful in the conduct of a faction.

Instead of those bold but yet prudent measures which would have destroyed the root of the evil, and anticipated the discords to come, the Prince allowed himself to be lured by the proposals of the Queen. He consented to accept from her, both for himself and his brothers, the towns and the offices of which they had been deprived. He received permission to re-establish all the regiments belonging to their family. He accepted the government of Guyenne in lieu of that of Burgundy, which was desired for the Duke d'Epemon; but Condé reserved for himself all the fortified towns of the province which he resigned. He entered into a secret negotiation, having for its object to obtain the government of Auvergne for the Duke de Nemours, the government of Provence for the Prince of Conti, the fortified town of Blaye for the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, and several other favours for himself and his friends; and on these conditions he consented to the Cardinal's return. His pretensions were so excessive, that the Cardinal himself advised the Queen not to accept them, and to wait for better times. But this negotiation, which was soon seen through, cooled many of Condé's friends, who wished to oppose, as good Frenchmen, the restoration of an evil Minister. Condé was never able to perceive the truth, that every statesman, however illustrious he may be, cannot form any considerable party for his own private grandeur and glory, and that he must link them firmly with some great public interest.

At the same time that Condé showed himself so eager for the

* *Memoirs*, p. 169, ed. 1804.

interests of his relations and connections, he was accused of not being sufficiently zealous for the advancement of his friends. The Duke de Bouillon appeared very much displeased with him on this account, and the Viscount de Turenne openly declared that, having fulfilled his pledges for the deliverance of the Princes, he no longer considered himself linked to their party. It must be owned, however, that the demands of the Prince's friends were so numerous and so exorbitant, that even Royal authority would have found it difficult to satisfy them. One day that Condé hardly knew what answers to give, and saw no means for rewarding even a fourth part of those who had served him during his imprisonment, he could not forbear exclaiming, "How happy is the Duke de Beaufort in owing his liberty only to himself and his own domestics!" *

Private disappointments, moreover, became envenomed by public differences. A controversy on privileges arose between the Parliament of Paris and a meeting of the nobles, which was held at the house of the Duke de Nemours. Each side claimed Condé's support—the noblemen alleging as claims their military actions, and the magistrates their favourable decrees. Condé, finding himself thus embarrassed, thought to avoid compromising himself by maintaining a strict neutrality, and leaving the management of this affair to the Duke of Orleans. Gaston decided in favour of the Parliament, and the nobility discontinued its meetings, having previously drawn from the Queen Regent a Royal Declaration promising that the States-General should be convoked before the close of the year to judge all these questions. But the timid policy of Monsieur le Prince on this occasion cooled for his interests not only the nobles whom he had forsaken, but also the Parliament which had prevailed, each party accusing him of weakness and ingratitude.

At Court the Prince had the misfortune to raise against himself all the force of female hatred. We have already seen that one of the principal conditions of the agreement signed at the house of the Princess Palatine, and accepted by the imprisoned Princes, was the marriage of the Prince of Conti with Mademoiselle de Chevreuse. This marriage, already arranged, was broken off very abruptly and with great harshness by Condé.

* *Memoirs of Motteville*, vol. iv., p. 156.

Good reasons were certainly not wanting for this, Mademoiselle de Chevreuse being known by everybody to be the mistress of the Coadjutor; but Condé might have employed gentler means and more respectful expressions. The result was, that the Princess Palatine and the Duchess de Chevreuse, violently irritated, again threw themselves into the Queen's party, and drew along with them the Coadjutor and his friends.

Discord penetrated even into Condé's own family. Monsieur de Longueville was much displeased with the conduct of his wife, and not much pleased with that of his brothers-in-law. Delighted to find himself out of prison and re-established in his government of Normandy, he wished for nothing but peace and tranquillity. Madame de Longueville, on the contrary, advocated the most violent measures, even civil war, only in order that she might have some valid pretext for living apart from her husband, "whom she had never loved," says Gondy, "and whom "for some time past she had begun to fear."*

For all these reasons which I have given in detail, a few weeks sufficed to dissolve that formidable combination which had driven forth Mazarin and recalled Condé. The Queen, always skilfully directed by the letters of the former from Brühl, seized the propitious moment for resuming her authority. She dismissed several of her Ministers whom she thought not in her interest, and treated Gaston's remonstrances upon this subject with cold contempt. She held several nocturnal conferences with Gondy, and formed an alliance with him, and several other chiefs of the Ancient Fronde, thus becoming able to control a part of the populace of Paris, and the armed *bourgeois* who surrounded her palace. More irritated than ever against the Prince of Condé, she desired again to seize his person. With this view she was brooding over two different projects: one suggested by the Coadjutor, of arresting the Prince in broad day, at the apartments in the Luxembourg, the first time he should go to visit Gaston. The other, which was much more violent, was the device of the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt: he proposed to assail the Hôtel de Condé with an armed force during the night, and thus surprise Monsieur le Prince in bed. "Consider, I entreat you," says Gondy in his Memoirs, "if such a design was practicable,

* Memoirs of Retz, vol. ii., p. 340, ed. 1817.

“ without bloodshed, in a house full of suspicion, and against a man of the greatest courage in the world.”*

At this period Condé was still negotiating with the Court, and thought himself on the eve of a conclusion. Judge what was his rage when he learnt by secret intelligence that his liberty was in danger, and perhaps even his life! On this occasion he could not control the violence of his temper: instead of only taking sufficient but discreet precautionary measures, he made a great uproar, summoned to his assistance a crowd of gentlemen, barricadoed the windows of the Hôtel de Condé, and placed videttes in his garden. Anne of Austria expressed great surprise at these preparations, but did not on her side neglect the opportunity of assembling troops at the Palais Royal. For several days the two parties remained thus face to face, and on one occasion Monsieur le Prince narrowly escaped being attacked or arrested on meeting, when nearly alone out walking, the King, who was on his return from bathing at Suresne.

Condé's suspicions being once awakened, became perhaps extreme. Besides, as usually happens to Princes, his friends, wishing to exalt their own value by bringing great news, were constantly led to exaggeration of small events. At last, on the 6th of July, at two o'clock in the morning, Condé, being then in bed, saw one of his gentlemen, named Ricousse, enter hurriedly. “ Monseigneur!” exclaimed he, “ your hotel is invaded!” At the same moment another of his gentlemen rushed into the room to announce that two companies of the Royal Guards were advancing by the Rue des Boucheries. After the event, it was discovered that these Guards had been set in motion for a wholly pacific object—to prevent some smugglers from bringing into the town their waggon-loads of wine. But in the agitation of this first moment Condé arose, dressed himself in haste, mounted his horse with his attendants, himself being the seventh in the cavalcade, and left Paris by the Porte St. Michel. Having arrived in the open country before sun-rise, he remained some time on the high road waiting for news of the Prince of Conti, whom he had sent to forewarn. But on a sudden he thought he heard the sound of a number of horses advancing at full trot. He has no doubt that it must be a squadron of

* *Memoirs of Retz*, vol. ii., p. 327, ed. 1817.

cavalry which had been sent in pursuit of him ! On this he spurs his horse, and arrives at full gallop near Meudon ! The sound, however, which he had heard proceeded only from a troop of villagers, who were driving to market their asses, laden with vegetables. " Thus," as an historian of our day truly states, " a strange freak of fortune made the most intrepid man of his age fly before women, children, and donkeys !"*

Once having set off, Condé determined to continue his journey. He went to his house of St. Maur, which was only three leagues from Paris ; but taking his way by cross roads he arrived there very late, and worn out with fatigue. He was there joined by Madame la Princesse, the Prince of Conti, the Duchess de Longueville, the Dukes de la Rochefoucauld and Nemours, Messieurs Arnauld, Lenet, and many others. All the pleasures of this château—balls, comedies, play, hunting-parties, and good cheer—attracted thither a great number of those uncertain persons who always offer themselves at the commencement of a party, and who forsake or betray it in the sequel.† St. Maur became a kind of Court, in rivalry with that of the Palais Royal. Anne of Austria, however, troubled at the consequences of such a secession, caused it to be declared to the Parliament, on her Royal word, that she had never entertained any intention of arresting Monsieur le Prince. Thereupon the Parliament entreated the Duke of Orleans to go to St. Maur, and employ all his influence with his cousin to persuade him to return. On her side the Queen sent the Maréchal de Grammont for the same object.

Condé received these overtures with cold disdain, and replied that he should persist in absenting himself so long as her Majesty kept in attendance upon her the Secretaries of State, Servien and Lyonne, who were creatures of Mazarin, and in daily correspondence with him. Anne of Austria exclaimed with fury against this new inroad on her rights. The wisest magistrates did not approve of it, and the Coadjutor remarked that, " if the aversion of one of Messieurs the Princes of the Blood was to be the rule of a Minister's fortune, that dependence would greatly diminish the King's authority, and the liberty of his subjects."

There were several stormy debates upon the subject. At last

* St. Aulaire, *History of the Fronde*, vol. ii., p. 363.

† *Memoirs of La Rochefoucauld*, p. 193.

a decree was passed, which, without naming any one, condemned all those who, in defiance of preceding decrees, should correspond with the Cardinal. Servien and Lyonne no longer ventured to appear at the Council, or even to remain in the town; and Condé having no longer any pretext for continuing in his retreat, consented to return to Paris, and to pay the Queen a short visit.

Condé, however, foresaw very clearly that things could not remain in this state; that he must either attempt a thorough reconciliation with the Court or throw himself into extreme measures. He felt a sincere veneration for the Royal authority, and an honourable scruple against recommencing civil war. Tumults in the street especially inspired him with deep disgust. He said himself, with that noble simplicity which so well becomes a hero, that he did not feel himself brave enough for a war carried on with stones and firebrands.* On the other hand he saw his mortal enemy dictating, from Cologne, even the smallest steps taken by the Queen. He feared that, by limiting himself to a timid defence, he should leave to Mazarin time to corrupt his servants, and still further to throw division into his party. Grieved and perplexed by a thousand conflicting sentiments, he continued his preparations for a war, without, however, renouncing his hopes of a peace. He sent his wife, his son, and his sister to Montrond, in order to maintain Berry in his interests, and await in safety the result of the crisis. He sent the Marquis de Sillery to Brussels to concert measures on the side of the Spaniards. His best towns were intrusted to his best friends: he gave the command of Bellegarde to the Count de Boutteville, of Dijon to Arnould, and of Stenay to Marsin; whilst with himself at the Hôtel de Condé he retained the faithful Lenet as his confidential counsellor, and surrounded himself with a numerous and brilliant escort of nobility.

The Queen on her side was readily led into violent resolutions, hoping to find in a civil war some occasion for the recall of her favourite. She sent to the Parliament a formal Declaration against the Prince of Condé, reproaching him with great bitterness for all the steps he had taken, and even for all the favours he had received. The following day Condé went to the Great Chamber to justify himself; he caused another Declaration to be read in his vindication, which he had forced Gaston to

* *Memoirs of La Rochefoucauld*, p. 178.

sign, and he next accused the Coadjutor to his face of being the author of the calumnies against his reputation and of the attacks against his person. Gondy boldly answered, fixing his eyes full upon Condé, that at any rate nobody could accuse him of having failed in keeping his word to his friends. This latter sally, which related to the broken engagements with the Fronde and Madame de Chevreuse, stung the Prince to the quick. "How-
" ever," says Gondy himself, "though animated by Monsieur le
" Prince de Conti, who touched him on the side as though to urge
" him to resent it, he did not lose his temper, which in him could
" only be the effect of the greatness of his courage and his magnanimity. Though I was on that day very well attended, he
" was without comparison much stronger than I was; and it is
" certain that if we had drawn our swords at that moment, he
" would have had the whole advantage over me."*

These dangers, these scandals, occurred more than once. One day the Coadjutor, being better attended than usual, wished to dispute the precedence with Monsieur le Prince in the *Salle du Palais*: the Prince disdained such an adversary and such a field of battle; but the servants and friends of both parties were already grasping their swords. It became necessary that the First President Molé should pathetically entreat Monsieur le Prince, by the blood of St. Louis, not to allow the temple, which that glorious King had given to the preservation of peace and the protection of justice, to become the scene of bloodshed: it became necessary that he should exhort the Coadjutor, by his sacred character, not to encourage the massacre of a people whom God had committed to his charge. But at this very same sitting the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, finding himself near Gondy as he was entering the *Parquet des Huissiers*, pressed him with great violence between the folding-doors, and it is acknowledged by himself in his Memoirs, that he hesitated as to whether he should not, upon that occasion, despatch his mortal enemy: he let him pass, however, at last, all breathless and bruised. They saw each other once more before the civil war, on an occasion which forms a singular and shocking contrast to this. Condé was returning from the Parliament in his coach with La Rochefoucauld, when they met the procession of "Notre Dame"—the Coadju-

* Memoirs of Retz, vol. ii., p. 455.

tor attired in his episcopal robes, followed by his clergy, and walking behind several images and relics. To show their respect to the Church, the Prince and the Duke immediately stepped out of their carriage and received on their knees the blessing of the Prelate, who afterwards made a low bow to his Highness, his cap in his hand. On that day the populace was entirely on the Prince's side; they loaded the Coadjutor with invectives and reproaches, and would have torn him in pieces if Condé had not sent some servants to his rescue.

According to the Memoirs of the times, "the Queen, who hated equally both parties, would have been heartily glad if they had killed each other, so that neither should escape!"* But in this conjuncture of affairs she was obliged to support the Coadjutor whilst waiting for an opportunity to ruin him in his turn. She had sent word to the Parliament that the King, her son, would hold a "*Lit de Justice*" there on the 7th of September, in order to declare his majority. Of course such a declaration from the mouth of a child of thirteen years of age could not in any way affect the Government or diminish the Queen's authority: on the contrary, she intended to increase it under her son's name, and to find a tolerable pretext for eluding her promise of convoking the States-General. Condé did not choose to be present at the ceremony, thinking that he might, perhaps, be arrested; he retired to Chantilly, and from thence to the Château de Trie,† the house of his brother-in-law De Longueville, but he sent his brother, the Prince of Conti, to carry a letter of apology to her Majesty. The expressions of this letter were, however, so unhappily chosen, that the Queen was exasperated by them beyond measure: she said that night to the Coadjutor these very words: "Monsieur le Prince shall perish or I will!"‡

Monsieur le Prince still hesitated, however, in giving the signal for a civil war. He felt, almost in spite of himself, the strongest repugnance in acting against the Sovereign Majesty. He found

* Memoirs of Montglat, vol. ii., p. 205.

† Trie is eight leagues distant from Beauvais, on the road to Gisors. This Château served as an asylum to Jean Jacques Rousseau in 1767 (see his Letters to M. du Peyrou). Now, one tower alone remains. (Guide Pittoresque, vol. ii., Dépt. de l'Oise, p. 24.)

‡ Memoirs of Retz, vol. ii., p. 492.

the Duke de Longueville very fully determined against running any further risks for the sake of pleasing a haughty brother-in-law and a faithless wife. Besides, a more tender motive recalled Conde to Paris. He had fallen once more passionately in love with Madane de Châtillon, who, attached at that time to the Duke de Nemours, gave the Prince only just encouragement enough to prevent his being entirely repulsed; but Condé hoped by time and assiduity to triumph over his rival. These political and private reasons induced him to take one more step towards a reconciliation. He wrote to the Duke of Orleans that he was going to begin the civil war in Berry; but that he adopted this measure with very great regret; that he was perfectly ready to accept any reasonable terms; that he placed his own interests in the hands of his dear cousin; that he was proceeding by short days' journeys; and that he would stop at Angerville, in order there to receive Gaston's answer.

Gaston, who did indeed become panic-struck at the smallest hint of a war, negotiated with great ardour, and obtained several concessions from the Queen: she promised that the States-General should be immediately convoked to regulate public affairs, and that in the mean time the Prince could remain without molestation in any one of his Governments which he preferred. These conditions might have preserved peace: it was a strange accident which turned the scale to war. Condé awaited his cousin's answer at Angerville, a country house of the President Perrault; the very same where a year previously the Princess had also rested in her flight from Chantilly. But the Sieur de Croissy, who was intrusted with the letter by the Duke of Orleans, mistook the address and went to Augerville, a little town near Etampes. Condé therefore seeing no one arrive, and being much irritated with the very little notice which appeared to be taken of his offers, rapidly continued his route to Bourges. He was still on his journey when Croissy, becoming aware of his mistake, contrived to overtake him. Condé received his despatches on horseback, and read them without dismounting; then turning round, and addressing those who surrounded him, he said, "If this letter had come a little sooner, it would have stopped me; but being now in my saddle, I will not dismount for uncertain hopes."*

* Memoirs of Guy Joli.

Such levity in so important an affair can only be excused by the heat of a first impulse. Indeed that impulse once over, the Prince saw that he ought to take time to reflect, and opportunities to consult. He only staid at Bourges therefore a few hours to receive the Magistrates, and took Croissy with him on to Montrond, at which place were assembled the chiefs of his family and party, his wife his sister, his brother, the Dukes de la Rochefoucauld and de Nemours, the President Viole, and Turenne.

Thus the lonely Château of Montrond became once again, as it had been the previous year, the centre of projects and councils where the question of peace or war for the whole of France was to be decided. The same persons as formerly were to be found there, the Princess of Condé, the young Englishman, and the faithful Ecné, but Coné, who was then the object of all their negotiations, had now become their leader. The deliberations were several times renewed, and Condé for a long time hesitated. Clémence, so courageous for the deliverance of her husband, now that he was restored to her, placed all her glory in an absolute submission to his will. * Her own wishes, however, all tended to repose. Madame de Longueville, proud and vindictive, thought only of war and drew along with her not only the Prince of Conti, but La Rochefoucauld, Nemours, and Viole. Observing Condé's state of uncertainty, these latter signed amongst themselves a secret agreement to continue the war without him, and even against him if necessary, rather than endure a reconciliation with the Court. Condé knew them far better than they knew themselves. When on the very point of yielding to their entreaties, he exclaimed, "You have engaged me in a strange plot, but I foretell that you will be sooner weary of it than I shall, and that you will forsake me" †. Never, as we shall see, was any prophecy more fully accomplished.

Thus it is that in factions small minds can subdue great ones—thus it was that Condé became forced to yield to the influence of those whose judgment he despised. When once his resolution was taken, he acted with vigour. He sent back Croissy to the Duke of Orleans with a decisive and final refusal of his offers. He

* "Nobis obsequi gloria relicta est"—(Tacit. Annal, lib vi., c 8.)

† Memoirs of the Duchess de Nemours, part iii.

despatched Lenet to Madrid to try and obtain assistance from Spain. He ordered the Princess of Condé to shut herself up at Montrond with her son, whilst the Duchess de Longueville and the Prince of Conti were to return to Bourges and maintain that town in a state of revolt. Condé himself left Montrond the next day for his new government of Guyenne, accompanied only by La Rochefoucauld. On his road he stopped to visit the field of battle at Jarnac, where his grandfather had fallen, and he made his public entry into Bordeaux on the 22nd of September. The Bordelais received him with an enthusiasm which is not uncommon with the Gascons: they were transported with joy at seeing for the first time amongst them the conqueror of Rocroy, the prisoner of Vincennes, the constant protector of their town; and what pleased them more than all, the declared enemy of the Duke d'Epéron.*

On the other hand the Prince of Conti arrived at Bourges, and according to his brother's example, wished to display some vigour; but in weak characters vigour invariably turns to violence. Meeting in the street the Lieutenant-General of the *Présidial*, he seized him roughly by the collar and dragged him towards the citadel called "*La Grosse Tour*," exclaiming that he was a Mazarin; and the populace, add the Memoirs of the times, "ever ready to turn to every quarter, without knowing why, followed the prisoner, pelting him with mud and insulting him with taunts."†

The greater number, however, of the respectable townspeople, not seeing any motive for this new civil war, did not at all wish to take part in it. The Queen, who was then at Fontainebleau with the young King, was informed of their favourable disposition, and resolved to profit by it. She advanced towards Berry by Montargis and Gien, accompanied by her son, and escorted by four thousand soldiers. At the news of her approach the populace of Bourges flew to arms to the cry of "Long live the King!" and took possession of the gates of the town, after having driven forth the Prince of Conti and Madame de Longueville, who took shelter at Montrond. The next day Louis XIV. made his entry into the town. As a reward for the

* Memoirs of La Rochefoucauld.

† Memoirs of Montglat, vol. iii., p. 224.

zeal which had been displayed in his reception, he gave permission that the *Grosse Tour* should be demolished, and he with his own hand pulled down the first stone. Then all the inhabitants fell to work with the most inconceivable eagerness, so that in a few days this monument of former tyranny was completely razed to the ground. All the rest of the province (with the exception only of Montrond) submitted in like manner, without a blow, to the Royal authority; and the Court, after having staid there a short time, proceeded to Poitiers in order to superintend more closely the war in Guyenne. A body of two thousand men, under the Count de Palluan, was however detached from the army to lay siege to Montrond; but neither Conti nor Nemours, nor the two Princesses, the wife and sister of Condé, judged it advantageous to allow themselves to be surrounded and taken in this Château. They set off therefore to rejoin Condé, leaving the Marquis de Persan with a good number of soldiers for the defence of this place.

On arriving at Bordeaux they found Monsieur le Prince supported by several noblemen who last year, during his imprisonment, had hesitated to take part in his cause. The Count du Dognon, the Prince de Tarente, and the Maréchal de la Force declared themselves for him. But their support, however valuable it might be, could not repair his loss in the Duke de Bouillon and the Viscount de Turenne, who, so far from joining Condé, had made a private agreement with the Court. On the other hand, the first enthusiasm of the Bordelais for the Prince had soon cooled: they were astonished at his harshness and his insulting sallies, which they could not but compare with the unalterable gentleness and noble devotion of Clémence. From the very first day Condé had trampled down their ancient forms: he had on his own authority driven away from the town the First President and all the other Members of the Parliament whom he suspected; he had, without any decree, seized the money in the Royal Offices. It was still worse when Lenet, according to the Prince's instructions, signed at Madrid a treaty with the Spaniards, by which they promised the assistance of money and a fleet, provided that Condé should give up to them some sea-port as a pledge. In consequence the Baron de Vatteville was soon seen to enter the Gironde with eight Spanish men-of-war and

several fire-ships. The enemy's flag was seen waving before the port of Bordeaux ; and Condé, according to his engagement, gave up to them the town of Bourg. He received in requital a small portion of the subsidies which Spain always promised, and sometimes paid. But at this news, the national feeling, so all-powerful with Frenchmen, was roused at Bordeaux ; thirty Presidents or Councillors of the Parliament left the town in indignation ; and many of those who still obeyed Condé, obeyed him with chafing and rage.

In this situation, in spite of the extraordinary activity displayed by the Prince, and in spite of all his military genius, he could only assemble some thousands of raw recruits, without ammunition, without experience, and without discipline. On the other hand, troops rendered warlike by his own direction were ready to march against him, led from Flanders by the Count d'Harcourt, that former "*Recors de Jules Mazarin*," as Condé had called him on his road from Marcoussy. The Prince seeing, however, how important it was for him to gain as soon as possible reputation to his arms, hastened to commence the campaign, and sent La Rochefoucauld and Tarente to lay siege to Cognac, a fortified town, which commanded the passage of the Charente. Harcourt advanced to repulse them at the head of the Royal army, and at this news Condé hastened from Bordeaux with the Duke de Nemours and four thousand cavalry. He marched upon the left bank, whilst La Rochefoucauld was encamped upon the right, and the two corps could communicate by a bridge of boats. But this bridge was suddenly carried off by the continual rains which swelled the waters of the Charente, so that the Royal troops fell upon La Rochefoucauld without Condé being able to go to his assistance, and obliged him to raise the siege within sight of the conqueror of Rocroy. Mortified at this check, Condé turned his thoughts towards La Rochelle, of which he hoped to get possession, through the means of the Count du Dognon, who had at his disposal one of the towers in the port, called the St. Nicholas. But Harcourt forestalled him by a forced march, and arrived first before the tower, when he so completely intimidated the garrison, that they offered to capitulate. Harcourt called out to them that he gave no quarter to rebels ; and that if they wished to obtain their pardon, they must throw their Go-

vernor from the top of the tower! Accordingly, the alarmed soldiers seized their unfortunate officer, and hurled him to the bottom, where he was despatched by sabre-cuts—after which, they themselves took service with the King's army.*

Condé arrived only just in time to witness this second reverse. He retired first to Tonnay Charente, and from thence towards the Garonne, always followed by Harcourt, and harassed by continual skirmishes. On the one side were good troops and an indifferently general; on the other, the first Captain of the age at the head of a newly levied army.

Towards the end of the year, however, Condé obtained some troops of the line by means of the Count de Marsin, who commanded for the King in Catalonia, and who brought over a part of his army to Monsieur le Prince. It was this defection of Marsin which lost Catalonia to the French—a province which they had possessed for the last twelve years through the revolt of its inhabitants, but which now fell back to its former masters at Madrid. Nearly at the same time the Count d'Harcourt received fresh assistance from Flanders; thus therefore the relative weakness of Monsieur le Prince in Guyenne remained always the same.

In the other provinces also Fortune did not smile on Condé's arms. Normandy remained faithful to the Duke de Longueville, and the Duke de Longueville to the King. In Berry, Mont-ronde, the only fortress which still remained to Condé, was closely blockaded by the Count de Palluau. In Burgundy, Arnauld, one of the Prince's best friends, commanded for him at Dijon, but on his death occurring, the citadel opened its gates to the Duke d'Epéron; and nearly all the province without striking a blow submitted to its new Governor. In the north the Count de Tavannes had succeeded in detaching the Prince's regiments from the Royal army, and leading them under cover of the cannon of Stenay; from thence he had joined the Spanish General, Don Estevan de Gamarra. Both these united were advancing towards Vitry, when the Maréchal de la Ferté intercepted their passage, and threw them back with loss upon the frontier. At Paris the Parliament had no sooner heard of the treaty with Spain than they consented to register the King's Letter Patent, which declared

* *Memoirs of Montglat*, vol. iii. p. 229.

the Princes of Condé and of Conti, and their partisans, guilty of high treason.

Thus on all sides the Prince's party seemed to be declining. His partisans already began to say, as is usual in reverses of fortune, "We never really loved that man!" In a few more months the Prince's bad fortune would either have obliged him to fly his country or bowed him to submission. But at this very time a new event occurred, which irritated the fury of the people, re-animated Condé's hopes, and appeared to give new strength to his party. Cardinal Mazarin was returning to France!

Never, even in the most pressing dangers, had the Queen really forsaken her Minister. All her promises of never seeing him again, of never thinking of his recall, passed for nothing in her mind: all her wishes, all her thoughts, were for Mazarin; in short, Anne of Austria, so full of levity in her younger days, proved herself most firm in her affections at fifty. Such ladies as have been very fickle when their attachments are unopposed, are often observed to become of an immoveable constancy as soon as they encounter universal resistance. Sometimes years alone are sufficient to produce this happy change; like weathercocks, they fix of course when once they become rusty!

It may well be imagined that the Cardinal on his side eagerly longed to seize once more the reins of government; and this conjuncture seemed auspicious for his return. Condé's party appeared to be on the eve of its downfall; and the Parliament of Paris, as well as the Duke of Orleans, seemed to have broken off all measures with him. What a good opportunity for the Queen to fail in all her promises! It is true that some further delay would have increased the chances of success; but neither love nor ambition can brook delay. A rumour was soon spread that Mazarin was levying troops at his own expense in the Bishoprick of Liège; and he announced in some letters which were made public, that "knowing the state of affairs in France, and wishing "to discharge his great debt of obligation to the King and to the "Queen, he was preparing to conduct an army to the assistance "of their Majesties." A few days later it was known that he had accordingly entered France by Sedan; that the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt had rejoined him with two thousand men of the Royal army; that reinforcements were arriving every hour;

that they wore scarfs of green (Mazarin's colour), and that they were all marching onwards together.

At this news a just resentment burst forth in the Parliament ; they instantly resolved to send a deputation to the King, to declare Mazarin guilty of high treason, and to offer a price for his head. The whole capital appeared gloomy and indignant. From that moment the rebellion of the Princes was looked upon as justified ; as it was said that they had only taken arms in order to oppose this fatal return. From Guyenne Condé himself wrote to the Parliament, explaining his motives, and offering his alliance.* But these high-minded magistrates resolved not to ally themselves with one who had allied himself with the enemies of France. They were Frenchmen, above all : they would not have either the colour *Isabelle* or the green—they loved only the *Drapeau Blanc* ; they wished to punish a corrupt Minister, but not to support a rebellious Prince. Their motives were undoubtedly noble, great, and generous, but they did not perhaps sufficiently comprehend the pressing necessity of affairs ; they did not see that they had not strength sufficient to form a third party, and that they must absolutely choose between the two—either submit to the re-establishment of Mazarin, or support the arms of Condé.

The Parliament had, however, despatched two of its Councillors, Geniers and Bitaut, against the Cardinal. They were to raise the peasantry, cut off the provisions, signify the decree of the Company to the soldiers, and arrest, as far as possible, Mazarin's progress. They discharged their mission with courage at least, if not with success. At Pont sur Yonne they stationed themselves in their lawyer's gowns, like Roman senators, across the bridge, obstinately resisting the passage, and trying to seduce the troops, till at last it became necessary to charge them by a piquet of cavalry. Geniers was severely wounded and put to flight ; Bitaut had his gown pierced by four balls. He was brought before the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt, who received him with great courtesy, and proposed to him to go and see the Cardinal. But the Councillor, without being intimidated by the novel sight of armed men, answered with a noble pride, grounded on a respect for the laws, that the Cardinal had been

* Letter of the Prince of Condé to the Parliament of Paris, January 5, 1652.

condemned by a decree of the Parliament as guilty of high treason, and that he would see him only in the prisoner's dock, and when he was undergoing his trial as a traitor !*

Without troubling himself much about these black-robed antagonists, Mazarin pursued his journey, and saw his army increase as he advanced. He crossed the Loire at Gien, and the Cher at St. Aignan, and at last joined the Court at Poitiers on the 30th of January.† He was received as it were in triumph; the King himself went forth a league to meet him, and the Queen remained two hours at her window waiting for him, her eyes fixed upon the road he was to take. That same night he resumed his place at the Council, disposing as formerly of all affairs exactly as he pleased. He dismissed Monsieur de Châteauneuf, who had withstood some of his wishes; he divided the command of the army between D'Hocquincourt and Turenne; and he led the Court back again to Saumur, from whence he could direct with ease the siege of Angers, which had just revolted, and watch more closely the affairs of Paris.

The affairs of Paris did indeed require all his attention. It was not only the Parliament which sent forth Decrees and despatched Councillors—it was the furious populace; it was the Duke of Orleans, incensed to the last degree by the Cardinal's return, who had formed a new alliance with the Prince of Condé, and recalled his regiments from the Royal troops or garrisons to form for himself an army surrounding the capital. The Prince's agents worked day and night to try and draw the Parliament entirely into their party; but the greater part of their manœuvres were frustrated by the influence of the Coadjutor. Condé, who was informed of it, did not despair of getting rid of this troublesome rival. He formed the very extraordinary project—though by no means impracticable in those troubled times—of carrying off Gondy in the midst of Paris by several trusty soldiers; to mount him on a pillion behind one of the horsemen; and thus conduct him, by means of relays of men and horses, a prisoner to the frontiers of Lorraine. Gourville, always dexterous and nearly always fortunate, undertook the execution of this project, and he had arranged

* Letter of Guy Patin, January 30, 1652. (*Premier Recueil*, vol. i., p. 115.)

† *Memoirs of Montglat*, vol. iii., p. 239.

all his measures, when an unforeseen accident disconcerted his enterprise, and obliged him to make his escape.* By another favour of Fortune the Coadjutor received just at this time his nomination to the Roman Purple, and assumed, for the rest of his life, the title, now become historical, of Cardinal de Retz.

In the mean time the Duke of Orleans had assembled his army, and confided the command of it to the Duke de Beaufort. The Duke de Nemours also arrived at Paris, having been sent by Condé from the south to bring back his old troops from Stenay. In the state of fermentation produced by Mazarin's return, he found no obstacle to the success of his mission; and he not only took back to France with him Condé's old soldiers, but also several regiments furnished by Spain. But these Spanish troops in Picardy, like the Spanish frigates in the Gironde, if on the one hand they strengthened the Prince's party by their material force, on the other raised against him much moral resistance in the mind of the patriotic magistrates. "To allow Spanish troops to enter France!" cried the Advocate-General Talon before the assembled Parliament. . . . "The very thought of such a thing is a crime of high treason, which could not occur to the heart of any true Frenchman!" . . . Prolonged cheers followed this speech. The Duke of Orleans was reduced, with the utmost effrontery, to deny that there was a single Spaniard in the troops of the Duke de Nemours, declaring that they were only Lorrainers and Liégeois—"people whose custom it is to hire themselves out for money, and who would readily take the King's pay, if it were agreeable to his Majesty to engage them and employ them towards the expulsion of Cardinal Mazarin." But this subterfuge could not much longer be maintained.

Nemours, on his arrival, however, joined his troops to those of Monsieur de Beaufort in the appanage of Gaston, between the Seine and the Loire; together they formed a body of from ten to twelve thousand men. But neither Nemours nor Beaufort had the smallest talent for war: besides, they were divided by a former jealousy, and their projects were never in accordance. The orders which had been given by Monsieur le Prince to the Duke de Nemours were to pass the Loire to the assistance of Mont-

* See the details in the *Memoirs of Gourville*, vol. i.

rond, and then march towards Guyenne; whilst the Duke de Beaufort had received exactly contrary directions from Gaston, who would not consent that his army should go any distance from Paris. Thus therefore, as is well remarked by La Rochefoucauld, they could not act together, and yet their forces if separated were not sufficient to hold their ground against the King's army.*

This army, commanded by the Maréchals d'Hocquincourt and Turenne, having reduced the city of Angers, had advanced with the Court first to Tours, and then to Blois. The inhabitants everywhere opened their gates to the cry of "Long live the King!" Even Orleans seemed inclined to follow this example. Then Gaston, trembling lest he should lose the principal town of his appanage, and wishing to maintain the townspeople in what he called their duty, resolved to send thither his daughter, Mademoiselle de Montpensier; the same who has left us such curious and candid Memoirs of her life. She was then twenty-five years of age, with somewhat rough manners, of a quick and fiery temper, and inheriting an immense fortune from her mother, through the House of Montpensier. Her secret leaning was for the Prince of Condé, and she acknowledges in her Memoirs that she would have been very glad to marry him in case Madame la Princesse had died. On other occasions she hoped that her cousin-german, Louis XIV., might perhaps make her an offer of his hand. Sometimes, too, the lawful King of England, who afterwards reigned under the name of Charles II., but who was then exiled from his country, and hardly had wherewithal to live, paid his court to her, though somewhat coldly, reckoning, no doubt, upon this advantageous marriage and on the fortune of his bride for the reconquest of his throne. Mademoiselle on her side was very fond of Kings, but not of Kings in exile. She liked lovers too, but not timid and bashful lovers. Here are some details given by herself:—"When the King of England had arrived at Péronne (in 1649), the Queen (Anne of Austria) said to me, 'Here is your suitor coming.' I replied, 'I am longing that he should say something tender to me, because I do not yet know what it is: nobody has ever dared to say anything of the kind to me.' The day of his arrival we rose betimes. My

* Memoirs of La Rochefoucauld, p. 257.

" hair was in curls, which is not often the case with me. I entered the Queen's coach; she exclaimed, ' Ah! one can easily tell the people who expect their lovers! How much adorned she is!' I was on the point of answering, ' Those ladies who have had lovers already know of course how one should dress for them, and the pains that should be taken;' and I might even have added, that as my lover came with views of lawful matrimony, I had a perfectly good right to adjust my dress for him. However, I did not venture to say any thing. We went a whole league to meet him, and then got out of our carriage at his approach. When he was in the coach with us, the King talked to him of dogs, of horses, of the Prince of Orange, and of the hunting parties in those countries. He replied in French. The Queen wished to ask him some tidings of his affairs; but on these he would give no answer. As he was questioned several times upon very serious matters, and of great importance to him, he excused himself upon the plea of not being able to speak our language. As soon as we had arrived, we sat down to dinner. He ate no ortolans. He threw himself upon a piece of beef and a shoulder of mutton, as though there had been nothing else at table. After dinner the Queen walked away, and left me with him. He remained a full quarter of an hour without uttering a word. I am willing to believe that his silence resulted rather from great respect than from want of love. I went up closer to him, and, to draw him into conversation, I asked him some news of several people whom I had seen about his person, to which he replied, without saying anything tender to myself.*

When Charles returned to France, however, after his expedition to Scotland and his defeat at Worcester, Mademoiselle was more satisfied with his conduct. " I thought him much better-looking than before his departure, though his hair was cut short and he had a great deal of beard, which alters people very much. I thought he spoke very good French; he told us that after having lost the battle he passed through, accompanied only by forty or fifty horsemen, the army of the enemy and the town beyond which the conflict had taken

* *Memoirs of Montpensier*, vol. i., p. 235.

“ place : that after this he had sent them all away, and had been
 “ left alone with one Lord : that he had remained for a long
 “ while upon a tree, afterwards in the house of a peasant, where, to
 “ disguise himself, he had cut his hair. He came to con-
 “ duct me to my apartment by that gallery which leads from the
 “ Louvre to the Tuileries ; and as we went along, he spoke to
 “ me only of the miserable life which he had led in Scotland ; that
 “ there was not a woman to talk with ; that people there were
 “ so churlish that they thought it sinful to hear a violin ; that
 “ he had been terribly wearied there ; that he had felt the loss
 “ of the battle the less, from his desire of returning to France,
 “ where he found so many charms in persons for whom he had
 “ the greatest friendship. He asked me if they would not soon
 “ begin to dance ; he seemed to me, from all he said, to be a
 “ bashful and awe-struck lover.* The Duchess d’Aiguil-
 “ lon, niece of the late Cardinal Richelieu, and a great devotee,
 “ pressed me terribly to promise to marry him if he became a
 “ Roman Catholic : saying that I ought to consider myself re-
 “ sponsible before God for the salvation of his soul, and that it
 “ was my duty to do so. But Goulas pointed out to me
 “ how miserable would be my situation if I married the King of
 “ England ; and that when he had sold all my estates, and yet
 “ not succeeded in reconquering his kingdom, I might die of
 “ hunger !”†

Let us now return to the journey to Orleans, where Mademoi-
 selle displayed great courage and zeal in executing her father’s
 instructions. She left Paris accompanied only by a few officers
 of her household and two of her female friends, Mesdames de
 Fiesque and de Frontenac. Near Etampes she met the army
 of Messieurs de Beaufort and de Nemours, who received her
 with all due honours. They held a council of war in her
 presence, and it was resolved that, according to the orders of
 Monsieur, the troops should not march to succour Montrond,
 still less go to Guyenne, but that they should take up their
 position at Jargeau, a little town, with a bridge over the
 Loire, between Orleans and Gien. The next day Mademoi-
 selle received a gentleman, sent by the magistrates of Orleans to
 give her to understand that they would not receive her in their

* *Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 21.† *Ib.*, p. 32.

town. Mademoiselle, however, continued her journey, with an escort of cavalry. This is not the first time in history that a young damsel appears as a warrior before Orleans! But let us here borrow her own words:—"I arrived about eleven o'clock in the morning at the *Porte Bannière*, which was closed and barricaded. Even after they had been informed that it was I, they did not open it. I was there for three hours, and being weary of remaining in the coach, I went up into a room of an inn close to the gate, and amused myself by opening the letters brought by the courier from Bordeaux, but I did not find any that were diverting. After this I went to take a walk. This walk was contrary to the advice of all the gentlemen who were with me, and whom I called my ministers. The wish I had to set out made me consult nothing but my own inclination. The ramparts were covered with people, who exclaimed unceasingly 'Long live the King, the Princes, and down with Mazarin!' I could not refrain calling out to them 'Go to the *Hôtel de Ville* and make them open the gate to me.'.....I called to a Captain to open the gate: he made me a sign that he had no key. I said to him, 'You must break it open, for you owe me greater obedience than to the gentlemen of the town, as I am the daughter of their master.' I grew so angry that I threatened him; to which he only replied by low bows.....Continuing my walk, however, I at last came to the edge of the water, where all the boatmen, of whom there are great numbers at Orleans, came to offer me their services.....They told me that it would be very easy to break open a postern which was on the quay, and that if I wished it they would go and work at it. I told them to make haste. I gave them money; and, to animate them by my presence, I ascended a great mound of earth which overlooked this gate. I thought very little of taking the best road to it—I climbed like a cat: I clung to the briars and bushes, and I jumped over all the hedges without hurting myself.....I had left the troops which escorted me a quarter of a league from the town for fear of alarming it.....A ladder was placed, by which I ascended: it was rather a high one: I did not remark the number of steps.....That illustrious gate, and which will become so renowned by my entry, is called '*La Porte Brûlée*.'

“ When I saw it broken open, and that two panks had been removed from the centre, Grammont made me a sign to advance. A footman took me and carried me, pushing me through this hole, into which I had scarcely passed my head ere the drums began to beat. The cries of ‘ Long live the King, the Princes, and down with Mazarin ! ’ redoubled. Two men took me and placed me in a wooden chair. Every one kissed my hands, and I was quite exhausted with laughter at seeing myself in such a droll situation. After having traversed several streets, thus carried in triumph, I told them that I knew how to walk, and that I begged them to put me on the ground ; which they did. I waited for my ladies, who arrived a moment later, bespattered with mud like myself, but as pleased as I was.”*

Having penetrated into the streets of Orleans in this manner, half heroic, half ridiculous, the Princess went to harangue the magistrates and the populace from the Hôtel de Ville, and knew how to profit by that instinct of obedience which is almost always inspired amongst us by the presence of the great. The magistrates promised to act in all things according to her wish, and not admit into the town either the King or the Royal troops. On her side she allowed them to refuse admittance to Messieurs de Nemours and de Beaufort, of whom they had the greatest jealousy.

The Queen thus losing all hope of being received at Orleans, passed on one side of the town through cross-roads, and re-ascended the Loire as far as Gien, with her son and her army ; she had in all only from eight to nine thousand men. But Turenne, knowing the inexperience of Nemours and Beaufort, boldly anticipated them with his advanced guard, at Jargeau, and took up his position on the bridge. He remained firm all day to receive his reinforcements, and then advancing put to flight four battalions of the enemy, and drove them from the town ; after

* *Memoirs of Montpensier*, vol. ii., p. 64—70, ed. 1745. In everything which personally concerns herself, the worthy lady is exceedingly prolix in her narratives. I have very greatly abridged this one, but always preserving her own words. She adds, p. 144,—“ When the Queen Dowager of England heard that I had entered Orleans, she said that she was not surprised at my saving that city from my enemies, as the Maid of Orleans did before me ; and that I had begun, like the Maid, to expel the English—meaning, that ‘ I had refused her son ! ’ ”

which the bridge (that they had firmly reckoned on) was broken by his orders. This first success excited great enthusiasm at the Court for Turenne; the same evening the Queen said to him in a transport of gratitude, that he had saved the State. But this great man enhanced still more the splendour of his merit by a moderation and modesty which did not even forsake him at Court. Writing to his sister on that very night (it was the 30th. of March), here is all that he added as a postscript upon his last exploit: "Something has taken place at Jargeau which
" is not of any great importance!"*

This check at Jargeau renewed the perplexities of the Dukes de Nemours and de Beaufort on the plan of their campaign. They approached Orleans to hold another council of war in presence of Mademoiselle, and as they were not to enter the town, she went to meet them at a little hostelry in the suburbs. But her presence did not suffice to prevent a violent quarrel between the two Generals. According to her account—"The
" Duke de Nemours was in such a rage that he did not know
" what he said. He began swearing, and declaring that Monsieur le Prince was deceived, and he knew who it was deceived him. M. de Beaufort asked him, 'Who is it?' He
" answered, 'It is you!' On which they struck each other.
" They grasped their swords, and people threw themselves betwixt to separate them. It was a horrible confusion.
" I led M. de Beaufort into a garden: he threw himself on his knees before me, and prayed my forgiveness with
" all the grief possible for having been wanting in respect towards me. Monsieur de Nemours did not do the same: he was
" for a whole hour in such a fury as nothing could equal. . . .
" At last I brought them together. Monsieur de Beaufort expressed the greatest tenderness towards Monsieur de Nemours,
" and much grief at having lost his temper with his brother-in-law. The other said nothing, and embraced him as distantly
" as he would have done a valet. Monsieur de Beaufort's tenderness went so far as to shed tears, at which all the company
" laughed a little, and I the first of all, which I ought not to
" have done, but I could not help it."† It was clear, however,

* Ramsay's History of Turenne, vol. i., p. 289.

† Memoirs of Mademoiselle, vol. ii, p. 87—89.

after such a forced reconciliation, that one could no longer reckon upon any good understanding between these two Generals, nor upon any successes of their army.

This ill news reached the Prince of Condé while his other affairs in Guyenne gave him great uneasiness, or rather, deep disgust. It was only by dint of abilities that he struggled against troops whom he had formerly himself disciplined and trained to victory. More than once, a more skilful general than Harcourt would have found many opportunities of overthrowing him. He was obliged to leave Bergerac, which he wished to defend, and to raise the siege of the little town of Miradoux, which he had invested with an army of lesser numbers than the garrison. In vain did he display everywhere his genius so full of resources, and his brilliant courage. At last he retired to Agen, where he found himself welcomed by a sedition and barricades, and it was only through his eloquence and that of La Rochefoucauld that he at last succeeded in re-obtaining admission into the town with his officers, whilst his troops were to remain in the suburbs or in the neighbouring villages.

During this time discord was rife not only in his party, but also in his family at Bordeaux. In the journey from Montrond, the Duke de Nemours, forgetting Madame de Châtillon, had become passionately enamoured of Madame de Longueville. She on her side, who always thought least of the absent, no longer remembered the Duke de la Rochefoucauld in the presence of a new lover. As may be supposed, on his arrival at Bordeaux, La Rochefoucauld did not take very patiently this triumph of his rival, and his jealousy still continued even after Nemours had again departed to bring back the troops from Flanders.

There was a still more deplorable scandal when the Prince of Conti openly quarrelled with his sister, "on prettexts" (to use the words of La Rochefoucauld) "which, for the sake of all decorum and family honour he ought to have concealed." In the times of which we are now speaking, such private scandals became affairs of State, and history must unwillingly follow in the mire. To fortify herself even against her brothers, and form a party for herself alone, Madame de Longueville tried to make use of the lowest of the populace of Bordeaux—of a troop of leaders who

assembled every night under some great elm trees (*des ormes*), near the Château de Ha, and who were called after those elms, "*Les Ormistes*." They were mere desperadoes, who spoke of nothing but fire and blood, and who sought only booty and pillage. Yet it was with these that the sister of the great Condé did not blush to unite herself against the authority of the magistrates and the right-minded inhabitants of the town. Condé heard of all these divisions with much grief and vexation. On returning from Cognac, and passing by Libourne, he had there sent word to Madame de Longueville and Madame la Princesse to come and meet him. He had remained one day with them, and had given all the directions which he could think of to stop the progress of these discords.* Clémence, ever animated by a sense of duty in the midst of a family which gave her such despicable examples, and which yet despised her on account of her birth, maintained the most irreproachable conduct: seeking the support of the magistrates, and repressing as much as possible the fury and violence of *Les Ormistes*, whilst she gained for herself a true and honourable popularity, and turned all hearts towards the service of her husband. But her state of health prevented her from long struggling against Madame de Longueville: she had found herself to be with child since her arrival at Bordeaux; and her health, always feeble, still suffered from the fatigues and anxieties of the preceding year; thus the field remained completely open to the intrigues of Madame de Longueville, and to the jealousies of the Prince of Conti. Thus, therefore, the party of the Prince of Condé in Guyenne was completely undermined by discord at the very moment when it was announced to him that discord had also burst forth in the army of Nemours and Beaufort; at the very moment when he was assured that his own arrival on the banks of the Loire could alone, perhaps, re-establish harmony, and restore victory to his arms.

* Memoirs of La Rochefoucauld.

CHAPTER IX.

Secret departure of Condé from Gascony—He traverses the centre of France in disguise—Adventures on the journey—His sudden appearance at his army of the Loire—The action of Gien decided by his presence—Firmness of Turenne in retrieving the day—Condé proceeds to Paris—His treaty with Spain—His altercations with the Parliament—Siege of Etampes—Battle of la Porte St. Antoine at Paris—Conflagration and Massacre at the Hôtel de Ville—Siege of Montrond—The place taken and demolished—Decline and fall of the Fronde—The Prince joins the Spaniards in Flanders.

AFTER the skirmish on the bridge of Jargeau, and the council at the gates of Orleans, the army of Nemours and Beaufort, without any fixed plan, had directed its march towards Montargis. On the other hand, Turenne and Hocquincourt had divided their forces, partly in order to find forage more abundantly at this season, and partly because Hocquincourt insisted upon keeping the command of one *corps d'armée* to himself alone. Accordingly Turenne established himself at Briare, and around Gien, where the Court was then residing, whilst Hocquincourt fixed his head quarters at Bleneau, a little town about three leagues in front of Briare, keeping with him however only his infantry, and distributing his cavalry in seven neighbouring villages. One day, when Turenne went to dine at Bleneau with Hocquincourt, and saw the disposition of his troops, he could not help telling him that he thought them very much exposed, and that he advised him to draw them nearer together. Hocquincourt, who was a general of very moderate talent, and consequently the more jealous of his authority, took no notice of this advice, and Turenne himself did not insist much upon it, not wishing to offend his colleague, and knowing besides that neither Nemours nor Beaufort were capable of making a skilful or bold attack.*

That same night, however (it was the 7th of April), Turenne

* MS. Memoirs of Fremont d'Ablancourt, cited by Ramsay.

is awakened by the firing of musketry and cries of distress. He rises hastily ; he sees dismayed fugitives pouring in from all sides , he hears that Hocquincourt's troops have been assailed on several points with the rapidity of lightning ; that of his seven quarters five have been already carried, and that all those found in them have been either taken prisoners or put to flight. Without losing a moment the M.^{re}chal assembles his infantry, despatches orders to his cavalry, and rushes to the assistance of his imprudent colleague ; he marches without a guide in a dark night, but he sees from the distance two or three of Hocquincourt's quarters on fire, and ascending a little hillock, he contemplates, by the dusky light of the flames, the skilful disposition of the attack.

For some time he remains absorbed in his reflections ; at last he exclaims to those who surround him, " The Prince of Condé must be come ! " * Thus does one great genius discern another ; thus is the presence of a hero revealed already by his exploits !

It was truly indeed the great Condé, who, transported as though by enchantment from the further extremity of France, had brought back Victory, and was heralded by her.† He had formed this project at Agen, as soon as he heard of the fatal misunderstandings between Messieurs de Beaufort and de Nemours. He had allowed nothing to discourage him in his design, neither the hundred and twenty leagues of country which he would have to traverse, nor the deep and large rivers he would have to pass, nor the number of great towns he must avoid, nor the number of fortified castles which commanded his route, nor the chances of falling in somewhere with the King's troops, nor the still greater danger of being recognised and seized by the gentlemen of the opposite party and their vassals. Besides, he must either endanger his secret by taking a numerous suite, or his person by taking only a few devoted servants. Never had so perilous an expedition offered itself to the mind of the chief of a party—never either did prudence and skill more worthily second courage. Before his departure he had regulated as far as he could the affairs in Guyenne. He had sent the Prince of Conti to Agen ; but knowing his total incapacity, he had hardly confided anything to him besides the title of General,

* Ramsay, History of Turenne, vol. i., p. 291.

† St. Aulaire, History of La Fronde, vol. iii., p. 101.

leaving Count de Marsin to command the army, and the faithful Lenet to direct the council. All these measures had been taken with the most profound secrecy. He left Agen on the 24th of March, Palm Sunday, announcing a journey to Bordeaux for two or three days only. Many gentlemen accompanied him, but at some leagues from the town he devised several pretexts for sending them back again, and kept with him only the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, and the Prince of Marsillac, his son, hardly fifteen years of age, but whom his father was determined to associate in the honour of this enterprise; the Marquis de Levis, the Count de Guitaut, and M. de Chavaignac; then Bercenet, Captain of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld's guards; lastly Gourville, and only one valet-de-chambre. Thus, therefore, this little troop was composed of only nine persons. It was on the zeal and activity of Gourville that the Prince mainly relied for the guidance of this journey, and the means of their subsistence on the road. They marched with precaution, but with extraordinary speed, almost always without changing horses and without resting at night. They never remained more than two hours in the same place, either for sleeping or eating. Condé himself was disguised as a courier, and was called Motteville. One day in a little inn he was rather embarrassed by his disguise, for the host taking him for a servant told him to saddle and bridle a horse, but this he could never achieve.* "Another time," says Gourville, "we entered a village where there was a public-house. Finding nothing but eggs there, Monsieur le Prince piqued himself upon making a good omelet. The hostess having told him that he must turn it round, in order to make it fry the better, and taught him how it was to be done, on trying to execute these directions he threw it all into the fire. I begged the hostess to prepare another, and trust it to some better cook."† On another occasion they lodged at the house of a gentleman from Périgord, who was so far from suspecting Condé's disguise, that during the whole repast he amused himself with jests at the expense of Madame de Longueville. The subject afforded ample scope for sarcasms; "and on this occasion," says La Rochefoucauld, "Mon-

* *Memoirs of Montpensier*, vol. ii., p. 97.

† *Memoirs of Gourville*, vol. i., p. 86.

“ sieur le Prince must have learnt some news of his nearest relations of which he had perhaps remained ignorant till then.”*

On the third morning before sunrise the Prince and his companions arrived on the banks of the Dordogne. At that post difficulties were made in allowing people to pass the ferry if they were not known, particularly when there was a great number. Therefore, Gourville, leaving the others behind, went on alone, to find some means of getting them received. As he approached he heard the bells of some mules, and so managed his pace as to arrive at the same moment with them. ‘The sound of the mules’ bells had also attracted the boatman on the other bank, and he saw Gourville approach in the midst of all these mules without any suspicion; but then Gourville, profiting by this opportunity, instantly sprang first into the boat, and by means of a silver whistle which he carried with him, gave the signal to the others to hasten to take their places. Some hours after, Gourville, walking with a guide whom he had engaged, and questioning him from time to time, perceived that he was approaching a large village on the banks of the river, and asked him if they must enter it. The guide answered, No; but that they must pass quite close to the gate, which they would leave on their left, and that then the river ran so close to the walls that there was only the breadth of the road between them. He added, that for some days past a kind of guard was kept there. Gourville immediately put on a white scarf, which he had kept in reserve, and advanced alone. Finding a man outside the gate, he told him that he rather suspected some ill-looking fellows who were coming behind him, and he advised that none of them should be allowed to enter the town. This charitable advice was carefully obeyed. The gate was closed, and the people who were scattered upon the banks of the river hastened to return within the walls; thus Condé’s little troop passed quietly, and without being questioned, by the road to the right. “From thence,” says Gourville, “we went to refresh our horses in a large village, “where a countryman said to Monsieur le Prince that he knew “him well, and accordingly did name him. Having overheard “him, I burst out laughing, and some other persons coming up,

* *Memoirs of La Rochefoucauld*, p. 267; see also *Montglat*, vol. iii., p. 255.

"I told them what had just happened. Jesting in this way, the "poor man became bewildered, and did not know what to "think." In this very extraordinary march, both men and horses were ready to drop from exhaustion. The former could hardly stand whenever they dismounted, and more than once young Marsillac fainted away. Condé alone seemed superior to all fatigue, and animated the others by his gaiety

At last, in the night of Holy Saturday, the gallant troop succeeded in reaching the banks of the Loire, a little below what is called "*Le Bec d'Allier*," that is to say, the small tongue of land which lies between the two rivers, just before their junction. They had much difficulty in finding a boat; they succeeded, however, at last, by the aid of the Marquis de Levis, who had a Château in this neighbourhood. Monsieur le Prince and his companions landed upon the other bank, close to the gate of La Charité, a town where there was a Royal garrison, commanded by Count de Bussy Rabutin, the same who has become famous by his letters and his libels. He had at first taken part on the Prince's side, but afterwards being disgusted by his haughtiness, he had become reconciled to Mazarin. The danger was great lest Condé and his friends shall be made prisoners of war. They would have been so but for the presence of mind of the hero of Rocroy. When several soldiers had appeared before the gate, and the sentinel had asked "Who goes there?" Monsieur le Prince replied, "Tell Monsieur de Bussy that I beg he will have the "gates opened; it is his friend Motteville who wishes to speak "with him." A soldier instantly went to execute this commission. Soon after Gourville said aloud to the Prince, "You have "time to sleep here, if you please, but we and the others, whose "furlough ends to-morrow, must continue our journey:" and then he pretended to go, and several others to follow him; and saying to the pretended Motteville, "Stay if you like," this latter began to walk away with them as though with great regret, complaining that they were strange people, but that he did not wish to separate himself from them, and begging that his compliments might be carried to the Governor. Deceived by this scene, the soldiers saw the little troop depart without any suspicion.*

As soon as they were out of this peril the Prince desired Gour-

* Memoirs of Gourville, vol. i., p. 94.

ville to set off at full speed, and announce his arrival at Paris. He himself, with his other companions, arrived on Easter day before the gates of Cosne. In vain did his friends advise him to avoid this town, where there were some King's troops. Condé replied, "It will be fine some day to boast of having traversed the entire kingdom as quietly as the messenger from Lyons, at a time when every body was in arms against me!"* He entered Cosne, therefore, with his companions, saying everywhere that they were officers, going to take their turn of service near his Majesty. This boldness, at six leagues distance only from the Royal army, was on the point of costing him very dear. On leaving Cosne he met two couriers who came from the Court, one of whom examined him closely for some time: Condé, thinking himself discovered, soon after left the high road, and struck across the country. He left Bercenet in a ruined house near a bridge on the road by which the courier must pass to return to the Court, with orders to shoot him dead if he came. But the lucky star of this poor man, who had indeed recognised, not Condé, but Count de Guिताut, and who had afterwards stopped and questioned, with a pistol to his throat, the Prince's valet de chambre, made him take a by-road, and thus escape the death which awaited him.

In consequence of this alarm, the Prince's suite had dispersed. He had also sent his valet de chambre on before to Châtillon-sur-Loing, to desire the keeper to leave the park gate open; so that at last only La Rochefoucauld and his son remained with him. They wandered for some time about the country: young Marsillac always a hundred paces before Monsieur le Prince, and the Duke at the same distance behind him, so that he might be warned by either of them of any danger, and might make use of that leisure to escape. Advancing in this manner they heard pistol shots from the side on which the valet de chambre had gone towards Châtillon, and at the same time they saw four horsemen to their left who were coming towards them at a rapid trot. Condé and his friends turned round to charge them, thinking themselves pursued, and quite resolved to die rather than allow themselves to be taken. But what was their joy on recognising

* Desormeaux, vol. iii., p. 201.

Guitaut and Chavaignac, who had come to meet them with two other gentlemen !*

Thus did Condé, surmounting a thousand dangers, arrive at Châtillon, and introduce himself into the park by a postern. He had never entered the Château since his mother's death. But neither that recollection nor his own fatigue could then detain him ; the smallest delay might expose him to become a prisoner of war, and the soldiers of the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt had already penetrated into the town. The Prince therefore recommenced his journey with all possible speed, having received intelligence as to the position of the troops he wished to join ; and he did accordingly join them near Lorris, at the entrance of the Forest of Orleans.

The troops, discouraged by the divisions amongst the chiefs, and the chiefs themselves partly aware of and dreading their own incapacity, received Condé as their deliverer with a joy and a surprise which cannot be described. Without losing a moment, the Prince led them before the walls of Montargis, and summoned the garrison and the townspeople to surrender ; they hesitated. Then Condé looked at his watch, and sent them word that if they did not open their gates within an hour he would plunder the town and hang the inhabitants. This threat, and still more his name, awed them to obedience ere the hour had elapsed, and it was said afterwards at Paris that Monsieur le Prince had taken Montargis with his watch.† Then profiting by the dispersion of the army of Hocquincourt, he fell upon them suddenly during the night, with the intrepidity and the success which I have already attempted to describe.

The Maréchal de Turenne, having recognised this new adversary by the light of the conflagration he had kindled, continued in all haste his march towards a plain, where he had given a rendezvous to his cavalry for the earliest dawn of day. During this time the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt, recovered from his first surprise, and rallying the remains of his troops, had taken up his position behind the village of Bleneau : he had with him eight hundred horse, and was protected by a narrow dyke and a deep stream. Monsieur le Prince did not hesitate to follow with only a hun-

* Memoirs of La Rochefoucauld, vol. ii., p. 102.

† Memoirs of Montpensier, vol. ii., p. 102.

dred *maitres*, but the Duke de Nemours having inconsiderately set fire to some thatched roofs in the village, Hocquincourt was enabled to see and reckon the small numbers of his assailants. He thought himself able to overthrow them easily: on the other hand, Condé forming his friends into a squadron, led them himself to the charge. This little squadron, composed almost entirely of gentlemen, performed prodigies of valour. Young Marsillac, who now for the first time saw fire, rushed forward twelve or fifteen paces from the ranks, and killed an officer of the Royal army with a single stroke. They were beginning, however, to give way before numbers, when thirty more *maitres* passed the stream. Then Condé, putting himself at their head, with La Rochefoucauld, charged the enemy both in flank and front, and completely routed them. They fled, leaving their cannon and their baggage, and the Prince followed them, sword in hand, killing or making prisoners all those he overtook. But he halted at last on seeing (it was already daylight) the *Maréchal de Turenne* and a new army ranged before him.

The news of this conflict struck dismay into their Majesties at Gien, when they rose in the morning. From the windows of the Château they could see the whole hill-side covered with fugitives, of whom some from fear, and others to excuse themselves, declared that all was lost, and that the whole army was defeated. Anne of Austria, however, did not express any alarm: according to the *Memoirs* of the time, "She was dressing her hair when she heard these tidings, and she remained fixed before her looking-glass, not neglecting the arrangement of a single curl." Must we, like the greater number of historians, praise her courage and her greatness of mind on this occasion,† or was it only that love of dress which sometimes appertains to ladies of fifty? But the Cardinal, who had no curls to dress, did not show himself as calm as his mistress. (Let the reader here interpret this word "mistress" exactly as he pleases!) If in truth Condé were to reach Gien, he could terminate the civil war with a single stroke, by seizing the persons of his enemies, and governing the State, according to his own pleasure, under the name of the Royal Minor. It was already proposed to take to

* *Memoirs of Montglat*, vol. iii., p. 261.

† "The majestic calmness of that Princess in the midst of a storm, when clouds overspread her," &c. (*Desormeaux*, vol. iii., p. 225.)

flight, to break down the bridge of Gien behind them, and to conduct the young King to Bourges. Before deciding upon any such measure, the Queen sent to ask the advice of the *Maréchal de Turenne*.

Turenne himself^{*} was at that moment a prey to violent agitation, hidden as ever by a cold and calm exterior. "Never," said he a long time after, "never did so many painful things present themselves at once to the imagination of a man, as were then presented to mine. It was but a short time since that I had been reconciled with the Court, and that the command of the army, which was to be its safeguard, had been intrusted to me. However small may be one's merit, one has always ill-wishers or detractors; I had some, who repeated everywhere that I had a secret understanding with *Monsieur le Prince*. *Monsieur le Cardinal* did not believe it; but at the first misfortune which had befallen me, he might, perhaps, have shared this suspicion with others. Besides, I knew *M. d'Hocquincourt*, who would have been sure to declare that I had exposed him to danger, and then had failed to assist him. All these thoughts were distressing, and the greatest evil was that *Monsieur le Prince* was coming up to me, the stronger in numbers, and already victorious."*

It was in the midst of all his officers that Turenne received the Queen's message, proposing to him to escape with her son to Bourges. He replied aloud, that it would be but a poor resource, while the danger was so pressing. When the town of Orleans had closed its gates against the King before his army had received the least check, could it be hoped that another town would receive him vanquished and a fugitive? Then he added, with a firm voice and noble courage, "We must either conquer or perish here!"

This noble courage was supported by the most skilful dispositions. Turenne had hardly four or five thousand men to oppose ten or twelve; but he had chosen an excellent position on a plain, with a great wood between himself and the rebel army, and he had placed a battery upon a little height, to command the only causeway which traversed the wood. Condé having reconnoitred this position at sunrise, withdrew to assemble all his forces

* Words of Turenne, cited in the Panegyric by St. Evremond.

to attack it; but he found that notwithstanding his orders, his foot-soldiers had disbanded for pillage. He passed several hours in collecting them, whilst Turenne on his side rallied and received into his rank the fugitives from Hocquincourt's army. At last, about mid-day, the attack commenced. Monsieur le Prince first made his infantry enter the woods on the right and left of the road; and the active and well-sustained fire of their musketry did indeed appear to make the Royal army draw back above a hundred paces. Then the cavalry of Condé began to defile over the causeway, spreading themselves as they entered the plain. But Turenne's flight was only a feint: hardly had six squadrons of the enemy been formed, ere he fell suddenly upon them with twelve, and threw them back upon the causeway; then unmasking his battery he made them lose a great many men in their retreat. Condé did not venture to renew the attack with his tired troops, on such ground, and against such an adversary; and the rest of the day was passed in cannonades from either side. Towards night Monsieur le Prince retired in good order towards Châtillon-sur-Loing, and Monsieur le Maréchal towards Gien. Whilst the firing still continued Condé accidentally perceived the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt in the front ranks; he sent him word that he should like to talk with him, and that the Maréchal might freely advance on parole. Accordingly the Maréchal approached in full confidence with some other officers. "The conversation," says La Rochefoucauld, who was present, "passed in civilities and jests on the part of Monsieur le Prince. "and in excuses on that of the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt, on "what had just happened, complaining of M. de Turenne." These ridiculous complaints, from a very unskilful officer, continued even after his return to Gien; but Turenne bore them with his usual sang-froid, saying only, "Losers like the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt must have leave to speak."*

But the Court, which he had rescued from such imminent danger, did him greater justice. The Cardinal loaded Turenne with praises, and the Queen said aloud, that he had just, for the second time, been replacing the Crown on the head of her son. Let us acknowledge to the honour of these two warriors, that Condé alone, in that century, could have caused such dangers;

* Ramsay, History of Turenne, vol. i., p. 298.

and that Turenne alone would have known how to surmount them!

After these attacks Monsieur le Prince, seeing no opportunity of striking a decisive blow, left the command of the army to Messieurs de Tavannes and de Vallon, and yielded to the entreaties of his friends, who were loudly calling for his return to Paris. His presence and his efforts might, it was said, reclaim the Duke of Orleans from irresolution, rouse the populace in their favour, and perhaps (which was still more important than gaining a battle) draw the Parliament to their party. The entrance of Condé, still resplendent with the laurels of Bleneau, and accompanied by Nemours, by Beaufort, by La Rochefoucauld, and by a crowd of other noblemen, did indeed appear a day of triumph, and the populace received him with repeated cries of "Long live the Princes, and death to the Mazarins!" But the Magistrates, always incorruptible in the midst of this corrupt age, did not allow themselves either to be dazzled by victories or seduced by promises. The next day after his arrival, Monsieur le Prince having gone to take his place in the Parliament, and thank the Company for having suspended the execution of the Letters Patent issued against him, the President Bailleul replied with austerity, that the Parliament could not see with a favourable eye a Prince of the Blood guilty of high treason, in declared alliance with the enemies of the State, and seated on the *Fleurs de Lys*, while his hands were still stained with the blood of the Royal troops!

Some days after, at the "*Cour des Aides*," the haughty hero had again to submit to still stronger remonstrances from President Amelet. "In the situation which I have the honour 'to fill,' said this intrepid magistrate, 'I cannot deny that 'there is great reason for surprise at seeing Monsieur le Prince 'appear in these High Courts of Justice as though he were 'triumphing in the spoils of his Majesty; and what is still 'more strange, send round a drum to levy troops with money 'coming from Spain, in the principal town in the kingdom, 'and the most faithful to the King!'" At these words the Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Condé answered together with great violence. "What is that you say, Sir?" exclaimed Gaston; "you treat us even worse than President Bailleul!" Condé,

with still more warmth, added that it was not true. Without being disconcerted or losing his dignity, the President replied, "Sir, you ought not to have interrupted me; the King could not do so, or if he did, he ought not; but you neither can nor ought. And what is not true, Sir?—did you not cause the drum to beat? Did you not receive money from Spain? No one doubts it: he who beat the drum wore your colours and passed before my door. If you acknowledge it, what I have been saying is true; if you do not acknowledge it, let the drummer be hanged dressed in your colours. As for the money from Spain, it appears by the bankers' books, those silent but unquestionable witnesses, that you have received six hundred thousand *livres*; and if you had not received any money, what means had you for waging war against the King?"—"This Court of Justice will surely not ratify your words," said Monsieur le Prince.—"My ratification," said Amelot, "is beneath my President's cap, and there is no one in this Company who is not a good servant to the King, or who would wish to disavow me."—Then Condé, confused and abashed, could answer very little more. He observed at last, "You ought to have said this to me in private, and not before every body."—"If I had had the honour," rejoined the President again, "to have an audience of you, Sir, I would have made you this reproach in private, but I must continue to make it in this place; and if I had not done so, I should be a prevaricator to my trust."—"And I," said the Prince, should be a prevaricator to my honour if I did not deny it."—"Had you been jealous of preserving your honour," said once more Amelot, "you would not bear arms against the King."*

Thus did these honourable magistrates regard with horror all alliance with the enemies of the State. But, on the other hand, they did not relax in their just resentment against Cardinal Mazarin. If one day they issued a decree against the Spanish alliance, the following day they issued another against the Italian favourite. They would not either inflict any injury on the Royal authority, nor bear any from it. This third-party which they proposed was without doubt the best; but did they understand sufficiently how much the materials were wanting to form it?

* These speeches are reported by Conrart (*Memoirs*, p. 34—38). He was Secretary of the French Academy. His *Memoirs* did not appear till 1826.

Monsieur le Prince, soured to the greatest degree by their obstinate resistance and their demands, did not know what resolution to take. Sometimes he lent himself to commotion and disorder, hoping to obtain through the fears of the magistrates what he could not from his prayers and entreaties. Sometimes he projected to enrol the seditious populace of his party, and make soldiers of them. Accordingly, he assembled under his banners as many as ten thousand men from the dregs of the people, and marched at their head to take St. Denis, which was defended only by a battalion of Swiss. But at the very first fire all these miserable wretches shamefully disbanded, leaving Condé (himself the seventh) on the banks of the ditch. Sometimes too he thought of rejoining his army, where his absence had already produced the worst effects. Turenne had suddenly fallen upon Messieurs de Tavannes and de Vallon, generals who would have been quite worthy of commanding the militia of Paris. They had just given a fête to Mademoiselle on her return from Orleans, and they thought only of amusing themselves when they saw their troops surprised, giving way, and driven back with loss, as far as the town of Etampes, where Turenne undertook to besiege them.

During this time Condé was eagerly soliciting assistance from the Spaniards; but they, wishing to besiege on their own behalf Dunkirk and Gravelines, could not divide their army. In order, however, not to witness the destruction of their new ally, they gave a large sum to the Duke de Lorraine, to induce him to march into France with his army and oblige Turenne to raise the siege of Etampes. This Duke de Lorraine was a singular man, morose and caustic, laughing at every thing except ready money. He did in fact oblige Turenne to raise the siege of Etampes, according to his engagement, thus enabling the insurgent army to fall back upon Paris; but then another large sum from Mazarin appeared to him a strong and unanswerable reason for marching back again towards the frontier. The Archduke's gold had brought him, the Cardinal's gold sent him away.

This progress of the war did not, however, prevent Condé from taking some steps towards peace. He confided his interests to the Duchess de Châtillon, whom he had again found at Paris, and of whom he had become more enamoured than ever. On her side, this lady, much offended by the new attachment of M. de

Nemours for Madame de Longueville during the journey to Bordeaux, had ceased to offer any resistance to the Prince's wishes. She went to the Court invested with full powers from him, and was treated with the greatest consideration by the Queen. "Had Minerva," says an historian, "descended from the skies, holding an olive-branch in her hand, she could not have been received with greater honours than the Duchess."* Minerva was not, however, the goddess whom Madame de Châtillon most resembled, and in spite of her fair words and her fine eyes, she could bring neither party to agreement as to the condition of the treaty.

This public announcement of Condé's love for Madame de Châtillon, contrasted somewhat with the excessive devotion which he affected since his return to Paris. He hoped to gain the applause of the populace by pretending a fervour of piety he was very far from feeling. One day that public prayers were offered up for peace and the dismissal of Mazarin, and that a procession was carrying the relics of St. Geneviève, Monsieur le Prince, who awaited it on his knees in the street, rushed forward like a madman and threw himself amongst the priests, kissing with transport a hundred times over the sacred shrine, and pressing his rosary against it. The edified spectators exclaimed around him, "Oh the good Prince! Oh how devout he is!"†

In the midst of so many parts to play, and so many anxieties to suffer, the Prince's patience was well nigh exhausted. One day several Councillors of the Parliament came to address and question him respectfully upon his negotiations with the Court. Condé answered proudly that he was tired of rendering an account of his actions to people of such little consequence as they were, and who judged of him in their own manner; that when he made war, they said he wanted to take the Crown off the King's head; that when he proposed some terms for reconciliation, he was called a Mazarin; and that therefore he could never do anything to please them, and he should henceforward think only of his own affairs, without rendering any account of them to such fellows, whom he would soon teach how to behave, and how to bear in mind the respect that was due to him.‡ On another occasion,

* Desormeaux, vol. iii., p. 256.

† *Memoirs of Motteville*, vol. iv., p. 364.

‡ *Memoirs of Courart*, p. 73.

finding a great crowd of all kinds of people, who were exclaiming "Peace! Peace!" and observing a man close to him who cried out louder than the others, Monsieur le Prince seized him angrily by the buttons of his coat and asked him—"How do you want peace? Speak out! On what terms do you want it? Do you mean that Mazarin should remain, or that he should go?" The other, completely confounded, replied, "Monseigneur, down with Mazarin!" "Well, then," retorted the Prince, "is not this the very thing that we are aiming at? Why do you make so much noise?"*

The statesman on whom at this time the Prince principally relied was Chavigni, an old man, for many years versed—we might say corrupted—in the basest Court intrigues. At this period he was Governor of Vincennes, a very important post for the warfare around Paris. In the month of June Condé went once to dine with him. He requested to see the room in the Donjon in which he had so long been a captive; and, remembering all his expedients for writing to his friends without, he still found in a hole in the chimney two pens which he had hidden there.†

Some time after Chavigni was seized with an illness from which he did not recover. Condé went to see him in his dying moments, and showed himself very much touched at his state as long as they were together; but it is said that, on going away, he mimicked the contortions of the dying man, and added, "He is as ugly as the devil."‡ How strange to find such harshness in so great a mind!

This harshness of Monsieur le Prince appeared equally when news was brought to him from Guyenne of the almost desperate state of the Princess, his wife's, health. Without giving a single day to her remembrance—without even waiting for the certainty of her death—he already thought of a new marriage. Here is the manner in which Mademoiselle de Montpensier refers to it in her Memoirs; "News came from Bordeaux that Madame la Princesse was dying; she had a constant fever, and was eight months gone with child. Monsieur asked for tidings of her of Monsieur le Prince. He told him that she was in such a state that

* Memoirs of Conrart, p. 93.

† Memoirs of Claude Joli, Chanoine de Paris.

‡ Memoirs of Motteville, vol. iv., p. 390.

“ the next news he expected to receive would be that of her death.” . . . “ Monsieur de Chavigni (for it was two or three weeks previous to the death of this poor man) said to me, as I came up, ‘ We are talking of poor Madame la Princesse, and we are remarrying Monsieur le Prince :’ I blushed and went away. Madame de Frontenac told me afterwards that Monsieur de Chavigni had been telling her that Monsieur le Prince was already quite consoled for his loss in the hope of marrying me.” *

Clémence, however, did not die ; and she soon after gave birth to a son, who was feeble and languishing like herself. When Mademoiselle sent to congratulate Monsieur le Prince upon this news, he replied harshly, “ that it was no subject of rejoicing to him, since the child could not live above two or three days.” † In spite of his paternal prognostic the child did live yet some time, and his christening was performed with great solemnity and rejoicing by the Bordelais, who were full of esteem and admiration for the Princess his mother. He was held at the font by the Duchess de Longueville and the “ *Premier Jurat* ;” and he was named Louis de Bordeaux, after his father and after the town which so faithfully supported his party. ‡ Clémence remained for some time seriously ill, and her life was once again despaired of ; but at last she had the misfortune to recover. Providence reserved her for a more protracted agony.

After the raising of the siege of Etampes, Condé left Paris, to take once more the command of the troops. They were then reduced to five thousand men : he led them to St. Cloud, where the bridge ensured him a communication with the capital. He soon had two armies opposed to him, each more numerous than his own : first, that commanded by Turenne, and coming from Etampes ; then a second, under the Maréchal de la Ferté, and composed of new reinforcements, for which Mazarin had stripped the frontier of Flanders and adjourned the conquest of Guyenne.

The two Marshals having completed their junction, fixed their head quarters at St. Denis ; there, too, the Court established itself, and Turenne threw a new bridge of boats over the Seine. Then Condé, seeing that his position at St. Cloud was no longer tenable, resolved to move his army to the other side of Paris,

* *Memoirs of Montpensier*, vol. ii., p. 244.

† *Ib.*, p. 278.

‡ *Life of Madame de Longueville*, 1738, vol. ii., p. 45.

behind Charenton, and intrench himself upon the tongue of land formed by the confluence of the Marne and the Seine. He accordingly began his march during the night of the 1st to the 2nd of July, defiling along the walls of Paris, since his soldiers were refused admittance into the town. But his movements, however well concerted and secret, could not escape the vigilance of Turenne, who hastened forward with twenty-two squadrons to arrest his progress. It was seven o'clock in the morning; the rear-guard, the post of danger, where Condé himself commanded, had already been attacked and thrown into disorder, with the loss of its baggage; and Condé had perceived that he should not be able to reach Charenton without fighting. He instantly recalled M. de Tavannes, who conducted the advanced-guard, and who had already passed the suburbs, and he concentrated his little army in order of battle round the Porte St. Antoine.

This gate, then overlooked on one side by the circuit-wall of Paris and the ramparts of the Bastille, had before it on the other side a large space, where the three principal streets of the Faubourg met. Each of these three streets was defended by intrenchments, which the townspeople had lately raised to screen themselves from the marauders of the Lorraine army. Condé hastily threw up some new barricades and embattled several houses; then he confided to Nemours, Tavannes, and Vallon the defence of each of these openings; keeping himself, as well as La Rochefoucauld, ready to hasten to the post of the greatest danger. On the other hand the young Louis XIV., placed on the heights of Charonne, saw displayed before his eyes all these sad preparations for civil war, and sent messenger after messenger to Turenne, to press him to commence the attack, without waiting for the troops of M. de la Ferté. Yielding to these entreaties, Turenne made every arrangement with his never-failing skill. In order to distinguish his troops on that fatal day, when Frenchmen were to fight against Frenchmen, Condé made them wear a wisp of straw in their hats, and Turenne a piece of paper.*

The attacks were fierce, and several times renewed: the resolute defence being everywhere animated by the presence and example of Monsieur le Prince. "There were then," says an historian of our times, "more officers than soldiers in the fray;

* Desormeaux, vol. iii., p. 301.

“ the great Turenne and the great Condé within pistol shot of each other, fighting themselves hand to hand, and showing an admirable contrast between martial fury and intrepid coolness.* — ‘ Did you see the Prince of Condé on that day ? ’ was afterwards asked of Monsieur de Turenne. ‘ I did not see one Prince of Condé,’ replied he ; ‘ I saw more than twelve ! ’ so rapidly did this hero appear to rush from danger to danger, and from exploit to exploit.” — On that day he ran an especial risk. A gentleman, named St. Mesgrin, had vowed a personal hatred to him on account of Mademoiselle de Vigeau, of whom St. Mesgrin had been greatly enamoured, and on terms which might have led to their marriage ; but his love was forced to yield to the less legitimate passion of Monsieur le Prince. From this bitter remembrance St. Mesgrin had conspired, with two of his friends, to make the person of Monsieur le Prince their first and only object in the conflict. All three of them, therefore, aimed at Condé amongst the little squadron of his friends—all three fell, mortally wounded, at his feet. Many other gentlemen on either side were killed or wounded. Musketry poured in like rain. Each of the barricades was taken and retaken with fury. They fought on every story, and almost in every room, of the houses which had been embattled. Towards mid-day, however, excessive fatigue and insupportable heat put a stop to the conflict for some moments. It is related that Monsieur le Prince, who wore a breast-plate, and who acted more than all the rest, was so completely soaked by perspiration and stifled by his armour, that he was obliged to have himself disarmed and unbooted, and to throw himself quite naked upon the grass in a field, where he rolled and wallowed like a tired horse ; then he dressed himself and was armed, and returned to end the conflict.†

But his weakened army could no longer struggle with advantage against superior troops, receiving every moment fresh reinforcements. The Prince’s barricades were everywhere broken through, and his best officers fell around him, wounded and dying. Nemours received thirteen blows on his armour, but was only wounded in his hand. La Rochefoucauld had his cheeks pierced by a musket-shot, from which he remained blind

* St. Aulaire, History of the Fronde, vol. iii., p. 191.

† Memoirs of Conrart, p. 112.

for a long time. Bercenet, one of the nine in the journey of Agen, was killed dead on the spot. The soldiers, repulsed from the three streets of the Faubourg, were driven back upon the gate of St. Antoine, which was closed against them; the wicket opened only occasionally for the dead and wounded, who were carried in crowds through the town. On the other hand, the Maréchal de la Ferté had just arrived with the heavy artillery. The Royal army was preparing itself for a last and decisive attack, and nothing remained for Condé but to await a glorious death, arms in hand and his face turned to the enemy.

It was in this extremity that Condé received an ally on whom he had not reckoned, and who alone could save him. This ally was a young woman—it was his cousin Mademoiselle, already celebrated by her conduct at Orleans, and full of the courage which her father wanted. Whilst the weak Gaston remained trembling in his palace, she made him sign an order to the Governor of the Bastille to obey in all things his daughter's injunctions: provided with this order, she went to the Hôtel de Ville, she supplicated the *Prévôt* of the Merchants, she threatened the Maréchal de l'Hôpital, Governor of Paris, that she would tear off his beard, and that he should die by no hand but hers;* in short, by dint of entreaties and menaces, she obtained from them the permission that Condé's troops might enter the town. Then, followed by several other ladies, she flew towards the Porte St. Antoine, meeting on her way many of the dead and dying. She saw La Rochefoucauld nearly senseless in the arms of his son and Gourville; she saw Vallon, carried in a chair, who exclaimed on seeing her, "Well, my good mistress, we are all lost!" She saw Guitaut as pale as death, all unbuttoned, and reeling on his horse; she asked him as she passed, "Shall you die, Guitaut?" and he made a sign of his head in the negative. "I found at each step," adds she, "that I made in the Rue St. Antoine, men wounded, some in the head, others in the body, the arms, or the legs—on horses, on foot, on ladders, on planks, and on hand-barrows—to say nothing of dead bodies!"†

Mademoiselle at length reached a house adjoining the walls of the town, and then sent word of her arrival to the Prince of

* Memoirs of Conrart, p. 109.

† Memoirs of Montpensier, vol. ii., p. 183.

Condé. He appeared before her in a dreadful state; two inches thick of dust upon his face, his hair all dishevelled, his collar and his shirt stained with blood. Though he had not been wounded, his cuirass was covered with blows, and he held his naked sword in his hand, having lost its scabbard. All in tears, he sunk down into a seat, saying, "Forgive my grief. You see a man in despair: I have lost all my friends: Messieurs de Nemours, de la Rochefoucauld, and Clinchamp are mortally wounded!" Mademoiselle hastened to assure him that their wounds were not dangerous, and that she brought means for saving himself and the rest of the army. The Prince expressed the greatest joy; but when she pressed him to stay with her, and to make his troops enter instantly, he replied, "I will not be reproached with having retreated in broad day before the Mazarins!"

Returning hastily, therefore, to his post, he continued to stand firm till night, when he entered Paris with his troops (he being the eighth of the rear-guard), protected by the artillery of the town, and by several volleys of cannon which Mademoiselle caused to be fired from the ramparts of the Bastille upon the Royal army as soon as it attempted to approach. From the heights of Charonne the King and the Cardinal saw with vexation their prey escape from their hands, and they withdrew full of resentment against Mademoiselle, who had been the sole cause of their being prevented from following and destroying their vanquished enemies.

This day, which is called the battle of St. Antoine, was equally glorious to Condé, the vanquished, and to Turenne, the victor; the former had only yielded to the superiority of numbers; he had displayed at the same time, and in the highest degree, the valour of an ancient knight and the tactics of a modern general. Why must History next have to record the narrative of another day, not less memorable, but memorable only by a crime which has left an eternal stain upon the memory of the great Condé!

The Magistrates of Paris were by no means satisfied at seeing the town take part with a faction which they thought rebellious, and they loudly accused the *Prévôt* of the Merchants and the *Maréchal de l'Hôpital* of weakness for having yielded to the

entreaties of Mademoiselle at the Hôtel de Ville. The Prince of Condé and the Duke of Orleans resolved at all hazards to overcome this legal resistance, even were it necessary to use the most violent means,—even tumult, even conflagration, even bloodshed. Already, before the battle of St. Antoine, such disgraceful means had been employed by the Prince's party; the Presidents Bailleul, de Nesmond, and several Councillors had been seriously wounded, and several of their servants killed before their eyes: but never did they allow themselves to be alarmed, never did they swerve from their duty. This time it was determined to do things on a greater scale. Several hundred soldiers were chosen, who were disguised as artisans, and mixed with the populace in the *Place de Grève*: they were on the first signal to rush forward together, break down the gates of the Hôtel de Ville, set fire to the building, and terrify into submission the magistrates who should dare to oppose the union with the Princes.

At the appointed hour, therefore, on the 4th of July, the Prince of Condé and the Duke of Orleans having convoked a General Assembly, went to take their places at the Hôtel de Ville. They first thanked the Magistrates for the assistance which their army had received on the day of the battle (thanking warmly is sometimes an excellent expedient for obtaining more!), and they declared that the moment was now come for all good Frenchmen to make common cause. Not being able, however, to carry with them the majority of votes, or obtain the succours of men and money which they needed, Condé rose hastily, and left the hall with Gaston. The moment they appeared upon the steps of the *Place de Grève*, they exclaimed aloud to the populace, "These gentlemen will do nothing for us; they intend to put us off from day to day. They are Mazarins; deal with them as you please!"* These words were hardly uttered, and the Princes gone, before several musket-shots were fired against the windows of the Hôtel de Ville. The Deputies at first exclaimed that it was a popular commotion, caused by some ill-disposed persons, and that it was of no consequence; but the Maréchal de l'Hôpital soon recognised the

* Memoirs of Conrart, p. 116.

presence and the guidance of soldiers. Besides the firing, which still continued, wood had been piled up against all the doors : they were rubbed with pitch, oil, and resin, and then they were set on fire. A furious fight commenced between the town-guard and the good townspeople on one side, and the rabble and disguised soldiers on the other. In vain was Condé sent for, entreating him to come and stop the slaughter ; the Prince, shut up in the Luxembourg with Gaston, replied coldly that he did not understand seditions, and that he felt a coward in them.* It is, however, very probable, and there is ground for hoping, that the wretches whom he had employed went much beyond his orders. Several hundred men were killed on either side, and the bodies were immediately thrown into the river ; however, by help of disguises and posterns, or by dint of money as ransom for their lives, the greater number of the chief men found means to escape. It was only towards the middle of the night that order was re-established, and that a gloomy silence succeeded at last to this fearful strife.

Happily for humanity, such attempts almost always turn against their instigators. A general indignation, a profound terror, took possession of all minds. Even the return of despotism seemed preferable to the continuation of anarchy. Many of the *bourgeois* hastened to leave the town, now become the scene of bloodshed. The Parliament determined to suspend its sittings ; and the King having taken advantage of this conjuncture by a declaration which transferred the Parliament to Pontoise, fifteen Councillors and nearly all the Presidents left Paris in disguise, and went to the appointed place under the presidency of Mathieu Molé. Those who still remained had no longer the same weight with the populace, nor the same confidence in themselves. In vain did Condé, seeing the bad effect of the massacre and conflagration at the Hôtel de Ville, hasten to disavow it, and protest that he had taken no part in it : public opinion was already decided, and was daily assuming new strength. He had continued since the battle of St. Antoine to make his partisans wear a wisp of straw in their hats as a rallying sign. Hereupon a song was composed against him, which at that time was in great vogue. It ended thus :—

* Memoirs of Montpensier, vol. i., p. 208.

" Ma foi, bourgeois, ce n'est pas jeu ;
 " Craignez une fin malheureuse,
 " Car la paille est fort dangereuse
 " Entre les mains d'un bonte-feu ! " *

The Prince himself, seeing his party fail from day to day, and decline more and more towards its ruin, was consumed by the bitterest grief. He appeared so weary of hearing the words—Parliament, *Cour des Aides*, assembled Chambers, and the Hôtel de Ville, that he often said that Monsieur his grandfather had never been more tired of the preachers of La Rochelle. Sometimes he added, " I should like myself much better
 " at the head of four squadrons in the Ardennes, than com-
 " manding twelve millions of people like these we have here ! " †

At last, all the anxieties which he suffered, all the toils that he was compelled to undergo, caused him to fall ill of a burning fever, from which he did not for a long time recover. During this interval the Royal army moved from before Paris at a second apparition of the Lorraine army ; and a very propitious moment presented itself for attacking it suddenly, but the officers who commanded in Condé's place were not men to make use of such an advantage. When their neglect was announced to Condé, he called out furiously from his sick bed, " One ought to give bridles to Tavannes and to Vallon—they
 " are asses ! " ‡

Other tidings no less grievous to the Prince, came from Montrond. After a year's siege, the Marquis de Persan had been forced to ask for a parley, and had promised to surrender on the 1st of September if he received no reinforcements. In this emergency Condé hastened to send M. de Briordé with five hundred horse, and with orders to force the passage of the Loire. His further instructions were to combine, if possible, with Messieurs de Valencey, de Levis, de St. Gérard, and other nobles of Berry and the Bourbonnais who had promised to raise their vassals for the relief of Montrond. Accordingly, De Briordé, having crossed the Loire between Sully and Jargeau and left Bourges to his right, was advancing by rapid marches. But unhappily for the success of this scheme, it was prematurely dis-

* Manuscript Collection of Tallemant des Reaux, as quoted in a note to the *Memoirs of Conrart*, p. 137. † *Memoirs of Vetz*, vol. iii., p. 249.

‡ *Memoirs of Montpensier*, vol. ii., p. 280.

closed by one Le Bosquet, a babbling *Maréchal de Camp*, to Count de Bussy Rabutin, who was still posted at La Charité. Bussy hereupon bestirred himself; in addition to some cavalry of his own, he mustered many loyal gentlemen of the province and their retainers, and passing the Loire, marched forward with the whole body to Nerond. From that town, on the afternoon of the 23rd of August, he saw the horsemen of De Briorde descending along the edge of the distant hills. That sight was a fresh incentive to exertion; the same evening he marched as far as Banegon, and the next morning joined the Count de Palluan, in the lines before Montrond. Both commanders combining took post, Bussy at a convent of Capuchins on the little river Marrande, and Palluan on a height to the left of the Prince's park of Montrond among vineyards, and his front fortified with palisades: altogether they had, besides the volunteers, two regiments and four pieces of cannon.

At day break on the 25th of August De Briorde and his troops came in sight, advancing along the opposite bank of the Cher. But he found the position of the Royalists so strong both by nature and by skill, that even at its first aspect he despaired of forcing it. To prove, however, to his master that nothing on his part had been left untried, he passed the Cher with his troops and attacked the outposts of Count de Palluan, now joined by Bussy from the Capuchin Convent. Being repulsed with a loss of twenty-five or thirty men, he withdrew to some distance, though still keeping in sight during the remainder of that day. But next morning he commenced his march to go back over the Loire, and left Montrond to its fate.* Thus the fortress, on the appointed day, the 1st of September, surrendered to the Count de Palluan. As a reward for this service he received the bâton of a *Maréchal de France*, and took the title of Clerembault. According to the instructions of the Count, he demolished all the new fortifications, which (as long as the provisions lasted) rendered the place nearly impregnable. He only left the ancient Châteaueau, which was standing for a long time afterwards, and on which the arms of the House of Albret were everywhere emblazoned.† It is an ancient and illustrious escutcheon, which claims co-

* *Memoirs of Count Bussy Rabutin*, vol. i., pp. 350--363, ed. 1731.

† *Boulainvilliers, Etat de la France*, vol. ii., p. 213, ed. 1727.

ordinate rank with the *créquier* of Crequy, the *maîtres* of Rohan, and the *alérions* of Montmorency.

An event which tended still more to discourage Condé's party and distress himself, was the tragic death of the Duke de Nemours, who having again quarrelled with his brother-in-law, the Duke de Beaufort, they fought a duel, and Nemours fell mortally wounded at the first pistol shot.

Under these circumstances, Marolin, who was always skilful in taking advantage of the faults of others, determined to strike a last blow at the expiring party of the Fronde. He left the Court, and again retired to Bouillon, pretending to forsake all affairs, but in reality not ceasing to direct them absolutely. At this news there was, as it were, a general defection against the Princes; the continuation of the war appeared now to be without a motive, or at least without a pretext, and the populace called loudly for peace. The Princes then attempted a negotiation with the Court; but the Queen answered with much haughtiness, that it was now no longer a case for negotiation, but for submission.

Absolute submission, or an alliance with Spain, did indeed appear to be the only choice which remained to them. The Duke of Orleans determined for the former: he received orders to retire to Blois, and not again to leave his own appanage; and he lived there eight years more, till his death, dying very obscurely, and despised by every one. The Prince of Condé after great and violent agitation of mind adopted the second alternative, and left Paris with his troops on the 14th of October, to throw himself into the arms of Spain. A few days after the King and the Queen, followed by a brilliant cavalcade, made their triumphal entry into Paris. A *Lit de Justice* was held at the Louvre; Louis XIV. appeared there, surrounded by the Peers and Marshals of France, and the Chancellor in his presence read a Royal Declaration, which excepted from the general amnesty the Princes of Condé and of Conti, and several other noblemen and gentlemen, and which expressly forbade the Courts of Justice for the future to take any part in the affairs of the State. The famous Edict of the month of October, 1648, which ought to have become the basis of a legal government, and which had been received with so much enthusiasm, was de-

clared null and void ; and this revocation excited no resistance in the Parliament, no murmurs amongst the populace ; so much had liberty lost of its *prestige* since it had degenerated into licence ! The Cardinal de Retz, though he had for a long time remained shut up in his Archbishop's Palace, and secluded from public affairs, might perhaps—so at least it was feared—create new troubles ; but on the 9th of December he was arrested at the Louvre, and conducted first to the Donjon of Vincennes, and afterwards to the Château of Nantes. Then, no obstacle remaining in the way of Mazarin's arbitrary power, he could a second time return from his exile, and again seize the reins of government, his skill and his fortunate star having at length triumphed over all his enemies. Had he not good reason to choose for his device, a rock beaten by waves, and the words—*QUAM FRUSTRA ET MURMURE QUANTO ?**

Thus ended the Fronde, a party in which we may highly commend the magistrates for their integrity, and the gentlemen for their valour. But the former might, as it appears to me, be blamed for want of foresight, and the latter for want of virtue. When the members of the Parliament of Paris were taking active measures at the same time against the Court and against the insurrection—when they were declaring both Cardinal Mazarin and the Prince of Condé guilty of high treason—one might well have said to them, like Themistocles to the haughty envoy of a very small town, “ My friend, your words would require an army ! ” When the great nobles united themselves without scruple and without shame to the Spaniards—when they were ready to sacrifice the good of the State to the smallest of their personal interests,—how could they hope for the confidence and the support of the people ? Thus it was that the dawn of a better government and of a legal liberty were obscured and lost to France, and that the darkness of despotism became more dense than ever—darkness not to be dispelled but by a fearful storm !

* *Memoirs of Bussy Rabutin*, vol. ii., p. 165, ed. 1711.

CHAPTER X

Condé's campaigns against France—Quarrel with his colleague the Conde de Fuensaldaña—He takes Rocroy—Scene of his first and greatest victory revisited—The Princess of Condé maintains herself at Bordeaux—Her good conduct and popularity—The Bordelais yield, and the Princess embarks at Bordeaux—Her harsh treatment by the Prince—Siege of Arras raised by Turenne—Queen Christina of Sweden—Condé forces the French lines at Valenciennes—State of affairs at Madrid—Battle of the Downs, near Dunkirk—Peace of the Pyrenees—Condé reinstated in France.

I HAVE no intention of treating in the same detail the campaigns of Condé which remain for me to tell, least of all those when, a deserter from his country, he endeavoured to wound Mazarin through the sides of France. Neither do I undertake a mere journal of battles and sieges. I am far, indeed, from the skill or knowledge of a Folard or a Jomini. But the art of war is not to be learnt in books, unless they be written by the hand of a Frederick or a Napoleon. What I seek, above all, is—in History, to unfold the spirit of the times—in biography, to trace the development of genius or the shades of character in a great man. I should wish to paint Condé not only in his uniform or his court dress, but such as he would appear to his valet de chambre—extolling the glory of his arms, but not dissembling his reverses, nor allowing his vices and defects, like spots upon the sun, to be merged in the brightness of his fame.

On leaving Paris, Condé had advanced by forced marches towards the Spanish head-quarters. Of his first meeting with them we have some details by the Prince of Tarente, who was present :—
 "Two days after we had passed the river Aisne, the Prince
 "and the Count of Fuensaldaña had an interview at Cressy
 "sur Seurre, to concert together the operations for the cam-
 "paign. Their first meeting, which was extremely cold, seemed
 "to forebode the ill understanding which ever since prevailed be-
 "tween them. We dined together, and the day passed without

"any resolution being finally taken.....Fuensaldaña raised difficulties against everything that was proposed."* At last it was agreed that the Spaniards should leave 3000 cavalry and 1500 foot under the command of the Prince. With these reinforcements he succeeded in taking Rhétel, Château-Portien, and several other places upon the frontier; but finding Marshal Turenne before him at the head of a superior force, he drew back and fixed his winter-quarters at his own town of Stenay.

By March next year the Prince repaired himself to Brussels, not only to concert measures with the Count of Fuensaldaña, the Spanish General, but also with the Archduke Leopold, the Spanish Viceroy of the Low Countries. He was not long in becoming convinced of the extreme slowness of these people; how long after their deliberations came decision—how long after their decision, the orders for execution—how long after their orders, any attention to seeing them obeyed.

These delays, which would have wearied even the most phlegmatic, appeared insupportable to the fiery soul of Condé. Moreover, the decay of this monarchy of Spain, once so powerful, and still so vast and proud, had already made alarming progress. An evil government ere long renders useless the finest climate or the richest soil, and the neglect of commerce and agriculture speedily inflicts its own punishment. The only two classes which seemed to prosper under the Castilian Crown were the beggars and the monks,†—unless, indeed, these two classes be comprehended as one! Even gold was wanting to the masters of Peru and Mexico! Their chivalrous spirit, their science of war, all seemed buried at Rocroy and Lens with their veteran battalions, and through the blows of Condé himself. The officers appointed by the Court intrigues at Madrid were for the most part too ignorant to command, and too proud to obey.

To add to their difficulties, they had been so long accustomed to hear the praises of Charles V. resounding, and were so impressed with the former grandeur of their country, that they sought only to conceal its weakness, and exaggerate its resources—even to themselves and their chiefs; so that they were almost always concerting new operations upon erroneous reports.

* Memoirs of the Prince of Tarente, p. 129, ed. 1767.

† Desormeaux, vol. iii., p. 401.

With these constantly recurring difficulties, it was the month of July ere Condé could penetrate into France at the head of 27,000 troops, composed of Spaniards, Germans, Italians, Lorrainers, Walloons, and French refugees. Turenne had a very inferior army to oppose to them. But discord was not long in breaking out between Condé and Fuensaldaña. The former wished to march straight to Paris,—the latter confined his views to the siege of Arras. At last Condé carried his point, and the army marched as far as Roye; but then Fuensaldaña refused to venture any further, on the pretext that he feared a want of provisions. The Prince, now become indignant, wished to decide the campaign by a single battle, which, from the superiority of his army, promised success; but in vain did Condé exert all the powers of his genius: Turenne, with his usual foresight and caution, never placed himself in a position to be attacked.

The arrival of the Archduke at the camp only served to increase the discord and disorder. A dispute upon priority of rank immediately arose between him and Condé: neither chose to go to the other's quarters to receive the order of the day. It became necessary to refer the point to Philip IV.; and affairs remained in suspense until the Court of Madrid adopted the plan of sending to the camp a tablet, on which was inscribed beforehand the word of command for each day of the month. Fuensaldaña carried this tablet to each of the Princes in turn, who were thus supposed to receive orders from none but the King himself. The descendant and heir of Condé, and the last who bore his name, thinks his ancestor's firmness upon this question of precedence one of the greatest actions of his life! "What courage, and what magnanimity!" cried he: "to conquer this same Archduke in action, was the part of only a hero; but to withstand him under such circumstances, was indeed worthy of a great man and a Prince!" *

The season was, however, advancing, and the invasion of Picardy had failed. Condé then contented himself with proposing the siege of Rocroy, which he intended to use as his *place d'armes*, and which, according to the terms of a treaty which he had signed at Brussels, was to continue in his own hands.

The Archduke not only approved of the enterprise, but left its entire management to the Prince. Thus it happened that Condé found himself returning to the field of Rocroy, where ten years before he had gathered his first laurels. With what emotion must he have beheld those narrow defiles which himself had first opened to victory—those dark fir forests which encircled, like a black frame, the marshy and uncultivated plain, where the redoubtable *Tercios*, the pride and hope of Spain, came and succumbed before a stripling of twenty! That tree, under whose shade he had reposed—yonder steeple, from which the *Te Deum* of victory had pealed—that cottage, where he had stepped in to indite, his hand all tremulous with joy, his first despatch! Who amongst us has not himself felt the influences of his first return to the home of his youth? How does everything look less than we imagined! How the mansion of our youth appears to have shrunk to a cottage!—the river to a streamlet! How many of our nearly effaced recollections crowd upon our softened mind! The years that have passed glide away. The mind is renewed; every object around us speaks of some bygone friendship—of some disappointed hope. We fancy ourselves again as we were when eagerly panting for an active life, without foreseeing its dangers, or regretting the calm and tranquil existence which we left behind—that tranquillity which we may regret, but which never will return! But how much more forcibly must these same sentiments have struck Condé, and with what feelings of bitterness must he have again beheld the same scenes under such altered circumstances! A rebel against that King whose throne he had formerly strengthened—an ally of that Spain which he had formerly humbled and defeated! Every object which met his eye seemed to reproach him silently, but severely: for—as Tacitus so eloquently says—the aspect of places does not vary for Sovereigns, like the faces of their flatterers!*

It was perhaps such a train of reflections and feelings of remorse that caused, or at least increased, the illness with which Condé was seized immediately on his arrival before Rocroy. We will here quote the Memoirs of the Prince of Tarente:—"The day

* "Quia tamen non ut hominum vultus, ita locorum facies mutantur, observabaturque maris illius et litorum gravis aspectus."—*Tacit. Annal.*, lib. xiv., c. 10.

“ that the trenches were opened the Prince fell ill of a quartan fever, of which the fits became so long and violent, that he was obliged to keep his bed during the whole of the siege. He entrusted me with the conduct of the attack ; I gave it my best exertions.” * And, indeed, notwithstanding several sallies of the besieged, and torrents of rain which completely filled the trenches, the town was reduced, and capitulated on the twenty-second day from the opening of the works. “ Three of the principal officers of the Prince,” says De Tarente, “ claimed the government of Rocroy. Some one having told the Prince that I also was amongst the claimants, though I had never even thought of it, he replied sharply, that he should retain the government for himself, and that the disagreement of his officers obliged him to act in this manner. He afterwards caused me to be informed by Saint Ibal, that if he had taken two places he should have given me one, to make up to me for the loss of Taillebourg ; but that having only Rocroy, on the resources of which he entirely depended for subsistence, he did not venture to propose to me to be the Governor, and return the profits. That if, however, I would accept it on those conditions, he would cause the patent to be drawn. I replied, that I had no claim to that government, and that I quite understood his reasons for wishing to retain it, and enjoy its revenue. The Prince’s indisposition detained him at Rocroy, and I commanded his army. I saw it reduced to a most deplorable state : two-thirds of the cavalry, without excepting even the officers, were on foot. The soldiers wanted everything, and I was not able to assist them in their utmost need. My situation became so painful, that I resolved to throw up everything rather than see a whole army perish in my hands.” †

Accordingly, De Tarente asked leave to retire from the Prince, who granted it with great regret, and protestations of eternal friendship. De Tarente set off for the Hague, and soon after received permission to return to France. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld and several other friends of Condé whom he had left in his native country, came at the same time and in the same manner to terms with the Court.

* Memoirs of the Prince of Tarente, p. 158.

† *Ib.*, p. 164.

In Burgundy, Guyenne, and all the rest of the kingdom, the partisans of Condé who wished still to maintain themselves had been overpowered. Bellegarde, the only place in Burgundy which still held out, had been confided by the Prince to the Count de Boutteville, who became afterwards so famous under the name of the *Maréchal de Luxembourg*. He defended himself heroically during a 'six months' blockade, and six weeks of open trenches, and finally obtained an honourable capitulation, which enabled him to rejoin the Prince with his garrison in the Low Countries. The fortress was razed to the ground by order of the Court, and the whole province submitted to the Royal authority.

At Bordeaux the incapacity of the Prince of Conti, and the misconduct of Madame de Longueville, more and more offended the minds already incensed by the excesses of the *Ormée*. This faction, under the secret influence of the Prince and the Duchess, and the open management of a brigand named Duretête, became daily more outrageous, sacking houses, and ill-using the inhabitants. Many of the first magistrates were compelled to leave the town and retire, some to Agen, and others to La Réole, to which place the King had transferred their Parliament. In vain did the Princess of Condé, supported by the counsels of Lenet and Marsin, endeavour to soothe their feelings and to re-establish affairs. Herself almost in a dying state, she had had the anguish of losing her second son at the age of eight months, and nearly at the same time her uncle, the old Archbishop of Lyons, expired in his diocese: this was the last surviving kinsman of Clémence.

Meanwhile, however, the King's return to Paris was disposing the people of Guyenne to peace, and gave to the Court the means of sending troops into that province. At the same moment were to be seen the Duke de Vendôme with a French fleet entering the Gironde (from whence Vatteville and his frigates had already sailed), and the Duke de Candale approaching at the head of an army by land. Bazas, Langon, Bergerac, and many other towns threw open their gates to him; and Bourg, which was garrisoned by Spaniards, yielded after a siege of several days. Then it was that all those who had taken up arms for interested motives or mere thoughtless love of strife, hastened to leave the losing party.

THE Count du Dognon consented to relinquish his fortresses for the sake of a *bâton de Maréchal*, which was granted to him. The Prince of Conti commenced one negotiation, the Duchess de Longueville another, and two Franciscans, named Father Ithier and Father Berthod, served as mediators; * but with the baseness belonging to low minds, "the Prince of Conti not daring to inform the Princess of Condé that he wished for peace, nor yet Marsin or Lenet, as being so firmly attached to the Prince of Condé's interests, held counsel with them as to the means of preventing, while he was secretly promoting it." † At last, notwithstanding all the efforts of Marsin and Lenet, the desire for peace prevailed. Nearly everybody in the town adopted the white scarf, and the colour *Isabelle* dared not show itself. Peace was signed with public rejoicings on the 31st of July. By this treaty the inhabitants of Bordeaux obtained the re-establishment of their privileges, with a full pardon for their rebellion, excepting only Duretête and five other chiefs of the *Ormée*, who were afterwards hanged. The Prince of Conti, whose confidants Mazarin had succeeded in gaining over, determined to abandon entirely the interests of his brother, and attach himself to those of the Minister. Accordingly, he not only consented to serve under him in several employments with which he was intrusted, but also married one of the Cardinal's nieces. We are assured that the news of this alliance was more painful to Condé than any of his other misfortunes. Thus it was that the crafty Mazarin, who had begun life as a menial servant at Rome, had the honour of mingling his blood with that of Kings. Thus had already become accomplished the prediction which Condé made at Montrond, when he exclaimed to his brother and sister, "It is you who have persuaded me to take this step, it is you who will be the first to forsake me!" ‡

On leaving Bordeaux the Duchess de Longueville had obtained the promise that a reconciliation between her and her husband should be attempted. It was not a very easy undertaking, since there were not a few things for the Duke to forget or to forgive; however, after some time the reunion

* See the Memoirs of Berthod, at the end of those by Conrart.

† Memoirs of Montglat, vol. iv., p. 16.

‡ Life of the Duchess de Longueville, book v., ed. 1738.

was effected. During this interval she went to reside with her aunt, the Duchess de Montmorency, at Moulins. There it was that a great and happy change took place in her character. In the society of her aunt, one of the most pious women of her time, she was imbued with profound sentiments of religion, and a lively repentance of her past life. These good dispositions were never changed. They continued on her return to her husband in Normandy, and for the remaining twenty-seven years of her life, the whole of France was edified by her piety and her repentance.*

Ever constant to her duty the Princess of Condé continued to act with the most lofty courage, combined with the most touching gentleness. She refused every advantage offered by Mazarin to the niece of Cardinal de Richelieu, his first benefactor, on condition that she should remain in France, and separate her interests from those of her husband.† She preferred, on the contrary, sacrificing everything to go and rejoin him.

It had been stipulated in the treaty that Marsin and Lenet should embark for Flanders with the young Duke d'Enghien; that the Princess might remain some time longer in a country house, to recruit her strength; and that then a passport should be given her to make her journey by land. But Clémence would never consent to be separated from her son, the only happiness she had left. Her physicians assured her that she would die on the passage; she persisted, however, in embarking, after having received the Sacrament, like a person at the point of death.‡ All her resources had been spent in the war for the service of her husband. She was obliged to pawn her diamonds to defray the expenses of her voyage.§ In spite of the prognostic of the physicians, her energy and courage stood her in lieu of strength, and she landed safely on the Flemish coast. After all that she had done and suffered for the interests of Condé, she might perhaps have hoped to receive from him some proofs of his regard, or at least of his respect. But it did not prove so. Condé occupied himself with warfare in the summer and with amours in winter quarters, and would not be interrupted in either

* Life of the Duchess de Longueville, book v., ed. 1738.

† Desormeaux, vol. iv., p. 266.

‡ Memoirs of Montpensier, vol. iii., p. 428.

§ Desormeaux, vol. iii., p. 428.

of these pursuits. He sent word, therefore, with much harshness to the Princess, who was going to join him at Rocroy, to stop at Valenciennes, and await his arrival. During the whole winter he never once deigned to visit her; and soon after he deprived her of her only remaining consolation—the presence of her son, whom he sent to the Jesuits' College at Namur, to pursue his studies. In France, where the people appreciated the merit of the Princess much more than Condé seemed to do, his conduct was thought strange at least, if not culpable. Guy Patin, in one of his letters of that time, exclaims with surprise, “The Princess of Condé is at Valenciennes; she has not yet seen her husband since her arrival in Flanders!”*

It is about this period Bishop Burnet declares that Condé offered his services to Cromwell, with a promise to turn Protestant, provided he obtained an English army with which to make a descent into Guyenne, and raise a rebellion amongst the Huguenot party in France.† But such an offer, resting only upon the authority of a writer so prejudiced and passionate as Bishop Burnet, can hardly be admitted without any historical document for its support.

The campaign of 1654 commenced inauspiciously for Condé, by the loss of his town of Stenay, which was besieged by Turenne. During this time the Prince had to contend at Brussels against the slowness of Fuensaldaña, and the freaks and caprices of the Duke of Lorraine. One day, for instance, the Duke declared that he would not commence the campaign unless a certain *bourgeoise* of Brussels, of whom he had become enamoured, came and asked him to do so! The whole Council had to go in procession to the parents of the girl, to persuade her to take such a step. At last the Duke succeeded in tiring out the patience of the Spaniards themselves, who caused him to be arrested and conveyed to the citadel of Antwerp.

By the end of June, Condé, having at length succeeded in putting the Spanish army in motion, appeared before Arras, on whose siege he had determined. The first care of the besiegers was to construct lines round the town, and Condé left nothing undone which could render them impregnable. They were twelve feet

* Letter of Guy Patin to C. Spon, Paris, March 20, 1654.

† Burnet's History of his own Times, vol. i., p. 72, ed. in folio.

in width and ten in depth. However, at the very first alarm of the danger which threatened this important town, the bulwark of the frontier, Turenne hurried to the spot at the head of a numerous army, and having under his orders the Maréchals d'Hocquincourt and La Ferté. The young Duke of York (afterwards King James II.) also served under him as a volunteer. During more than a fortnight Turenne remained uncertain of what part he should take. The lines were already so strong that it appeared difficult to attack them, and yet if they were not attacked Arras would be forced to surrender.

At last, on the morning of the 24th of August, Turenne announced to his officers that he had resolved on attacking that very day at noon a particular part of the lines, which he pointed out to them. The officers observed to him that the lines on the opposite side appeared very much weaker. "That is true," replied Turenne, "but you do not know who keeps that weak line. We should do no good there; Monsieur le Prince never sleeps, and that is his post. But now I will tell you what will fall out on the other side; for I have served in the Spanish armies, and know their customs. The soldiers on guard in that quarter will be slow in believing that we really mean to attack them at that time of day, and will for a long time fancy that it is only a false alarm. When at length they are convinced that we are in earnest, they will send to the Count de Fuen-saldafia, who at that hour is sure to be enjoying his *siesta*, and it will not be an easy matter to persuade his servants to awake him. When at last awake, the Count will mount his horse, and go to see what is doing at the lines; which when he sees he will hasten to the Archduke, whom he will also find asleep in his tent. Having in his turn roused him, they will consult together what is best to be done, and during that time," added Turenne, "we shall have done!" The attack was accordingly commenced in this quarter; and they learnt afterwards, through the prisoners, that everything had passed exactly as was predicted by Turenne. The lines were forced and the Spaniards routed almost without a struggle, and with the loss of all their guns, baggage, and three thousand men. Condé alone made a stout resistance. At the very first alarm he hastened with his division of the army to the other side of the

lines. He tried to rally the vanquished, and for two hours kept the enemy in check. At length he slowly recrossed the Scarpe within sight of the enemy, and covered the retreat of the Spanish army until they gained the walls of Cambray.*

This masterly retreat increased the reputation of the Prince almost as much as the gain of a battle. The King of Spain wrote him a note with his own hand in these words:—"My cousin, I am informed that all was lost, but that all was saved by your Highness!"

During the following winter-quarters, Queen Christina of Sweden, who had just abdicated her throne, and who for a long time past had been filled with admiration for Condé, made a journey through Brussels expressly to see and make acquaintance with her hero. The Prince on his side was flattered by these proofs of esteem, and was anxious to return them. Who would have believed that with this anxiety on both their parts, a foolish ceremonial, a frivolous dispute on etiquette, should have prevented their meeting or seeing each other? One day, however, on which Christina held an assembly, the Prince, curious to see so renowned a woman, quietly slipped into her apartment amongst the crowd of courtiers. The Queen recognised the Prince by his features; she uttered an exclamation of joy, and rising, rushed towards him, wishing to retain and converse with him. But the recollection of the ceremonial that was denied him already flashed across the mind of the hero, and he broke away, exclaiming, "Everything or nothing, Madam!" and with these words disappeared.†

In the campaign of 1655, the incapacity of the Spanish chiefs constantly reduced Condé to the melancholy part of being the spectator of the successes of Turenne. The French army succeeded in taking one after the other the towns of Landrecies, Condé, and Saint Guillaín.

The weakness of the Archduke and the Count de Fuensal-

* All these details are taken from Clarendon's History, vol. vii., p. 282, Oxford, 1826.

† Memoirs on Queen Christina, by Arckenholtz, vol. i., p. 453. The Queen writes herself in one of her letters from Brussels:—"Here I find myself well with every one except the Prince of Condé. My occupations consist in eating well, sleeping well, studying a little, &c., &c." (lb. p. 474.)

daña—a weakness which showed itself in a still clearer light by being contrasted with the genius of Condé—at last, however, attracted the attention of the Court of Spain. They were recalled in the following winter, and in their place arrived Don John of Austria, the son of King Philip and of an actress of Madrid, a young man full of ardour and love of glory, almost without education, and as yet without experience; and at his side the Marquis de Caracena, a veteran, grown grey in the service, but a true Spaniard in slowness and phlegm.

It was against these new chiefs that Turenne, rendered bolder by the successes of the last campaign, moved at the head of his army, and came to besiege Valenciennes in June, 1656, in concert with another division under the command of the Maréchal de la Ferté. The Princess of Condé had already left that town, and fixed her abode at Malines, according to the orders of her husband, who neglected and deserted her more than ever. Valenciennes, surrounded by good fortifications, and holding a numerous garrison, was well defended by its governor, Don Francisco de Menesses. The place was however almost compelled to surrender, when Condé made a great effort for its deliverance. He saw that the French army occupied the two banks of the Scheldt—La Ferté's division on one side, and Turenne's on the other. He saw, too, that by opening the sluices of Bouchain, he could overflow the banks of the river, and render the communications difficult. Joining his forces to those of Don John, he fell upon the camp of La Ferté during the night, with such secrecy and vigour, that he gained a complete victory. The Maréchal de la Ferté himself fell into the hands of Condé, with nearly all his generals, four hundred officers, and more than four thousand soldiers. Of all this division of the army only two thousand men escaped, throwing away their arms, and running away in disorder. This was one of the most felicitous and daring acts of the Prince's life. Turenne would, perhaps, ere long have shared the lot of his colleague, had not the irresolution of Don John paralysed Condé's ardour, and given to the French Marshal two days to perform a skilful retreat, which he made step by step with his face turned towards the enemy. By another well-combined attack the Prince invested the town of Condé, from which he took his name, and compelled it to capitulate.

Indeed it was only from Condé that could be learnt all the worth of Turenne, and from Turenne all the worth of Condé. "It was," says Bossuet, "a noble sight in our age to see at the same time "and in the same campaign those two men, whom the voice of "Europe had proclaimed equal to the greatest captains of past "centuries, sometimes at the head each of his separate division— "sometimes more united from the concurrence of their thoughts "than from the orders of the superior to his inferior officer— "sometimes opposed face to face, each redoubling in vigilance "and activity. What campaigns, what laborious marches, what "precautions, what perils, what resources! Were the same virtues ever before seen in two men of such different, not to say "opposite, characters? One seemed to act upon deep reflection ; "the other upon sudden impulse and flashes of light. The one "therefore more fiery—not that his ardour partook of precipitation ; the other, with a colder manner, but with nothing of "slowness—more daring in actions than words, inwardly resolute and determined, even when he looked most embarrassed. "The one giving at his first appearance in an army a great idea "of his valour, and raising an expectation of extraordinary acts, "but always advancing cautiously and with order, and coming "as it were by degrees to the prodigies which ended his career ; "the other, like a man inspired from his very first battle, equalling "the most consummate masters of war. What a spectacle to see "and study these two men, and learn from each of them all the "esteem which the other deserved !"*

Spain, already about to succumb from her own weakness, found herself again aimed at by new enemies. An alliance, offensive and defensive, had just been concluded against her between France and England—between Cardinal Mazarin and the usurper Cromwell. Charles Stuart, the lawful King, and his two brothers, being thus driven from France, sought an asylum in the Low Countries. They were received with great coldness by the Governor, Don John, and by the Marquis de Caracena. It was Condé who, by his generous efforts, caused Charles to receive the treatment due to a King, and who gave commissions in his army to the young Dukes of York and Gloucester. About the

* Bossuet, *Oraison Funèbre*, p. 78, ed. 1807. See also the parallel of Condé and Turenne, by St. Evremond.

same time Condé was receiving at Brussels the visit of the chief of an opposite party in France, now united to him by the bonds of their common misfortune, and by their hatred of Mazarin. This was Cardinal de Retz, who, having been transferred from Vincennes to the Château of Nantes, had effected his escape so early as the year 1654. He had then passed into Spain and Italy, and was at length come to the Low Countries to combine measures with his former enemy.*

The campaign of 1657, like the preceding ones, was marked by sieges rather than by battles. Turenne had formed the design of surprising and taking Cambray: Condé, at the head of three hundred horse only, forced him to retire. The Governor and inhabitants of the town thus freed from danger, received the Prince, on his entry, upon their knees in the streets; and soon after they caused a gold medal to be struck, bearing this inscription,

“VIRGINI SACRUM ET CONDÆO LIBERATORI.”

On the other hand, the Prince failed in an attempt to make himself master of Calais. The slowness of Don John and Caracena everywhere obstructed the best projects, and lost the fairest opportunities. Let me give one single instance. Towards the end of this campaign the French army were besieging St. Venant: to save the town it became necessary to intercept the convoys of provisions which were coming to Turenne. One of these convoys had left Bethune in the morning, composed of five hundred wag-gons, and escorted by only three squadrons. It was discovered about four o'clock in the afternoon by the Duke of York, who was conducting a column of infantry. The Duke immediately went to the Prince de Ligne, who commanded five squadrons, and exhorted him to fall upon the enemy. “I shall take good care not,” replied De Ligne; “it is as much as my head is worth to engage in an action without having received the order from Don John.” Don John and the Marquis of Caracena were sent to. Both of them lay stretched at full length in their coaches, tranquilly enjoying their siesta. They were surrounded by a troop of servants, who were occupied only in keeping aloof all disturbance and importunate inquirers from their masters. None of them would take upon himself to wake them. The convoy passed, and the two Generals after their slumber showed no regret. The

* See the Memoirs of Guy Joli.

Duke of York, however, expressed his astonishment to the Prince of Condé. "Ah! you do not know the Spaniards," replied the Prince; "to see defects in war, you must serve a campaign with them!"*

It was, perhaps, in allusion to all these lost opportunities that Condé about this period adopted as a device upon his standards a great flame crackling amongst wood, with these words:—

"SPLENDESCAM, DA MATERIAM!"

Worn out by sorrow and mortification, he fell dangerously ill at Brussels. At this news Anne of Austria hastened to send him the celebrated physician Guenau,[†] in whom Condé had especial confidence, and the health of the Prince was re-established before the spring.

To comprehend clearly the sinking state of the old Spanish monarchy at this period, the incapacity of its chiefs, and the indolence of its people, and consequently to form a correct idea of all the obstacles which were perpetually presenting themselves to Condé during his campaigns against his fatherland, we may consult the *Maréchal de Grammont*, who, being sent to Madrid in 1659, on an embassy of ceremony, has left in his *Memoirs*, edited by his son, some very curious and little known details on the state of things in that capital. He is a witness who appears equally truthful and well informed. According to him, "This nation in general is proud, arrogant, and indolent. Valour is natural to it, and I have often heard the great Condé observe, that a courageous Spaniard has even a loftier valour than other men. Patience in labour and constancy in adversity are virtues possessed to the highest degree by the Spaniards. Even the common soldiers are seldom dispirited at any unfortunate event—which they attribute to some distant cause, often even beyond probability—and console themselves by the hope of a speedy return of their good fortune. Thus we frequently heard it said by most of the prisoners who were taken, that the King of Spain had reason to rejoice in the revolts of Portugal and Catalonia, because when these provinces came to be subdued by the force of arms (which must undoubtedly happen),

* *Memoirs of the Duke of York, and Desormeaux*, Hist. vol. iv., p. 109.

† The same who is mentioned in the 6th Satire of Boileau:—

"Guenau sur son cheval, en passant m'éclabousse!"

“ their privileges would be abolished, and the King, in becoming
“ their absolute master, would draw from them an enormous re-
“ venue, which would assist him in making fresh conquests. . . .
“ As to genius, one sees few Spaniards who have not a lively
“ and agreeable wit in conversation. . . . Their fidelity to their
“ King is extreme, and highly to be praised. . . . Great
“ poverty exists amongst them, which proceeds from their ex-
“ treme indolence; for if numbers of our Frenchmen did not
“ go to mow their hay, reap their corn, and make their bricks,
“ I think they would run great risk of dying of hunger, or of
“ living under tents, to save themselves the trouble of building
“ houses. . . . As to the Grandees of Spain of the first class,
“ the only employment for which they seem to care is that of
“ Gentlemen of the Bedchamber in Waiting, because while they
“ are in attendance upon the King at table, and dressing or un-
“ dressing him, they enjoy the privilege of seeing his Majesty,
“ from which honour all others are excluded. The contempt in
“ which these gentlemen hold all those who go to the wars, or
“ who have been there, is scarcely to be believed. I have seen
“ Don Francisco de Menesses, who had so valorously defended
“ Valenciennes against Turenne, not known at Madrid while
“ we were there, and not allowed to pay his respects to the King
“ or to the Admiral of Castille; and it was the Maréchal de Gram-
“ mont who presented him to the Admiral at his own house—the
“ Admiral having never before heard of Don Francisco de Me-
“ nesses, or of the raising of the siege of Valenciennes—a cir-
“ cumstance of some singularity! And it is remarkable that in
“ that vast empire, the number of all those who, at the period of
“ which I am speaking, could command an army, was reduced
“ to Don John of Austria, who was a very moderate captain, to
“ the Conde de Fuensaldaña, who did not understand war, and
“ did not love it, to the Marquis of Caracena, and to the Conde
“ de Mortara, who was, if possible, more incapable than the other
“ two. . . . The ignorance of these Spanish Grandees in the
“ questions they ask, is sometimes so surprising, that one cannot
“ help laughing, and really deserves that I should give some in-
“ stances of it here. The Pope’s Nuncio conversing one day
“ with the Count de Grammont at Madrid, told him that the news
“ of a victory gained by the Venetians over the Turks had just

“ come ; on which a Spanish Grandee asked him in perfect
“ good faith, ‘ *Quien era Virey à Venezia ?* ’ (Who was Viceroy
“ at Venice ?) To this the other replied with some humour, that
“ he had better ask that of the Venetian Ambassador, who was
“ close by ; from which he, however, fortunately abstained, for it
“ is pretty certain that he would have received such an answer
“ as the absurdity of the question deserved. As for me, having
“ always heard much of those great men who had taken part in
“ the government of that monarchy under the reigns of Ferdi-
“ nand, Charles V., and Philip II., I had imagined that the sons
“ had inherited some of the talents of their fathers ; and I was
“ listening one day with a predisposition to admire what I should
“ hear said by the Duke of Alva, a good and worthy gentleman,
“ but one of the most illiterate in the world. He being unfor-
“ tunately engaged in telling a story of his grandfather, who had
“ been Governor of the Low Countries, and caused their complete
“ revolt, could never remember the name of the Prince of Orange,
“ which was necessary to his narrative, and got out of the diffi-
“ culty by always calling him ‘ *El Rebelde* ! ’ ” (The Rebel).*

At the commencement of the year 1658, Cromwell exacted from Mazarin that he should send orders for the siege of Dunkirk, so that the French might afterwards give up the place into his hands ; and threatening, in case of refusal, to turn his arms against France and conquer Calais with the assistance of the Spaniards. The answer of the supple Cardinal may be guessed : so early as the month of May Dunkirk was invested by the army of Marshal Turenne, and blockaded by an English fleet, with several thousand soldiers under the direction of their Ambassador Lockhart. Having been apprised, though rather late, of the projects of the enemy, Don John and the Prince of Condé departed in all haste from Brussels without waiting for their artillery and baggage. On arriving within sight of the Downs, Don John called together a council of war to deliberate upon the means of saving the town. Condé maintained that there was but one course to take ; to encamp between the canals of Furnes and Hundscotte, to await in this post, where it would be impossible for Turenne to attack them, their artillery, and the rest of their

* *Memoirs of the Maréchal de Grammont, by his son the Duke de Grammont, vol. ii., p. 252—270, ed. 1716.*

forces, and meanwhile to harass the enemy and cut off their foraging parties. Don John proposed, on the contrary, to advance between the Downs, as near as possible to the French lines. "But," said the Prince to him, "we shall hardly be engaged amongst those banks of sand ere the enemy will leave their camp and attack us. And they will have great advantages over us: the post which you wish to occupy is only favourable to the ~~the~~ infantry; and the French is the most numerous and warlike."—"But I," replied Don John haughtily, and quoting the events at Valenciennes, "I am persuaded that they will not even dare to look at the army of his Catholic Majesty!"—"Ah!" answered Condé, "you do not know M. de Turenne; faults are not committed with impunity before so great a man." Don John was silenced, but persisted in his plan, and resolved as General-in-chief to have it carried into execution.

Accordingly on the next day, the 14th of June, the Spanish army ventured on the Downs along the coast; it was about 14,000 strong. Turenne on his side had 22,000 men; but he left 6,000 to guard the lines before Dunkirk; and advanced with the others to profit by the error of the Spaniards and give them battle. Condé was the first to see the movement of the French: he advanced at full gallop to reconnoitre their order and their plans, and then immediately went to apprise Don John. The confidence of the Spanish General did not forsake him: he maintained to the Prince that Turenne could have no other project than to skirmish with their advanced guard. Without making any further objection Condé turned to the young Duke of Gloucester and asked him if he had ever yet seen a battle?—"No," replied the Duke.—"Well then," continued Condé, "in half an hour from this time you will see one lost!"*

The illusive hope of the Spanish chiefs was not long in being dissipated; they saw the French army advancing upon their front in order of battle, while the English frigates were pressing to cannonade their right wing along the coast. The English soldiers stepping ashore, were the first to climb upon the Downs and commence the attack. Three times repelled, three times did they return to the charge with renewed ardour and extreme animosity. On seeing them, Don John exclaimed that the French fought

* Ramsay, History of Turenne, vol. ii., p. 89. Desormeaux, vol. iv., p. 133.

like men, but the English like devils. He himself, and the Marquis de Caracena, gave an example of the most brilliant valour, pushing into the thickest of the fight, and contesting the battle spear in hand. But the defect of their first position so embarrassed the movements of their cavalry as to render it almost useless, while their infantry, beset on every side, by the French in front, by the English on their flank, was soon compelled to yield, and take to flight.

Condé commanded on the left wing. He saw that his allies would be beaten, but he had formed a project worthy of his genius: it was to open for himself a passage to Dunkirk, through the centre of the French camp opposite to him, and through the lines of their intrenchments, and thus relieve the besieged town, even in the very midst of a lost battle. Little was wanting to his success in this design. But he soon found himself surrounded by fresh troops which were coming from the centre of the French army. He was on the point of being taken, and his horse was killed under him; but a gentleman of his household instantly gave up his own to him; two others, the Counts of Boutteville and Coligny, sacrificed themselves to favour his retreat; and while he escaped amidst a shower of musketry, his devoted friends remained prisoners in the hands of the enemy.

This disaster, which received the name of the Battle of the Downs, cost the Spaniards nearly 4000 men, taken, killed, or wounded. It drew along with it the loss of Dunkirk, which capitulated ten days after. But it may also be said of this battle, that it was one of the principal causes of the treaty between the two nations, which terminated a twenty-four years' war. The Spaniards, thoroughly humbled, submitted to concessions which were henceforward inevitable. The French, now victorious, relaxed upon several points, in the hope of an alliance between their young Monarch and the Infanta Maria Theresa, eldest daughter of King Philip. It was upon this basis that Don Louis de Haro, prime minister of Spain, and Cardinal Mazarin, prime minister of France, had an interview in the Isle of Pheasants, on the Bidassoa, and succeeded in concluding "the Peace of the Pyrenees."

The detail of these celebrated conferences would lead us too far. Let us confine ourselves to our subject, and let me only say

that in this negotiation the interests of Condé were more difficult to regulate than those of Europe. Don Louis thought with reason, that the honour of his country was involved in obtaining good conditions for his French allies; and Lenet having arrived at Irun, provided with instructions from Brussels, closely watched the interests of his master. The first proposal for the complete and unconditional re-establishment of the Prince and his partisans in all their places and employments was at once cast aside by Mazarin. "What!" cried Don Louis, "do you wish that a Prince of his merit should return to France without reputation, office, or government? and how do you expect him to live?" To this question the Cardinal replied bluntly, "Let him live like five hundred other Princes of the Blood, who, without having ever dreamt of doing any thing against their King or their country, never had any government or place. The greater number of Princes only desire them for evil purposes, and it is good policy to give them none. For if they only wish to receive marks of respect from all Frenchmen, as well as to secure their own safety, they have only to live quietly and duly serve the King—as they are even more bound to do than all his other subjects."* Don Louis then declared that the Catholic King would be obliged himself to do something considerable for the Prince, in yielding to him either the Duchy of Luxembourg, or Sardinia, or Calabria, and making it an independent sovereignty.

The Cardinal at first appeared to agree to this proposal; but later he declared that his King would never consent that a recompense should be given to the Prince, which would only serve to become a monument of his rebellion to posterity.†

Several times in the following conferences Don Louis returned to the charge in favour of Condé; but was never able to shake the Cardinal's determination. On his side, the Prince, informed of these differences, generously wrote to Don Louis and to Lenet, that he did not wish that the fairest regions of Europe should be any longer the scene of devastation out of regard for

* Despatch from Cardinal Mazarin to M. Le Tellier, August 21, 1659. All the letters of Mazarin, which concern the Peace of the Pyrenees, have been published in two volumes at Amsterdam, in 1693: it is a very interesting collection.

† Despatch of Cardinal Mazarin, August 23, 1659.

his interests; that he was besides weary and ashamed of disputing the ground any longer with his King; and that he preferred submitting without conditions, to being the cause of prolonging the war. Don Louis communicated this letter to Mazarin. Then addressing him, he said, "As my master is not allowed to give places to his ally, we must give some to the Christian King, to engage him to restore his favour to the first Prince of his Blood. For this object I offer Avesnes and all its dependencies." At the offer of this important fortress, Mazarin no longer resisted. Eight articles in relation to Condé were added to the general treaty, and signed the 7th of November, 1659. As to the style, they were drawn, not, as had been demanded by Spain, upon a footing of equality between the King and the Prince, but in the tone of an offended master and a guilty subject.

These articles enacted that the Prince should be reinstated in all his honours, in all his estates, and in his government of Burgundy; that the King should restore to him his favour; that he might be permitted to receive from Spain a million of dollars without counting the arrears which were due to him; that the Duke d'Enghien should have the place of Grand Master, with the brevet of reversion for his father; that all the partisans of Condé who had followed him out of France (excepting only Count de Marsin) should have their estates restored to them, but not their offices. On the other hand, the King of Spain ceded Avesnes to France, and Juliers to the Elector Palatine. The Prince of Condé engaged to disband his troops, to renounce his foreign alliances, and to restore to the King the places of Rocroy, Le Catelet, Hesdin, and Linchamp, of which he still continued to hold possession. He engaged not to rebuild the fortifications of Bellegarde or Montrond. Another separate and secret article obliged him to give up Chantilly to the King, provided that he should receive compensation for its value.

Such were the conditions which at length reopened the gates of his country to this illustrious rebel. "It would have been worth while," says a panegyrist, "to give up towns to recover such a man, and Mazarin had the happiness and the skill to obtain some on that very condition!" *

* Desormeaux, vol. iv., p. 161.

CHAPTER XI.

First interview between Condé and Louis XIV.—Absolute power of Mazarin—His death at Vincennes—Retreat of Condé to Chantilly—His Son's marriage—Death of Anne of Austria—Mysterious event at the Hôtel de Condé—Accusation against the Princess—Its validity examined—She is sent a prisoner to Châteauroux—Rabutin and Duval.

As soon as Condé had received tidings of the conclusion of the treaty, he prepared to return to France. He left Brussels accompanied by the Marquis de Caracena, who insisted on escorting him a league out of the town, and regretted by all the inhabitants of the Low Countries, who always continued to feel the greatest veneration for him. He would not go by Paris, as he did not wish to appear in public before he had paid his respects to the King; having therefore taken the road by Soissons, he went to see the Duke and Duchess de Longueville at the Château of Coulommiers, where he reposed for some days. The young Duke, his son, travelled in the same coach with him; the Princess, his wife, arrived two days after him at Coulommiers. From thence Condé proceeded with Longueville to Provence, where the Court was then residing; but hurried as he was, he could not refrain going out of his way to see the Duchess de Châtillon. He would not receive on his route any compliments or harangues in any of the towns through which he passed. At Valence he found the Prince of Conti, whom he welcomed with tenderness, as he also had the Duchess de Longueville; at last he arrived at Aix, on the 28th of January, 1660. Cardinal Mazarin had come two leagues to meet him; the Prince was compelled to dissemble his resentment, embrace his former enemy, and enter the same coach with him, giving him for the first time the right side as the post of honour while driving into the town. They alighted together at the residence of the King, who was awaiting them alone in his own chamber with the Queen his mother. Condé immediately threw himself on one knee before the King,

and asked forgiveness for the part he had taken against his Majesty's service. The King, holding himself very upright, replied coldly, "My Cousin, after the great services you have rendered to my Crown, I shall never remember the error which has been hurtful only to yourself."

We find in the *Memoirs* of those times "that on the following day the Cardinal entertained him at dinner; and that after having staid some days with the Court, where he cut rather a bad figure, he left it to go to Paris, where he had not been for eight years. On his return he consented to receive the compliments of the towns, because he had seen the King; and thenceforward he determined to live privately without taking part in anything, and to have a complete and entire complaisance and docility for the Court and its favourites."* This resolution of the Prince was really sincere, and always persevered in; he refused constantly to mix himself in any intrigue against the Minister of the day, and during the rest of his life Louis XIV. had no subject more faithful, no courtier more devoted, than this former chief of the Fronde.

It was with these feelings that Condé, having first paid a short visit to his government of Burgundy, came to meet the King as his Majesty was returning from the south of France, and presented to him his son. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who was then at Court, gives some details of this second interview, and of the person of the Duke d'Enghien:—"We were at the Château de Chambord. The Prince brought there Monsieur le Duc, his son, of whose talents much had been said while he was yet a child in Flanders. His appearance was not conformable to the expectations which had been raised by the flatterers of the Prince; he seemed to us to be a little boy neither ill nor well made—not handsome, and nothing in his air which would lead one to recognise in him a Prince of the Blood. Everybody wished to please the Prince, his father, and so they pretended to admire him. His father brought him to my apartment, and during the time that I was engaged in discussing my affairs with Monsieur le Prince, he fell asleep, which I thought extraordinary."† This will appear perhaps less extraordinary to

* *Memoirs of Montglat*, vol. iv., p. 235.

† *Memoirs of Montpensier*, vol. v., p. 159, ed. 1776.

those who read the very long and tiresome details on her affairs with which Mademoiselle indulges us in her Memoirs.

The submission of the Prince, the sincerity of his intentions, and the recollection of his former services, were not long in procuring him a good reception at Court. But he had not a shadow of influence; he saw the authority of the state passed more entirely than ever into the hands of Mazarin. That skilful Minister had become in reality more a King than the King himself. Here is the testimony, upon this point of a general officer, who was also "Grand Master of the Robes," the Marquis de Montglat: "The Cardinal never came to the King, but the King went several times a-day to the Cardinal, to whom he paid court like a common courtier. He received the King without any constraint; hardly rose when his Majesty entered or retired, and never conducted him out of his apartment. When the King granted any favour without speaking to him upon it, he reprimanded him like a schoolboy, and told him that he did not understand those things. When he was ill, the Queen went to see him every day as he lay in his bed, and remained a long time. He treated her as if she had been a chambermaid, and whenever they told him she was coming up stairs to see him, he would knit his brows, and say in his jargon, 'Ah! that woman will kill me, she is so troublesome; will she never give me any repose?'" *

Death only could terminate the ministry, or rather the reign of Mazarin. He was only fifty-eight years of age; but his constitution was already undermined by the excesses of his youth, and by the toils of his riper years. During the whole of the winter of 1660 his health was seen to be decaying; in the month of February following he wished to try a change of air, and caused himself to be removed to the Château of Vincennes. But however great his weakness, he continued to labour and to govern till his last breath. Like Richelieu, he contemplated his approaching end with a firm and intrepid eye; he himself disposed of the employments which would become vacant by his death, and regulated the affairs of the state by will, as he might have done his own. Like Tiberius, his dissimulation survived his

strength, and endured as long as his life.* Three days before his death he saw the Prince of Condé, and conversed with him a long time, and very affectionately; but the Prince discovered afterwards that he had not told him one word of truth!† At length he expired on the 9th of March, 1661.

This event is connected with one of the most singular enigmas presented to us by history—the Iron Mask. It was Voltaire who first made known to the public how, several months after the death of Cardinal Mazarin, an unknown prisoner was sent in great secrecy to the fortress of Pignerol—a prisoner young, and above the middle height, but wearing constantly on his face a mask of black velvet with steel springs—how, having been transferred first to the island of St. Margaret, and afterwards to the Bastille, he died a prisoner, and unknown, in 1703.‡ Since that time many writers have exhausted themselves in conjectures to clear up this mystery. The best dissertation upon the subject appears to me to be that of the late Mr. Crawford, in his '*Mélanges d'Histoire et de Littérature*,' which was printed at Paris in 1817, but never published. Having first passed in review all the other conjectures, and rejected them by strong arguments one after the other, he concludes that the prisoner must have been a son of Anne of Austria. May I be allowed to add that after having read with care all the documents, and weighed all the circumstances, I have no doubt upon that point. I believe (however little my judgment may be worth) that the prisoner was the son of the Queen and Mazarin, and born after the death of Louis XIII.; that he was secretly brought up until the death of the Cardinal; that Louis XIV., on assuming the reins of government, was informed of the mystery; and that then it was judged necessary to remove from all eyes the unfortunate young man, whose personal resemblance either to the Queen or to Louis XIV. himself might be dangerously striking.

After the death of the Cardinal, it was thought that some other statesman would take his place, and Condé might with reason aspire to the post. Then it was that Louis XIV. astonished

* *Jam Tiberium corpus, jam vires, nondum dissimulatio descrebat.* (Tacit. Annal., lib. vi., c. 50.)

† I derive this curious fact from some historical fragments among the works of Racine.

‡ Voltaire, *Siècle de Louis XIV.* and *Philosophical Dictionary*.

France by his resolution to govern it himself, and that when his courtiers asked him, "To whom shall we address ourselves?" he answered, "To me!" This resolution was maintained, although the King often intrusted all the mere details to the Ministers whom the Cardinal in dying had bequeathed to him—to Fouquet, Le Tellier, and Lyonne. Thus Condé, not being able to hold a place in affairs, and not wishing to hold any in faction, resigned himself to a tranquil and indolent life, and retired to Chantilly. He was much attached to this residence, and amused himself by improving it. His possession of it was, however, uncertain. Louis XIV. already had hinted his wish to acquire this fine domain, and alleged the right over it which the Peace of the Pyrenees had reserved to him. "Sire," said Condé, "you are the master—but I have a favour to ask of your Majesty; it is to leave me at Chantilly as your bailiff!" The King understood the meaning of this answer, and had the generosity to sacrifice his own taste to that of Condé.

Condé's retreat furnishes but few materials to his history. He had a tender affection for his only son, and occupied himself first with his education, and afterwards with his marriage. Notwithstanding the great disproportion of their ages, he meditated marrying him to that rich cousin who had formerly been destined for himself. Here is what is said by the cousin herself—namely, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, in her *Memoirs*:—"The ardent wish which the Duke d'Enghien felt for this marriage was expressed to me; I excused myself on the ground of the great disparity of age between myself and the Duke. The Duke was very assiduous in his attentions to me, but I saw so little merit in him, and his demeanour was so strange towards those with whom he lived, that I took hardly any notice of him. His character was very variable, both as regarded his pleasures and his more serious affairs; and though he has been said to possess knowledge and to show talent, yet a base mind can never please."* Besides, this pretty child had grown up an ill-favoured man. Here is the portrait drawn of him by the Duke de St. Simon many years after:—"He was a little man, very thin and tiny, whose countenance, though somewhat mean, was still imposing from the fire and spirit of his eyes."†

* *Memoirs of Montpensier*, vol. v., p. 233.

† *Memoirs of St. Simon*, vol. vii., p. 117, ed. 1829.

It, however, rested only with Condé to make his son marry another grand-daughter of Henri Quatre, Mademoiselle d'Alençon, a younger sister of Mademoiselle de Montpensier. According to the latter the Princess of Condé ardently wished for this marriage; but the Prince preferred Anne of Bavaria, the daughter of that Princess Palatine of whom so much has been said during the wars of the Fronde. The King and Queen of Poland had adopted this young Princess, and had settled upon her several Duchies in Silesia, valued at more than a million of crowns. The marriage took place in December, 1663. Unfortunately this great and rich alliance increased still more the disdain which the Prince already felt for the unhappy niece of Richelieu. We find in the *Memoirs* of that period, "The Princess of Condé had always been contemned since the death of Cardinal Richelieu; the ill treatment she suffered redoubled after the marriage of Monsieur le Duc, and she was reduced to seeing nobody."*

The Duchess d'Enghien was scarcely more happy than her mother-in-law. According to the Duke de St. Simon, who drew her portrait thirty years later, "She was the continual victim of her husband; she was equally plain, virtuous, and foolish. Her sweetness and her submission were never sufficient to shield her from his frequent insults, or his blows of foot or fist, which were by no means rare."†

In 1666 the gout, of which Condé had already felt some symptoms, attacked him with violence, and long detained him at Chantilly. He had the resolution to confine his diet almost entirely to milk; and this regimen preserved his life, and even his vigour, for yet twenty years.‡

This same year died Anne of Austria, the Queen Dowager, Condé's former enemy. Then Louis XIV., freed from a restraint he had always respected, determined to take advantage once more of the weakness of Spain. King Philip had left his State in decay, and his successor in his cradle. In 1667 Louis darted upon the Low Countries at the head of fifty thousand men. But it was Turenne whom he chose for the instrument of his success; while Condé, languishing at Chan-

* *Memoirs of Montpensier*, vol. vi., p. 237.

† *Memoirs of St. Simon*, vol. vii., p. 121, ed. 1829.

‡ *Desormeaux*, vol. iv., p. 208.

tilly, was condemned to the worst of all torments for an ardent mind—inaction. All that he was able to obtain was the permission for his son to serve under the King. Under these circumstances, without allowing himself to be discouraged, the Prince secretly applied himself to drawing up a plan for the conquest of Franche Comté. This project was referred to the Marquis de Louvois, Minister-at-War, who, already jealous of Turenne, felt that it was Condé only whom he could oppose to that chief. He caused the project to be approved by his Majesty; and its execution to be confided to the Prince himself.

This great General hoped to take the people of Franche Comté by surprise, in the heart of winter. He first proceeded to Dijon under the pretext of there convening the States of his government of Burgundy; and marched his troops in small detachments and without noise to the frontier. On the 4th of September, 1668, he entered Franche Comté; on the 7th he was already received at Besançon, the capital of the province. Dole, where the Parliament was sitting, made more resistance: it was before this town that the King joined the army; and his presence determined the inhabitants to capitulate. Condé immediately appeared in person before the town of Gray, and sent to invest the Château of Joux, on the frontiers of Switzerland, where had retired the Marquis de Yenne, the Spanish Governor. The cowardice of this officer, and the treachery of Abbé de Watteville, soon made subject to France these fortresses and the rest of the country. There were but fourteen days' interval between its invasion and its conquest.* The same courier announced the two pieces of news at the same time to the Spanish Council at Brussels. Louis immediately gave to Condé the government of the province he had conquered, but the Triple Alliance was already forming, by the care of Sir William Temple, between England, Sweden, and Holland, and the *Grand Monarque* was soon forced to consent to peace, retaining his conquests in the Low Countries, but restoring Franche Comté to the Spaniards.

Towards the close of these transactions Casimir, King of Poland, having abdicated his elective Crown, several candidates were thought of to replace him: amongst others the Prince

* Historical Essay by Louis Joseph, Prince of Condé, p. 270.

of Condé. Warsaw was agitated by thousands of opposite intrigues—by thousands of various sentiments. It was then there appeared a Memoir against the Prince; a Memoir which contains a foundation of truth beneath a web of calumnies. Here is an extract from this work:—"Troy has existed, but her glory and her splendour have disappeared. Condé, worn out by the excesses of his youth, and the devouring fire of his passions, even more than by the hand of time and the toils of war, is now only the shadow of his former self. A prey to the gout, with weakened nerves, having no more elasticity in mind than in body, he is painfully dragged about from place to place, like a vain phantom of his departed glory. If the nearly extinct vigour of his body—if the decaying fire of his genius—should ever revive, it will only be to establish the despotism and the customs of his native country in Poland; and to bow the Sarmatian chivalry under French discipline." In short, this libel denies him every merit beyond genius in war. "If he has been," thus it proceeds, "another Mars in battle, he has never in council been inspired by Minerva."

Notwithstanding these accusations, Condé's party in the Diet would have, perhaps, prevailed, but the policy of Louis XIV. in his foreign alliances and his projects for the conquest of Holland might have been fettered by this election. "My cousin," said he to Condé, "think no more of the Crown of Poland; the interest of my kingdom is concerned in it." It became necessary to submit to this supreme decree without further question.

Unsuccessful ambition was not the sole torment which the Prince had to endure; he had also to suffer from the embarrassment of his fortune. He was already much in debt in consequence of the civil wars, when he returned to France. Since then, not being well skilled in money matters, he had given himself up without a struggle to the peculation of his domestics, and to the usury of his *intendants*. His debts amounted to more than nine millions of *livres*. It was nearly six years since his family expenses had been paid. Then it was that Gourville, that old and faithful servant, of whom I have already had occasion to speak, undertook at his request to unravel this confusion. Condé gave the management of his household, without making any reserve or restriction, to Gourville, who by his zeal and ability

fully justified this mark of confidence. Robbery and fraud must indeed have been carried to a great extreme, since the new administrator found means of liquidating the nine millions of debt with fifteen hundred thousand *livres*; "and I had the satisfaction," says Gourville, "of always being warmly thanked by those persons with whom I had to deal!"* Gourville recollected also the considerable arrears still due to the Prince by Spain. To urge a claim for these old arrears so soon after the conquest of Franche Comté by the creditor, appeared very difficult, and perhaps not very delicate: however, Condé determined upon it, and Gourville set off to Madrid. He found the affairs of the King of Spain still more embarrassed than those of his master; nevertheless he set so many springs in motion, and so opportunely worked upon the Castilian *Pundonor*, that he was able to return with thirty thousand pistoles of ready money, and assignations upon some woods and fiefs in Flanders. As may be supposed, these sums were very far from useless in the liquidation of the debts at Paris. Let us here use the words of Gourville himself:—"The Prince often found himself encumbered by a great number of creditors in his ante-chamber, when he wished to go out. He usually leant upon two persons, not being able to walk alone, and passing through the crowd of creditors as quickly as possible, used to tell them that he would give orders that they should be paid. He did me the honour to say to me afterwards that one of the things that had given him the greatest pleasure in this world was when he perceived, some time after I had the direction of his affairs, that he found no more creditors in his ante-room."† Notwithstanding these services, or rather in consequence of these services, Gourville found himself beset with enmity and envy. The Bishop of Autun, amongst others, adroitly accused him to Condé of boasting that he governed his Highness; but Condé did not fall into this snare. "Sir," replied he coldly, "if the fact be so, it must be acknowledged that he governs me well!"

We are now arrived at the most mysterious and fatal event in Condé's life. Let us carefully collect the testimonies and endeavour to weigh them well. In the first place, this is the manner in which it is spoken of by Mademoiselle, who was then

* Memoirs of Gourville, vol. ii., p. 131

† Ib., p. 115.

at Court:—"A terrible adventure occurred at the house of Monsieur le Prince. A young man who had been one of the footmen of the Princess, and to whom she had been accustomed to make some largesses, entered her chamber one day to ask for money. His demand was urged in such a manner as led to the belief that he had a desire to take the money himself, or oblige her to give it him. A young gentleman who had lately been a page to Monsieur le Duc began a quarrel with the other, either because he took him to be a thief, or because he was indignant at his failing in respect to the Princess: in short, the reason was not known, but they drew swords against each other. The Princess wishing to separate them received a sword-cut. The noise which this caused drew into the chamber many persons; the footman and the page both made their escape. . . . The former was taken in the town, and was brought to trial; and when the Princess had recovered, the Prince sent her as a prisoner to Châteauroux, which is one of his houses." *

Count de Bussy Rabutin, so well known from his satirical writings and from the mortifications which they drew upon him, gives another turn to this affair; the more readily, since the page in question was his cousin, and like himself bore the name of Rabutin. Thus therefore in the Supplement to his Memoirs, Bussy thinks fit to tell us that the Princess of Condé had given herself up not only to Rabutin her page, but also to Duval her footman; and that it was upon the subject of her favours, and from jealousy, that the quarrel arose between Rabutin and Duval.† Such was in fact the suspicion which Condé had, or pretended to have, and on which he adopted the resolution of banishing the Princess to Châteauroux.

But how is it possible to think that the suspicion of the Prince was well founded? How can we believe that a Princess married nearly thirty years, and up to this time entirely free from the slightest imputation—always held sacred by calumny, which

* Memoirs of Montpensier, vol. vi., p. 237.

† Third part of the Supplement, p. 89. Note to Sévigné's Letters, vol. i., p. 184, ed. 1806. See also, in the edition of 1823, a letter from Madame de Sévigné herself, which was suppressed in the previous editions. This letter is dated January 23, 1671, and repeats the first rumours which were current upon this affair.

spares so few—ever irreproachable in the midst of a most corrupted Court—could have waited till the age when passions have subsided, to indulge them? How reconcile such irregularities with that exalted piety which she had practised from her youth upwards? * How can we, without any proof, admit such accusations against the woman who had always devoted herself so courageously and constantly to the service of a husband who slighted her? against the heroine of Montrond and Bordeaux? against Clémence de Maille? And again, what accusation? Not only of an illicit attachment, but the shameless sharing of her favours between two of her own domestics!

Thus, I think, did the public judge of it at Paris. The source of these suspicions was generally thought to arise from the Prince's animosity and from the avarice of Monsieur le Duc. Mademoiselle asserts that "Monsieur le Duc was accused of having counselled the Prince in the treatment which the Princess his mother received. He was glad, it was said, to have found a pretext for sending her to a place where she would spend less than in the world." It is easy to see what the Duke de St. Simon thought of this affair by two words which he applies to the Duke d'Enghien in drawing his portrait many years later—"that unnatural son."† And the opinion which prevailed in that brilliant circle in which Madame de Sévigné shone is to be traced from a postscript by Corbinelli on the last moments of Condé:—"The death of the Prince has edified every body, and all of you, no doubt, like ourselves; but I could have wished that he had given some signs of life to the public in behalf of his wife!"‡

But the strongest testimony of all is borne by the descendant of Condé himself, who acknowledges with regret that his illustrious grandsire "was only seeking some favourable opportunity for separating from his wife—a project which he had long entertained."§

It would appear, moreover, that at a later period Condé was

* Even in 1648 we find that the Princess of Condé often went to pass some time in devotion at the Convent of Carmelites at Paris. (*Memoirs of Montpensier*, vol. i., p. 196.)

† *Memoirs by St. Simon*, vol. vii., p. 118, ed. 1829.

‡ *Letters of Madame de Sévigné*, vol. viii., p. 12, ed. 1806.

§ *Historical Essay by Louis Joseph, Prince of Condé*, p. 173, ed. 1807.

compelled, either by public opinion or his own conscience, to give up his first accusation. At least his panegyrist assures us that the real cause of the Princess's imprisonment was that she was mad. "Some derangement of the brain was perceived. The "complete solitude to which she had abandoned herself had "increased her illness.....Condé seized this opportunity of "withdrawing his wife from the prying and audacious eye of "the public."* It is only necessary to observe that this explanation appears a little too late, and that at the period of these events no trace of this pretended madness can be found. On the contrary, the Princess's health, which had to contend for many years against severe bodily illness and mental grief, appeared to be then nearly re-established. This proved a great misfortune to Clémence. Her sufferings were the longer!

Such was the opinion which I had already formed of this question, when I accidentally discovered some new documents which bear upon it. I found in the State Paper Office that the Court of London maintained at that period at the Court of Paris a trusty and secret correspondent, who wrote from day to day every thing which seemed worthy of remark. No source could possibly be more authentic, or less subject to partiality; and it is therefore with entire confidence as to their good faith, though not, perhaps, as to every circumstance which they record, that I offer the following extracts, according to their dates:—

" *Paris, January 16, 1671.*

" On Tuesday evening, about five o'clock, the Princess of Condé being then alone in her chamber, the brother of one of the Prince's footmen, named Duval, entered, and demanded the payment of some pensions, which she had been accustomed to allow him without the knowledge of his Highness. Whereupon this Princess ordered him to retire, saying that she had no more money to give him, having heard that he made a bad use of it. On this Duval replied, 'Then, Madam, give me your diamond brooch.' At which demand she screamed. Then Duval struck her three times with a sword in her right breast, double locked the door, and escaped to the Luxembourg. But a page having heard the groans of the Princess, imme-

* Desormeaux, vol. iv., pp. 266, 267.

“diately caused her to receive assistance, without which she would have bled to death. The wounds are not mortal. The Prince, on being informed of this sad news, testified the most vehement displeasure, and caused the brother of the villain to be arrested; and though very ill with the gout at Chantilly, was conveyed here yesterday in a litter to examine him. About four o’clock on Wednesday the criminal himself was taken in the court of the Luxembourg palace, and was led, with his hands tied behind his back, to the Hôtel de Condé by the servants of that House, all holding drawn swords in their hands. Nevertheless, this generous Princess, from a spirit of piety and charity, has tried to save his life, by pretending that the outrage which had been committed upon her had been only occasioned by her own efforts to separate him from one of her pages, against whom he was about to draw his sword in her ante-chamber. Their Majesties and all the Court, who went to visit the Princess, expressed the greatest pain at this sinister event.”

“*Paris, January 20, 1671.*

“The *Bailli* of St. Germain des Prés has three times interrogated the criminal Duval; and as they were about to put him to the rack he confessed his crime, acknowledging that it was he who had wounded the Princess. She perseveres in trying to save his life; but the Prince is determined he shall die, as he says that the consequences might be dangerous if he were not made an example of.”

“*Paris, February 6, 1671.*

“Monsieur le Prince, who is again at Chantilly, having caused the King to be told that he would never set his foot in Paris while the Princess his wife was there, his Majesty on Wednesday sent a *lettre de cachet* to that Princess, desiring her to withdraw immediately from the Court and city.”

“*Paris, February 13, 1671.*

“The King sends Madame la Princesse de Condé to Châteauroux in Berry for the rest of her days, at which she is inconsolable.”

“*Paris, February 20, 1671.*

“Yesterday the Princess of Condé left this city for Châteauroux

" in Berry. Before her departure she sent for the *Curé* of St. Sul-pice, with whom she held a conversation upon spiritual matters, saying to him, ' Sir, this is the last time that you will speak to me, as I shall never return from the place where the King now sends me. But the confession which I now make to you will proclaim my innocence for ever : '—and then she bade him farewell."

" *Paris, February 24, 1671.*

" The King and the Prince obliged the Princess, before her departure for Châteauroux, to give up to her son all her property, which consists of upwards of a hundred thousand crowns of income free from debts, this Princess not having been able to reserve for herself anything but a very moderate pension, of which she three times repeated that she should not long have the use, as she was then treading the path to the grave. She swooned away in the arms of the Duke, her son, in bidding him adieu."

No resource was left to the Princess. Her father, her mother, her brother were dead, and her son had forsaken her: there was no kindred left for Clémence. It was thus that she had to pass that same river Loire as a prisoner, which she had twice in her youth crossed in arms for the service of her husband! It was thus that she was again to see the hills which encircle Mont-round! It was thus that a fantastic turn of fortune gave her for her prison that same dungeon of Châteauroux which Anne of Austria had already assigned for her in her letter to Chantilly twenty years before! She had now to enter that lying tomb. " She has been detained a long time in close confinement," says Mademoiselle, " and now she is only allowed the liberty of walking up and down in the court, always guarded by persons placed about her by the Prince."* The ancient castle in which she was confined was built in 940 by Raoul "*Le Large*," that is, the Generous—and gives its name to the town of Châteauroux. It still exists in these days—" perched upon a hill from which its towers command the course of the Indre."† From the summit of that Donjon, from the depth of those gloomy casements,

* *Memoirs of Montpensier*, vol. vi.; p. 238.

† *Memoirs of a Tourist* (M. Beyle), vol. i., p. 317. Brussels edition, 1838.

the eyes of Clémence (for her eyes alone still retained their liberty) must often have sadly contemplated the open country which surrounds the town, or still further perceived; perhaps, without being able to enjoy, "the most lovely scenes of meadows " and islets formed by the windings of the Indre and planted " with the finest trees "* What smothered sighs ! what unavailing regrets during these long years ! how many prayers heard by God alone !

Let us say one word before we conclude upon the two domestics whose quarrel formed the pretext of her misfortunes. Rabutin escaped to Germany, where later he made his fortune by marrying a Princess of Hohenzollern. Duval was condemned to the galleys, and he was conveyed in chains to Marseilles with the other prisoners.†

Let us add also, that the former adviser of the Princess during the civil wars, the faithful Lenet, died in July of this same year. In losing him, Clémence lost, probably, her last remaining support.

* George Sand, *Valentine*, vol. i., p. 87.

† Letters of Madame de Sévigné, of April 10, 1671; and another by Dr. Guy Patin, of the 18th of March (or probably rather of the 18th of February), of the same year.

CHAPTER XII.

Visit of Louis XIV. at Chantilly—Tragic fate of Vatel—Condé takes part in the campaign of Holland—His Nephew the Duke de Longueville killed—Condé himself wounded—Hé returns to France—His campaign in 1674 against the Prince of Orange—Battle of Seneff—Condé commands on the Rhine after the death of Turenne—His final retirement at Chantilly—His affection for his Son—His taste for gardening—Embellishment of Chantilly—Illness of his Daughter-in-law, the Duchess de Bourbon—Condé hastens to rejoin her at Fontainebleau—His own illness and death—His last injunction with respect to the Princess—She dies in Prison eight years after him—Her Grave rifled in 1793—Conclusion.

ONLY a few weeks after the catastrophe of which we have been speaking, the Château de Chantilly resounded with fêtes and rejoicings. Louis XIV. had deigned to go and visit his cousin. He was received with magnificence joined with good taste; and Monsieur le Duc, who had a great talent for decorations and pastimes, surpassed himself upon this occasion. But the joy was troubled by a fatal accident—the death of Vatel, *Maître d'Hôtel* to the Prince. Here is the account given of it by Madame de Sévigné:—"The King arrived at Chantilly on Thursday evening; the promenade, and the collation served in spots carpeted with jonquils—all this went off perfectly. They supped: there were several tables at which the roast was wanting, in consequence of more dinners being required than had been expected. This had a great effect upon Vatel. He exclaimed several times, 'My honour is gone! Here is an affront which I cannot bear!' He said to Gourville, 'My head swims; for twelve nights I have not slept; pray assist me in giving the orders.' Gourville consoled him as well as he could. The roast which had been wanting, not at the King's table, but at the twenty-fifth, was always recurring to his thoughts. Gourville informed Monsieur le Prince of his state of mind. Monsieur le Prince went as far as Vatel's own chamber, and said to him, 'Vatel, all is going on well: nothing could be finer than the King's supper.' 'Monseigneur' replied he, 'your kindness over-

“ powers me. I know that the roast was wanting at two of the tables.’ ‘ Not at all,’ said the Prince ; ‘ all is going on perfectly well ; do not distress yourself.’ Midnight comes. The fireworks did not succeed ; they are covered by a cloud ; they cost sixteen thousand francs. At four o’clock in the morning Vatel goes about everywhere ; he finds every one asleep ; he meets a little boy who is bringing two loads of sea-fish ; he inquires of him, ‘ Is this all ? ’ ‘ Yes, sir,’ replied the other, not knowing that Vatel had sent to all the sea-port towns. Vatel waits some time ; the other purveyors do not come ; he becomes wildly excited ; he thinks that there will be no farther supply ; he finds Gourville, and says to him, ‘ Sir, I shall never survive this affront.’ Gourville laughs at him. Vatel goes up to his room, places his sword against the door, and runs it through his heart ; but it was only at the third stroke, for he gave himself two which were not mortal ; he falls to the ground dead. The sea-fish, however, arrives from all sides ; Vatel is wanted to distribute it ; they go to his room ; they knock ; they break open the door ; they find him bathed in his own blood ; they rush to the Prince, who is in despair. He mentions it mournfully to the King ; they say it is to be attributed to too high a sense of honour, according to his views ; they applaud his character ; some praise and others blame his courage.” *

Wherever the King passed on this journey he was received with enthusiasm : illuminations at all the windows, and salutes of guns. Times were much changed since the Fronde. At Vitry, for example, the inhabitants tore from the church where his Majesty was to hear Mass, the tomb of one of their Governors who had taken part with the League. They did not choose that the King should see in their church the epitaph and name of a rebel ! †

The following year Louis XIV. declared war against Holland, without deigning to explain his motive. In truth, there was no other than his own ambition. He took the field himself, at the head of a hundred thousand men. With him marched Condé

* Letters of Madame de Sévigné, of April 26, 1671. See also Gourville, *Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 119.

† Historical Fragments by Racine.

and Turenne. The Prince had been consulted upon this expedition: he considered the passage of the rivers to be the greatest obstacle. His reply at this time to a visionary who offered to teach him the secret of making gold is well known. "My friend," said he, "I thank you; but if you know of any invention for making us cross the Issel without our being knocked on the head, you would give me great pleasure, for I know of none!" *

The French army, however, undertook four sieges at a time: those of Wesel, Orsoy, Rheinberg, and Burick. Monsieur le Prince was intrusted with the conduct of the former. Having first made himself master of every important post around the town, several ladies of rank, alarmed at the consequences of a general assault, sent to ask the Prince for a passport to retire into Holland; but Condé answered them harshly, that he should take care not to deprive himself of the greatest ornaments in his expected triumph. In fact we are assured that the fears and the cries of those ladies, on finding themselves shut up in the town, contributed greatly towards the capitulation of the garrison three days after. The other three besieged places having surrendered, Louis XIV. gave up the passage of the Issel, which was defended by the Prince of Orange, and determined upon attempting the passage of the Rhine. This project was crowned with the most complete success. Condé exhibited, as usual, the highest degree of ability and courage. "The Prince is represented to us," says Madame de Sévigné, "as he sat in his boat, giving his orders with that God-like valour and coolness which we know him to possess." † But this day, though brilliant, was unfortunate for him. His left wrist was shattered by a musket-ball, and he had the grief of seeing perish by his side his nephew, the young Duke de Longueville, the last hope of that illustrious family. Suffering at the same time from bodily pain and mental anguish, Condé let himself be lifted from his horse into a barn; and had the body of Longueville placed beside him, covered with a cloak. He thought of the grief of his sister at the loss of an only son, aged only twenty-one years; and his affliction was still further increased, when, on that very same evening, he saw arrive an

* Letters of Madame de Sévigné, of April 27, 1672.

† Letter of June 17, 1672.

envoy from Poland, who came to offer the Crown of that kingdom to the young Duke—a striking instance how close together may be the pinnacle and the precipice of all human hopes! *

The Prince's wound prevented his taking any further part in this campaign. He was carried first to Emmerick, and from thence to Utrecht, to assist the King with his counsels. As soon as he could bear the movement of a coach, he set off to Chantilly, travelling only by easy stages; but by degrees, with time and repose, his wound was cured.

It is well known how, on the verge of its ruin, Holland was saved by the haughtiness of Louis XIV. in refusing all proposals for peace, by his impatience to return to Versailles in the midst of the campaign, but above all by the heroic firmness of the young Prince of Orange.—The following year the King set on foot three armies, and confided to Condé the command of the one destined to contend with the Dutch and their new chief, the worthy heir of the Nassaus. The immoderate ambition of Louis XIV. had already, however, raised up against him some new enemies. The Emperor and the King of Spain declared war against him. Condé was obliged to abandon his conquests, and return to the French frontier; while the Prince of Orange, quitting his morasses and entering the Low Countries, joined his troops to those of the Count de Monterey, the Spanish Governor.

In 1674, Condé commanded once more upon the Flemish frontier. He encamped upon the heights of Picton, two leagues from Charleroy, with an army of forty-five thousand men. When joined to the Spaniards, the Prince of Orange had nearly sixty thousand. He went to reconnoitre the position taken by Condé; and thinking it unassailable, he resolved to move towards Le Quesnoy. To accomplish this object he marched from Seneff on the 11th of August, at the earliest dawn of day, leaving, by this movement, his flank exposed to the French army. The conqueror of Rocroy was not the man to leave such a fault unpunished. "We have only to attack them to beat them," cried he, laughing.† Accordingly, dividing his cavalry into three squadrons, and placing himself at the head of the first, he fell upon the vanguard of the enemy with a tremendous shock, and with the most

* Historical Essay by Louis Joseph, Prince of Condé.

† Gourville, *Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 175.

complete success. The vanguard, beset on all sides, sought refuge in the centre of their army, which had taken up its position on a hill close to the village of Seneff, defended by orchards and hedges, as well as by the declivity of the ground. Two attacks on the part of the French failed before such obstacles. More and more inflamed, Condé ordered M. de Fourille, one of his Generals, to make a third attack. "Monseigneur," said this officer, "I will go everywhere your Highness commands; but I must represent to you that the position of the enemy is such that it cannot be forced without great bloodshed." "I will see," replied the Prince fiercely, "that you like better to reason than to fight; but it is obedience that I ask of you, and not advice." The brave Fourille, stung to the quick by this unjust reproach, added not another word, but marched headforemost towards the enemy, as if to wash out this stain with his own blood. He did indeed receive soon after a mortal wound.* A crowd of officers and soldiers fell around him. However, by dint of valour and sacrifice of life, the troops reached the summit of the hill, and Monsieur le Prince entered victoriously the formidable position of the enemy.

The enemy had however retreated in good order to the village of Faith. There the Prince of Orange called all his troops together, and ranged them in order of battle, in a position still stronger than the last, defended by gardens, hedges, ditches, and marshes. Condé might and ought to have been contented with his first triumphs: a new one could only be achieved by making immense sacrifices. Without allowing himself to be discouraged by these considerations, he gave the signal for attack; and the French charged with the same vigour as though they had not yet fought. Several times they succeeded in breaking through the enemy; several times they were themselves repulsed. As fast as one battalion gave way, another took its place; blood flowed on every side; every one did his duty, with the exception of two battalions of Swiss, which, scared at the slaughter, refused to proceed any further. The chiefs of the opposite army gave a like example of the most brilliant valour. The Prince of Orange remained calm and serene during six hours in the midst of the fight; he had several horses killed under him, and was also several

* Desormeaux, vol. iv., p. 398.

times on the point of being taken. On the other hand, the Prince of Condé had two horses killed under him; and on the second of these occasions was flung with great violence into a fosse. His son, the Duke d'Enghien, who fought at his side, threw himself before him, and assisted him in rising, bruised and bleeding, from his fall. He himself was wounded while in the discharge of this sacred duty, and in saving the life of a father who passionately loved him.

Night, however, came; but produced no pause. The conflict continued by moonlight. By eleven o'clock, however, the moon herself had disappeared, and darkness separated the combatants. At that time the enemy were still in possession of the post they had occupied, but the ground was strewn with twenty-seven thousand corpses! Condé, notwithstanding his weakness of health, had been seventeen hours on horseback. While lying upon a cloak, at the corner of a hedge, and in the midst of the dead and dying, he gave his orders for recommencing the conflict at the break of day. But the soldiers on both sides were equally discouraged by their immense losses. The enemy commenced a retreat before sunrise. On the other hand the greater part of the French divisions dispersed at the sound of this retreat; and thus it may be said that both armies fled at the same time. Condé hereupon only thought of rallying and recalling his troops. Towards nine o'clock in the morning he re-entered his camp at Piéton. "I met him," says Gourville, "a league from the camp, returning in his open carriage. He could hardly speak from exhaustion; but yet he did not omit telling me, that if the Swiss would have pushed on, he should have succeeded in defeating the whole army of the enemy." *

Such was the battle of Seneff, of which each party claimed the victory; for which the *Te Deum* was chaunted at Brussels and Madrid, no less than at Paris. It was no doubt very glorious for William of Nassau, who had scarcely attained his twenty-fourth year, to have balanced even for a moment the former renown of Monsieur le Prince: and allowing for the disproportion between Condé and Fuentes, it might be said that the Prince of Orange did nearly as much at Seneff against Condé, as Condé had himself done in his youth at Rocroy. Condé ge-

* Gourville, *Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 179.

nerously took pleasure in doing full justice to his adversary, saying that the Prince of Orange had everywhere behaved himself like an experienced captain; but that he had exposed his own person too much. The French, however, could display as war-rants and proofs of their victory at Seneff a hundred standards, and nearly five thousand prisoners. These latter were treated with great consideration by Monsieur le Prince. He set free some of the officers on parole, and sent the others to Rheims, where they were loaded with honours and attentions. It is related of one of them, the Count de Staremborg, that he took it into his head, at a great feast, to drink the health of the Prince of Orange. "He is a man of honour," added he, "on whom I shall rely all my life: he had promised me that I should drink Champagne in Champagne, and you see that he has kept his word!"*

The King was not satisfied at seeing Condé, without any decisive result, so careless and lavish in shedding the blood of his soldiers. However, on his return his Majesty gave him a reception full of kindness and grace. He went to meet him as far as the great staircase at Versailles; the Prince, who had nearly lost the use of his limbs from gout, was ascending it very slowly: "Sire," exclaimed he from a distance, "I crave your Majesty's pardon if I keep you waiting."—"My cousin," replied Louis XIV., "do not hurry yourself: when one is so laden with laurels, one can hardly walk so fast!"†

At the commencement of the campaign of 1675, Condé once more undertook the command in Flanders. But the death of Turenne, killed in the lines of Stollhofen at the very moment he seemed on the point of attaining a great victory, lowered the hopes of France, and emboldened her enemies to pass the Rhine. The King ordered Condé to go and take the place of his former rival, by putting himself at the head of the army in Alsace. This laborious task hardly suited his decaying health. "I own to you," wrote the Prince to the Marquis de Louvois, "that I consider myself very little fit to serve his Majesty well in the post to which he has destined me. It is a country of great toil;

* Desormeaux, vol. iv. p. 415. Gourville attributes this jest to the Count of Waldeck. (*Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 181.)

† Menagiana, vol. ii., p. 283.

“and my health is so uncertain, that I much dread its failing
 “me, particularly if the cold sets in before the end of the
 “autumn. You know that I warned you of this before I set out.
 “However, I shall obey.” He found on his arrival the army of
 Alsace already much enfeebled and disorganised, and the division
 commanded by Mars! il de Crequy already beaten at Consar-
 bruek. Besides, Turenne’s plan for this campaign had perished
 with him. “How much I wish,” said Condé to one of his
 officers, “that I could have conversed only two hours with the
 “ghost of Monsieur de Turenne—so as to be able to follow the
 “scope of his ideas!”* It was necessary to limit himself only
 to preventing further misfortunes. Monsieur le Prince obliged
 the enemy to raise the siege of Haguenau: and although he
 continued always to act upon the defensive, his well-devised
 manœuvres forced them at the end of two months to recross the
 Rhine.

It was with this campaign that the great Condé terminated his
 military career. He felt that there are circumstances in which
 bodily strength is no less necessary than mental activity; and he
 feared, with some reason, to compromise in the end both the good
 of the State, and the reputation which thirty-five years of exploits
 had obtained for him. When therefore in the following campaign
 the King again offered him the command of the army of Alsace,
 Condé entreated his Majesty to intrust it to his son, promising that
 he would follow him to the wars, and assist him everywhere by his
 counsels. Louis XIV. would not listen to this arrangement, and
 Condé hereupon retired to Chantilly. The Prince’s panegyrists
 attribute this refusal to the mean jealousy of Louvois; but would
 it not be perhaps more just to acknowledge that the Duke
 d’Enghien had not inherited his father’s talents? Here is what
 the Duke de St. Simon says on this subject, a long time after:—
 “Monsieur le Prince was never able to make his son understand
 “the first elements of the great art of war. He made this
 “teaching for a long time the principal object of his care and
 “study. The son tried to do the same, but was never able to
 “acquire the least aptitude for any portion of the art of war,
 “although his father hid nothing from him, and was constantly
 “explaining all that relates to it, at the head of his army.

* Letter of Madame de Sévigné, of August 26, 1675.

"This plan of instruction succeeded no better than the others had done."*

The public saw with regret the two heroes of the Fronde disappear from active life nearly at the same time: "We have nothing but reverses," said they, "since Turenne has been at St. Denis, and Condé at Chantilly." But victory was soon restored to the French standard by a pupil—we might add, a rival in fame—of Condé, the Maréchal de Luxembourg, known formerly by the title of Count de Boutteville.

Condé's son and his friends often pressed him during his retreat at Chantilly to write the history of his campaigns; but he always refused. He did not wish to boast of his victories, and he always candidly acknowledged his reverses. "This man," says La Bruyère, "so full of glory and of modesty, has been heard to say 'I ran away,' with the same grace as he said 'We beat them.'" Being himself simple, he disliked ostentation in others. One day that the Duke de Candale, who was at his house, affected never to speak of his own father, the Duke d'Epemon, without adding the word *Monsieur*—the Prince, whose patience was tired out, exclaimed, "*Monsieur* my master of the horse, tell *Monsieur* my coachman to harness *Messieurs* my horses to my carriage!"

Condé's greatest pleasure in his declining years was to embellish the retreat which he had chosen for himself. Long afterwards, traces of the hero who directed them were to be found amongst the ornaments of Chantilly. "His natural taste for gardening," says his great grandson, "found here rather more scope for its indulgence than when he was cultivating pinks in his prison at Vincennes!"† The beauty and symmetry of the *Grand* and *Petit Château*; the groves, the bowers, the walks, the parterres; those stately statues; that canal which Condé amused himself in excavating; that prodigious number of fountains which were heard night and day, and which were ever refreshing the air; that immense forest, so well laid out in avenues and lines,—such is the description given us of Chantilly before the Revolution.‡ Since then, the greater number of these wonders of art have disappeared. But nature

* *Memoirs of St. Simon*, vol. vii., p. 124, ed. 1829.

† *Historical Essay* by Louis Joseph, Prince of Condé, p. 205, ed. 1807.

‡ Desormeaux, vol. iv., p. 455. The works of the canal cost upwards of 40,000 *livres* yearly. Gourville, vol. ii., p. 136.

does not yield so readily to the violence of man, and knows how to repair his ravages. Not long ago (in September 1841) I could still find scope to admire the wild recesses of that unpruned forest, those limpid and gushing streams, those light-green Arbele poplars which have taken root amidst the ruins of the *Grand Château*, and which now surround it with their quivering shade; those mossy paths, and those hawthorn bowers; that *Petit Château* yet standing, and yet filled with souvenirs of Condé; those gardens restored with care, and where the most beautiful orange-trees, the most brilliant flowers are once more shedding their fragrance.

The Duke d'Enghien, son of the great Condé, had the most exquisite taste for ornamenting Chantilly, and contributed much towards it, both during the life and after the death of his father. It was he who built the gallery in the *Petit Château*. He did not choose to omit in the pictures, which by his orders were painted in it, representing the history of his father, any of the great actions which Condé had performed at the head of the Spanish armies. On the other hand, he would not venture to expose to the eyes of all France the exploits which had been directed against herself. The painter could not find any means for reconciling the wishes of the Duke with his scruples. Enghien himself supplied a very happy device for this object. The Muse of History is represented as tearing with indignation, and flinging far from her, the leaves of a book which she holds in her hands. On these leaves are written,—“The Relief of Cambray,—The Relief of Valenciennes,—The Retreat from before Arras:”—while in the centre of the picture Condé is seen to stand, using all his efforts to impose silence on Fame, who with a trumpet in her hand persists in publishing his other exploits against France.* This interesting picture still exists at Chantilly.

On another occasion Enghien, after the death of his father, entertained the idea of engraving before the portal an inscription upon his victories. Though very penurious, he promised a reward of a thousand crowns to the poet who should compose the best inscription. Here is one presented by a Gascon:—

* Desormeaux, vol. iv., p. 523.

" Pour célébrer tant de vertus,
 " Tant de hauts faits, et tant de gloire,
 " Mille écus ! Rien que mille écus !
 " Ce n'est pas un sou par victoire ! "

The promised sum was paid to the Gascon, but his verses were not employed.

The great Condé in his retreat loved and cultivated the society of men of letters. Several amongst them became his intimate friends. Even with these, however, he did not often restrain his sudden bursts of vivacity. One day that a poet of very moderate talents had come to bring him an epitaph on Molière, he could not refrain exclaiming—"Faith, my friend, I had much rather that Molière should have brought me yours !" This answer has been quoted as a proof of wit,* but it appears to me to be only a proof of harshness.

Another occupation in which Condé took pleasure in his retirement was to form the mind of his grandson, the young Duke de Bourbon. The latter wanted neither sense, bravery, nor a taste for gallantry ; he might be worth listening to, but he was hideous to look at. According to Madame de Caylus, " His face " was more like that of a gnome than that of a man."† According to the Duke de St. Simon, " All the children of the Duke d'Enghien were nearly dwarfs. Monsieur le Duc d'Enghien " and Madame la Duchesse were short, but of no very unusual " diminutiveness ; and Monsieur le Prince, the hero, who was " tall, used to say, pleasantly, that if his race thus continued to " dwindle, it would at last come to nothing ! "‡

Condé extended his paternal care to the young Princes of Conti, and De la Roche-sur-Yon, his nephews and wards. In 1680 he was present at the marriage of the former to Mademoiselle de Blois, an illegitimate daughter of Louis XIV. Up to this time he had always preserved the ancient fashion of mustachios and a chin-tuft. He dispensed with them on the occasion of this marriage. " I will tell you," says Madame de Sévigné, " a great piece of news—it is that Monsieur le Prince " was shaved yesterday. This is no mere rumour or gossip, it is

* Historical Essay by Louis Joseph, Prince of Condé, p. 207, ed. 1807.

† See a note attached to the Letters of Madame de Sévigné, vol. vi., p. 392, ed. 1806.

‡ Memoirs of St. Simon, vol. iii., p. 3, ed. 1829.

“ a fact ; all the Court witnessed it ; and Madame de Langeron, “ choosing her time when he had his paws folded like a lion, “ made him put on a *justaucorps* with diamond buttons. A “ valet, also taking advantage of his patience, curled his hair, “ powdered it, and at last reduced him into being only the best- “ looking man at Court, and with a heap of hair that puts “ all wigs out of competition. This was the prodigy of the “ wedding. . . . Madame de Langeron is the soul of dress at “ the Hôtel de Condé ! ” *

Another marriage of the same kind took place in 1685. The young Duke de Bourbon married Mademoiselle de Nantes, daughter of Louis XIV. and of Madame de Montespan. Condé had accepted with eagerness the offers which had been made to him for this alliance by Louis XIV. “ He honoured his King,” says his panegyrist, “ as the emblem of his God upon earth.” † The emblem did not show itself ungrateful. Louis XIV. granted to the Duke de Bourbon the reversion of the Government of Burgundy, and also of the employment of Grand Master ; and “ finally “ Condé’s most anxious wishes were accomplished when the King “ went to visit him at Chantilly with all his Court.” ‡

From his infancy up to the sixty-fourth year of his age, Monsieur le Prince had lived in entire forgetfulness of all the duties of religion. § He was never seen near the altar. He took pleasure in scoffing at the most sacred mysteries ; and in Holland he had wished to take the atheist Spinoza into his service. The example of the Duchess de Longueville, who in 1679 crowned twenty-seven years of repentance by a truly Christian and holy death, aimed the first blow at his incredulity. He was still more shaken by the conversion of his friend and relation, the Princess Palatine, who had herself said that the greatest of all miracles would be her conversion to Christianity. Struck by these examples, the Prince sought enlightenment in the society of such men as Nicole, Bourdaloue, and Bossuet. At length, in 1685, he openly ranked himself amongst the faithful. This conversion of the hero, which had been long wished for, but long since despaired

* Madame de Sévigné’s Letter, January 17, 1680.

† Desormeaux, vol. iv., p. 473.

‡ *Ib.*

§ These are the words used by his great grandson. (Historical Essay, p. 209, ed. 1807.)

of, was a thunderbolt to unbelievers. Voltaire's writings show how much he was exasperated by it: he hastens to declare, though without the smallest proof, that "the Prince's mind had grown weak like his body, and nothing was left of the Great Condé during the last two years of his life."* Thus intolerant is impiety!

The following year, in the month of December, Condé was at Chantilly, when he learnt that the Duchess de Bourbon had fallen dangerously ill at Fontainebleau of the small-pox. Notwithstanding his very uncertain health, he caused himself to be lifted into his coach, and set off instantly to Fontainebleau. He met on the road the Duke de Bourbon and his sister, whom the King had sent to Paris, so that they should not be exposed to the contagion. They were alarmed at seeing Monsieur le Prince look so pale and ill, and tried to persuade him to turn back, but they could not prevail. Having arrived at Fontainebleau, the fatigue of the journey, that of causing himself every day to be carried to see his grand-daughter, the unwholesome atmosphere, and his own anxiety, soon completed the ruin of his health. The effort which he made one day to go and meet the King, and prevent his entering the sick chamber, caused him to fall down in a swoon. He was carried to his chamber, which he never left again.

At the first news of his illness Gourville had hastened to his bed-side. He found that Monsieur le Prince had a great desire to return to Paris. Gourville therefore took steps to have him carried thither in a sedan-chair; but his illness having increased, his physicians were of opinion that he could not recover. Condé himself felt this. "I see," exclaimed he, "that I am about to make a longer journey than I had thought."† "Then," says the faithful Gourville, "he ordered me to despatch a courier to Paris for Father Deschamps, a Jesuit. He also caused a very touching letter to be written to the King in favour of the Prince of Conti, who was still in disgrace. After which he desired me to draw up a will, by which he directed that the sum of fifty thousand crowns should be given for distribution in those places where he had caused the greatest havoc during

* Voltaire, *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, chap. xii.

† Madame de Sévigné's Letter, December 15, 1686.

“ the civil wars—his legacy being designed to maintain the poor
“ and the sick ; and in a few words he declared what he should
“ do for his servants, and for me, to whom he wished to leave
“ fifty thousand crowns, adding kindly that he could never fully
“ repay my services. I made no answer, and went immediately
“ to have the will drawn up by his secretary and his notary with
“ all possible despatch. His Highness having had it read to him,
“ and not having found my name mentioned in it, glanced at me
“ with his sparkling eyes, as if he were angry, and desired me to
“ have the fifty thousand crowns added, of which he had spoken
“ to me. But I thanked him very humbly, reminding him that
“ there was no time to be lost, and begging him to affix his sig-
“ nature—which he did.”*

Father Deschamps not having yet arrived, Condé confessed himself to another Jesuit. He then received the Sacrament, displaying much piety, repentance, and resignation. “ He had,” says Bossuet, “ the Psalms always on his lips, and faith always “ in his heart.” His room was filled with his officers and servants on their knees, and resounded with their groans and sighs. Soon after, the Duke d’Enghien arrived. Condé still had sufficient strength left to converse with this son, whom he had always tenderly loved. When Enghien had in some measure recovered his composure, he announced to the Prince that the King, out of regard for him, had pardoned the Prince of Conti. The half-closed eyes of the dying man brightened at this announcement. He replied to his son, that he could not have told him any news which was more agreeable to him, and he then dictated a few lines of thanks to his Majesty ; after which he took leave, with tenderness but firmness, of the Duke, the Duchess, and all his household. At length he expired at seven o’clock in the evening, on the 11th of December, 1686.

I have found some further details in an unpublished letter of the English Ambassador at Paris :—“ The King sent to know
“ how the Prince did since his last fit. When the gentleman
“ charged with this message entered the room, the Prince was
“ already speechless ; he however took the gentleman by the
“ hand, and laid it upon his heart, to mark that he thanked the

* Gourville, *Memoirs*, vol. ii., pp. 236—238.

"King for his inquiry. No one ever died with less concern; and he preserved his senses to the last minute." *

The funeral oration on Monsieur le Prince was pronounced at Notre Dame by the illustrious Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux. It is, perhaps, the masterpiece of that great writer. Condé's body was carried, as he had wished, to the church of Vallery, four leagues from Sens, to be buried by the side of his parents and ancestors. His heart was deposited in the Jesuits' church in the Rue St. Antoine, at Paris. "In carrying to the same place," says his great grandson, "the heart of my uncle, the Count de Clermont, I had an opportunity of seeing all the hearts of our ancestors, which are deposited there, enclosed in silver-gilt cases; and I remarked (as did also those who accompanied me) that the heart of the Great Condé was nearly double the size of all the others." †

Some years previous to the death of Condé he had written a letter to the King, which was to be given to him after that event. This letter, which he had confided to the care of Gourville, was accordingly delivered by him to his Majesty. It contained general recommendations of his family, and of Gourville himself, to the King's kindness, for their good and loyal services; and it entreated the King never to allow the Princess to leave her prison at Châteauroux. ‡ The justice of the Monarch yielded to the prayer of the hero. On the other hand the Duke d'Enghien, now become Prince of Condé, and in the enjoyment of the great estates of the House of Brezé, which he must otherwise have restored to his mother, never protested against this sentence. The unhappy Clémence, therefore, remained in her prison. We find no details, no account of her last years; we know only that she died in April, 1694, and that she was buried in the church of St. Martin, at Châteauroux. I caused a letter to be written with the view of obtaining from that town the inscription on her tomb; but the answer which I received in April, 1839, was as follows:—"The church of St. Martin was sold as national pro-

* Earl of Arran's Despatch, December 14, 1686; MS., State Paper Office.

† Essay by Louis Joseph, Prince of Condé, p. 219, ed. 1807.

‡ Gourville, *Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 260. Mademoiselle regards this letter, with reason, as a blot upon the memory of Condé. "I could have wished that he had not begged the King always to detain his wife at Châteauroux: I regretted it extremely."

“ perty. Some time after (no doubt, I conceive, in 1793),
“ some ruffians forced open the chapel in which was the tomb
“ of the Princess of Condé, carried off the leaden coffin, and
“ scattered the remains. The proprietor of the church,” adds
my correspondent, “ sold, at Orleans, the marble tablet on which
“ was the inscription for which you ask me. I have made re-
“ searches at the library of the town, and among the archives of
“ the *Préfecture*, for a copy of this inscription, but I could dis-
“ cover nothing of the kind.”

Such was the life, and such the death, of Louis de Bourbon
and Claire Clémence de Maillé, Prince and Princess of Condé.
If I have now, as I hope, faithfully related their actions, I need
not attempt to describe their characters—it is henceforth the
reader's part to judge them.

A P P E N D I X.

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS ARE PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINALS IN THE POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR.

Lettre du Prince de Condé à son Beau-frère le Duc de Longueville.

à Vallery, ce 23 Juin, 1660.

MONSIEUR,—J'ai reçu une lettre de Caillet par laquelle il me mande que M. le Cardinal lui avoit dit que le Roi partiroit le 14 ; qu'il seroit près de vingt jours à aller à Poitiers, et que de Poitiers il iroit à Blois par le droit chemin. C'est tout ce qu'il me mande, et qu'il ne me dépêchera d'express qu'après que la Cour sera à Bordeaux. Comme je vous crois à cette heure à Paris, vous en pourrez savoir davantage, vû même que mon frère y est. Ainsi c'est à vous à régler notre départ ; je suis tout prêt pour cela, et je me trouverai à Orléans le jour que vous me le manderez. Je vous supplie donc après que vous aurez vu les gens qui vous en pourront éclaircir, de me mander le jour qu'il faudra que je m'y trouve ; et je n'y manquerai pas. Je vous laisse le soin de tout cela, et suis,

Monsieur,

Votre très-humble et très-affectionne

Frère et Serviteur,

LOUIS DE BOURBON.

Lettre de la Princesse de Condé à son Père, le Maréchal Duc de Brezé.

Ce 18 Juillet, 1641.

MONSIEUR, MON TRÈS-CHER PÈRE,—J'ai reçu un extrême déplaisir de n'avoir point eu l'honneur de vous dire adieu. J'ai

demeuré chez vous jusques à dix heures du soir pour recevoir ce contentement-là, avec celui de vous assurer que je ne désire rien au monde comme de vous pouvoir témoigner par mes très-humbles services combien je vous honore et de quelle sorte je vous respecterai toute ma vie, comme le doit,

Monsieur,

Votre très-humble et très-affectionnée

Fille et Servante,

DE MAILLÉ.

COMMENTARIES OF NAPOLEON ON SOME OF THE
CAMPAIGNS OF CONDÉ.

AMONG the *Mélanges Historiques* of Napoleon which were dictated at St. Helena to Count Montholon, and published in London (both in French and English) in 1823, is comprised a *Précis des Guerres du Maréchal de Turenne*, (vol. iii. pp. 1-152.) Such observations from this military Life of Turenne as bear upon the campaigns of his no less illustrious rival the Prince of Condé will be found extracted in the following pages.

CAMPAIGN OF 1644.

Observation 1.—Turenne should have encamped under Fribourg, which would have hindered Mercy from besieging that place. With so considerable an army, although inferior to that of Mercy, he might have done more than he did to defend Fribourg. He should at least have taken a position to intercept the enemy's convoys.

2.—The Prince of Condé infringed one of the maxims of mountain warfare: *never to attack troops which occupy good positions in the mountains, but to dislodge them by occupying camps on their flanks or in their rear.* Had he taken up a position commanding the Val de Saint-Pierre, Mercy would have been immediately compelled to take the offensive, which he could not have done with an inferior army; besides, that would have been returning to the principles of mountain warfare. He would, therefore, have been obliged to pass the Black Mountains to regain Wurtemberg, and to abandon the fortress of Fribourg, which would have been left to itself. The French army succeeded, on the first day, in forcing the first positions by unparalleled efforts of courage; but it failed on the next day but one, because, amongst mountains, when one position is lost, another of equal strength is immediately found to stop the enemy. As the Prince of Condé meant to attack, he should have attacked on the

4th, in the hope that Mercy would not have had time enough to secure his new position.

3.—Turenne's conduct, after the departure of the Prince of Condé, was skilful; he was, however, wonderfully seconded by the circumstances of the ground. The armies of Bavaria and Lorraine were separated by the Rhine and by mountains, and their junction was a difficult operation.

CAMPAIGN OF 1645.

Observation 1.—The Prince of Condé was wrong, at Nordlingen, in attacking Mercy in his camp, with an army almost entirely composed of cavalry, and with so little artillery: the attack of the village of Allerheim was a great undertaking. Although Condé's army was superior in cavalry, both armies were equal in infantry, and Mercy's wings were strongly supported. It is not extraordinary that Condé, without howitzers and with so little artillery, should have failed in all his attacks on Allerheim, when that place was supported, at the distance of 100 *toises*, by the line of battle; and all its houses, as well as the church and cemetery, embattled and defended by an infantry superior to the French, not only in number, but in quality. Had it not been for Mercy's death, the Bavarians would have remained masters of the field of battle, and the retreat of the Prince of Condé across the Wurtemberg Alps would have proved most fatal to his army.

2.—Notwithstanding the death of Mercy, the Bavarians would still have gained the victory, if John de Werth, on his return from pursuing the right wing of the French, had advanced against Turenne, not by first resuming his former position, and thus traversing two sides of the triangle, but by crossing the plain diagonally, leaving Allerheim on his right, and falling on the rear of the cavalry of Weimar, which was then engaged with Glein's Austrian troops. By this plan he would have succeeded; but he was not daring enough. The angle he made retarded his movement only half an hour; but the fortune of battles frequently depends on the slightest accident.

3.—Notwithstanding the death of Count de Mercy, and the circumsppection of John de Werth, the Bavarians would still have conquered, if the infantry, posted at the village of Allerheim, had

not, although victorious, capitulated. The capitulation accepted or proposed by these troops is a new proof that a body of troops in line ought never to capitulate during a battle. The loss of this battle was occasioned by the erroneous principle generally received amongst the German troops, that when once they are surrounded they may capitulate; thus assimilating themselves, by an unfortunate misapprehension, to the garrison of a fortress. If the military code of Bavaria had prohibited such a proceeding as dishonourable, it would not have taken place, and the Bavarians would have conquered. No sovereign, nation, or general, can have any guarantee, if the officers are allowed to capitulate on the field, and to lay down their arms according to the terms of a contract favourable to the individuals of the corps contracting it, but injurious to the army. Such conduct ought to be proscribed, declared infamous, and punished with death. Decimation should be inflicted: of the generals and officers, one in ten ought to suffer; of the subalterns, one in fifty; and of the common men, one in a thousand. He or they by whom the order to surrender arms to the enemy is given, and those who obey that order, are equally traitors, and deserving of capital punishment.

4.—Condé merited victory by the obstinacy and extraordinary intrepidity which distinguished him: for although these qualities availed him nothing in the attack on Allerheim, they impelled him, after having lost his centre and his right, to renew the action with his left, the only force he had left; for it was he who directed all the movements of this wing, and who is entitled to all the glory of its success. Observers of ordinary minds will say, that he ought to have made use of the wing which remained untouched, for the purpose of securing his retreat, and not to have hazarded the remainder of his forces; but with such principles a general is sure to miss every opportunity of success, and to be constantly beaten. It was thus that the Count de Clermont reasoned at Crevelt, Marshal Contades at Minden, and the Prince of Soubise at Wilhelmsthal. The glory and honour of his country's arms is the first duty which a general who gives battle ought to attend to; the safety and preservation of his men is but the second; but their safety and preservation is, in fact, to be found in that daring and obstinacy itself; for even had the Prince of Condé commenced a retreat with Turenne's corps, he would have lost nearly all his

men before he could have reached the Rhine. It was thus that after Minden, Marshal Contades lost in his retreat, not only the honour of his country's arms, but more men than he would have lost in two battles. Condé's conduct is therefore worthy of imitation. It is agreeable to the spirit, the rules, and the feelings of warriors: if he did wrong in giving battle to Mercy in the position he occupied, he did right in never yielding to despair while he had brave men under his colours. By this conduct he gained the victory, and deserved to gain it.

CAMPAIGN OF 1652.

Observation 1.—Turenne had warned Maréchal d'Hocquincourt that his quarters were exposed.

2.—His able and successful manœuvre to impose on Condé was considered, at the time, as the greatest service he could have rendered the Court. In *fact*, had he suffered himself to be intimidated, the Court would have been compelled to quit Gien, which would have had an unfavourable influence on political affairs; but it is evident that the Marshal had no intention to maintain his position; he had made every preparation for retreating in case Condé had decided on attacking him, as is proved by the precaution he took to withdraw all the posts stationed in the wood, in order to avoid exposing them, and being forced to engage against his will; for when once an affair has commenced partially, it gradually becomes general. He kept his troops together, sufficiently near the defile to render its passage dangerous to the Prince, and to annoy him by the fire of a battery planted so as to play through the whole length of the defile, but sufficiently removed to prevent the compromising of any part of his force. This circumstance may appear trifling, but it is one of those trifles which are the indications of military genius.

3.—This delicate manœuvre, executed with so much talent and prudence, cannot, however, be recommended. As soon as Turenne had mustered his cavalry, he should have retired towards Saint-Fargeau, and not have returned and marched forward until after his junction with Maréchal d'Hocquincourt. The rules of war require *a division of an army to avoid engaging, alone, a whole army which has already obtained successes.* It is risking

a total and irretrievable overthrow ; the Prince of Condé had above 12,000 men, and Turenne only 4000.

4.—The rendezvous for the two armies in quarters was fixed too near the enemy ; this was an error : *the point of junction for an army, in case of surprise, should always be fixed in the rear, so that the troops from all the cantonments may reach it before the enemy.* On this principle it should have been fixed between Briare and Saint-Fargeau.

5.—Turenne's march against the Duke of Lorraine was attended with every possible advantage. 1. He himself got out of difficulties by it, for at the camp of Etampes he was between the two armies, whereas when he reached Gros-Bois he had passed them both. 2. He reserved to himself the possibility of engaging the Duke of Lorraine singly, and defeating him. 3. The interest, character, and disposition of that Prince authorized Turenne to expect that he should easily be able to make him adopt the course most suitable to the King, as soon as he could meet with him alone.

6.—Turenne's stay at the camp of Villeneuve Saint-Georges during six weeks, in presence of two armies superior in strength, was very hazardous. What motive could have induced him to incur so much danger ? His camp was not too strong to be forced, and such an occurrence would have been his ruin, and that of the Court party. His situation appeared so critical that it retarded the submission of Paris.

7.—The Prince of Condé did not display in this campaign the daring spirit which distinguished the General of Fribourg and Nordlingen ; he ought not to have suffered himself to be overawed at Bleneau by demonstrations ; even when united, the two Royal armies were inferior to his ; he ought to have been convinced, as by demonstration, that there could not be any considerable force before him ; he contented himself with an insignificant advantage, and stopped short at preliminaries, without pushing his enterprise to a conclusion. With a little of his habitual daring, he must have obtained the last favours of fortune : he neglected to gather the fruits of his own calculations, and of Maréchal d'Hocquincourt's error.

8.—After his junction with the Duke of Lorraine, as he had such a superiority of strength, it is not easy to understand why

he was satisfied with intrenching himself on the heights of Li-meil, instead of attacking the King's army; he might have had as much artillery as he pleased, being so near Paris; and nothing but a decisive victory could, under the circumstances, retrieve his affairs and maintain his party in the capital. *Condé on that day was not sufficiently daring.*

CAMPAIGN OF 1653.

Observation 1.—This campaign consisted entirely of manœuvres, and is very interesting. The Prince of Condé did not command the Spanish army, and the Archduke was unwilling to compromise his army; his intention was to take a few fortresses to complete the Flemish frontier, to keep up the war in Picardy and Champagne, and, if a good opportunity should occur, to beat the French army without risk. This plan was conformable to the interest of Spain. But what the Prince of Condé wished, was to march to Paris at all hazards, to support the party of the Fronde, encourage the revolt of Bordeaux, and increase the number of the disaffected, which was already very considerable.

Under these circumstances, the line of conduct adopted by Turenne was proper; but it would have been very dangerous in any other conjuncture. To march by the side of an army of twice your own strength, is always a very difficult operation; there are few positions strong enough to protect an army so inferior in number. Nor does it appear that he took the precaution to pitch his camp every evening in a chosen position: on the contrary, he frequently encamped in very bad positions, where his army was in imminent danger, as at Mont Saint-Quentin. He was indebted to chance for the good position which he took up a few hours after, and which was not so strong but that it would have been forced if the Prince of Condé had prevailed.

2.—When surprised at Mont Saint-Quentin, the first idea that would have occurred to an ordinary general would have been to cover himself by the Somme, repassing it at Peronne, from which place he was not above half a league distant; but what would have happened in that case? The enemy would also have passed the Somme, and it would have been necessary to remain in position and risk an engagement to stop him. In the mean time this

movement of retreat would have operated on the courage of the troops, and on that of the enemy in an inverse proportion. To pass the Somme would have adjourned the difficulty, but at the same time increased it; the evil of the moment would have been warded off, but only by rendering the state of affairs worse. Turenne ventured everything, and marched to meet the enemy; he was certain that, by this movement, he should disconcert them, increase their irresolution, and gain a day, because they would have to make some alteration in their line of march, which had been taken on the supposition that he would occupy Mont Saint-Quentin. After having seen and reconnoitred the enemy, it would be time enough, during the night, to take a determination. It was, moreover, probable, that in this hilly country the army would find a good position, capable of being intrenched in a few hours, and the reputation of the army would have been preserved—a point which is so essential to the strength of an army. Turenne intrenched himself: that great captain often made use of field-works; but his army contained too much cavalry, and too small a proportion of infantry, for him to derive all the advantage possible from the science of the engineer. In this war of marches and manœuvres he should have intrenched himself every night, and placed himself in a good posture of defence; the natural positions commonly met with are insufficient to shelter an army from another which is more numerous, without the aid of art.

There are military men who ask what is the use of fortified places, intrenched camps, and the art of the engineer? We will ask them how it is possible to manœuvre with inferior or equal forces, without the aid of positions, fortifications, and all the supplementary resources of art? It is probable that if the Prince of Condé had commanded, he would have attacked on the very evening of his arrival, which would have disconcerted Turenne, who had an inferior army, and who had adopted the plan of a campaign of observation, which required that he should never compromise himself.

Achilles was the son of a goddess and of a mortal: this is emblematical of the genius of war; the divine part is all that is derived from the moral considerations of the character, talents, and interest of your adversary; of public opinion; of the spirit of the troops, who are strong and victorious, or feeble and beaten, ac-

ording as they think it themselves: the earthly part is arms, intrenchments, positions, orders of battle, and all that belongs to the combination of physical means.

CAMPAIGN OF 1654.

Observation 1.—The Maréchal de Turenne attacked the Spanish lines by night, in order to mask his movement; but nocturnal marches and operations are so uncertain, that although they sometimes succeed, they more frequently fail. The Prince of Condé, who was at the most distant quarter from the point of attack, nevertheless arrived in time to keep the French in check; and if the Spaniards had possessed his resolution, or been under his command, it is doubtful whether the result of the attack would have been the same. The principal defence of lines is the fire that can be kept up: the Archduke's army was superior in cavalry; it was double that of Turenne at the time of his arrival, and before the junction of La Ferté and D'Hocquincourt. It is impossible to conceive how the Archduke could fail to attack and defeat Turenne's army. He thought to take the town in his presence, without risking a battle.

2.—Ought an army, which is besieging a place, to cover itself by lines of circumvallation? Ought it to await the attack of an army of succour in its lines? Ought it to divide itself into two armies, one charged with the siege and the other to protect it, and called the besieging army and the army of observation? Within what distance from each other is it proper for these two *corps d'armée* to remain?

The Romans and the Greeks, the great captains of the 15th and 16th centuries, the Duke of Parma, Spinola, the Prince of Orange, the Great Condé, Turenne, Luxembourg, and Prince Eugene, covered their sieges by lines of circumvallation. The example of the ancients can be no authority to us, our arms being so different from theirs. That of the great generals of the 15th and 16th centuries is more respectable; but armies at that time carried but little artillery into the field, and the use of howitzers was unknown.

Those military men who recommend to have no lines, and no field-works, or very few, advise a general who is to besiege a

place to beat the enemy's army in the first instance, and to become master of the country. This advice is, no doubt, excellent, but the siege may last some months, and the enemy may return, at the most decisive moment, to the relief of the place. Or a general may wish to take a fortified place without running the risk of a battle; in that case what line of conduct ought he to pursue?

An army which means to carry on a siege before an enemy's army, ought to be strong enough to keep in check the army of succour, and carry on the siege at the same time. Engineers require the besieging army to be seven times the number of the garrison. If the army of succour be 80,000 men, and the garrison 10,000, it will require, therefore, an army of 150,000 men to besiege a place; and by reducing the besieging army to the minimum, that is to say, to four times the strength of the garrison, it would still require 120,000 men: but if there are only 90,000, the army of observation can only consist of 50,000 men, and will not be independent, but must keep itself in a situation to be succoured in a few hours by the besieging army; but if there are but 80,000 men, there will only remain 40,000 for the army of observation, which must then remain at the siege, and even in the lines; it would expose itself too much by removing to a distance from them.

The divisions employed in the works of the siege are stationed round the place, each guarding a part of the circumference. You should encamp them so that one line may face the fortress to restrain the sallies of the garrison, and that another may face the country, the better to observe all that may arrive thence, and intercept all that may offer to enter the town, whether couriers, convoys of provisions, or reinforcements of men. To accomplish these ends the more efficaciously, it is natural for the troops to cover themselves by lines of countervallation and circumvallation, which occupies them only a few days. The profile used by Vauban for the lines of countervallation No. 1, is two and a half cubic *toises* to every *toise* in length, and for the countervallations No. 6, sixteen. Six men can construct the former in eight hours, and three men the latter in four hours: then only does all communication between the country and the place become impracticable, the blockade secured, all surprise rendered impossible, and the army may sleep in quiet. If a detachment of from 3000 to

12,000 men, or a corps of 25,000 detached from the army of succour, or coming from any other point, were to perform its movement undiscovered by the army of observation, and appear at day-break, they would be stopped in the first instance by the lines, which they could not force until they had reconnoitred them well, and collected fascines, tools, and made every necessary arrangement. But cannot the army of succour itself gain six, nine, or twelve hours on the army of observation, and present itself before the place? In all these cases, if the besiegers are not covered by lines of circumvallation, the place will be succoured, the besiegers, magazines, and park of artillery will be in great danger, the works will be filled up, and twelve hours after, when the army of observation arrives, it will be too late, the mischief will be irretrievable. It is therefore necessary, in order to besiege a place before an enemy's army, to cover the siege by lines of circumvallation. If the army be so strong, that, after leaving before the place a force four times as strong as the garrison, it remains as numerous as the army of succour, it may separate to a greater distance than one march; if it remain inferior after that detachment, it should station itself at the distance of five or six leagues from the siege, in order to be in a situation to receive succours in one night. If the besieging army and the army of observation together be only equal to the army of succour, the whole besieging army ought to remain within the lines or near them, and proceed with the works of the siege, pushing them on with all possible activity.

At the siege of Arras the Spanish army consisted of 32,000 men, of whom 14,000 were infantry, 10,000 musketeers, and 8000 pikemen. It could therefore only employ the fire of 10,000 muskets to defend a line of 15,000 *toises* circumference. Yet the Archduke continued his siege for thirty-eight days in the presence of Turenne, who was encamped at cannon-shot distance from him; he therefore had thirty-eight days in which to take the place; but, supposing he had neglected to cover himself, he would not have been able to carry on his siege twenty-four hours. These retrenchments therefore enabled the Archduke to continue the trenches and batter the place during these thirty-eight days.

CAMPAIGN OF 1655.

Observation 1.—Turenne constantly observed the two maxims—1st. *Never attack a position in front when you can gain it by turning it.* 2nd. *Arvid doing what the enemy wishes; and that simply because he does wish it. Shun the field of battle which he has reconnoitred and studied, and more particularly that in which he has fortified and intrenched himself.*

2. In the course of this campaign the *Maitre-de-Camp* Bussy, who commanded the escort of a foraging party of 1500 chosen cavalry, marched through a defile to forage in a fine plain. He was surprised by a corps of cavalry of thrice the strength of his party, which would probably have been destroyed had not the old troopers with one accord cried out, "*To the defile!*" By performing this movement with rapidity and coolness the general saved his division. This is the advantage of veteran troops; they anticipated the order, and did the only thing that could have saved them.

CAMPAIGN OF 1656.

Observation 1.—The army commanded by Turenne was superior both in number and quality to the Spanish army: how came he to allow it to approach his quarters at Valenciennes, and not to march out of his lines to give it battle? His lines were far from equal to those of Arras; and Maréchal de la Ferté's position was evidently unsupported, separated from the rest of the army by a river and by an inundation of 1000 *toises*: this circumstance alone ought to have determined him to engage.

2.—But the stand he made after this check is much to be admired: the fact is, however, that the courage of his soldiers, as well as of those of Lorraine and the household troops, was unabated, as they had never fought, the rout of Maréchal de la Ferté having taken place on the other side of the marsh; but what proves that he well deserved the praises lavished upon him is, that he was the only one of all the officers who was of opinion that it was advisable to wait for the enemy in the position of Le Quesnoy. This was because he had more talent than they; most men think only of avoiding a present danger, without troubling themselves about the influence which their conduct

may have on subsequent events : with common minds the impression of a defeat wears out but slowly and gradually. But what would have been the consequence if the opinion of the majority had been followed?—first, the Marshal would not have been joined by the remains of La Ferté's army ; and, secondly, a precipitate retreat would have disheartened the French army, which would have thought itself very inferior to the enemy, and they on their part would have grown more enterprising.

CAMPAIGN OF 1657.

Observation.—The conduct of the Prince of Condé in relieving Cambray was admired, and this action was reckoned one of his most brilliant. If Turenne had had forty-eight hours before him, and had been protected by his lines, his adversary's manoeuvre would have failed. In the preceding chapter we have seen, that when Marshal Turenne besieged La Capelle, he was indebted to his lines of circumvallation for the taking of that place ; for Don John, having approached within cannon-shot, reconnoitred them, but durst not attack them. There was a second instance of this kind at Saint-Venant ; the place was taken, owing to its circumvallation, in the presence of the enemy's army. Thousands of similar instances might be mentioned in the 15th and 16th centuries, and in every nation of Europe. And yet there are people who ask what is the use of lines of circumvallation ! These works have been brought into disrepute, and it is laid down as a principle that they ought never to be formed !

CAMPAIGN OF 1658.

Observation 1.—The battle of the Downs was Turenne's most brilliant action. He had three great advantages : 1st, A numerical superiority : 15,000 men in the field against 14,000 ; 9000 infantry against 6000, and ground ill-adapted to horse, which rendered the superiority of the Spaniards in cavalry of no use to them. 2dly, He had artillery, and his enemy had none. 3dly, The English ships at anchor in the roads cannonaded the right flank of the Spaniards, and swept the strand ; the more effectually, since Don John had no cannon to keep the English sloops at a distance. Turenne was victorious, as was to be expected

2.—His order of battle was parallel ; he had no manœuvre to execute, nor anything out of the ordinary course to perform. As soon as he received intelligence that the enemy was approaching the lines, he resolved to attack him before he knew that he was coming without artillery. He had profited by his experience at Valenciennes. When he had resolved to attack, it would have been wrong to defer the action for a single day, as that would have afforded the Spaniards time to intrench themselves.

3.—Don John deserved his defeat for advancing within sight of Turenne without artillery or tools to intrench himself with. It was not with such culpable negligence that Turenne presented himself before the lines of Arras. He might have occupied the position of Mouchy by ten o'clock in the morning ; but he took care not to do so ; he remained all day behind a rivulet, and in the evening took up his position : he therefore had the whole night to intrench himself.

4.—After the taking of Dunkirk, and so brilliant a victory as that of the Downs, after the junction of Maréchal de la Ferté, who had just taken Montmedy, and with the inestimable advantage of commanding the sea, Turenne might have done more than he did. He ought to have struck a great blow, and taken Brussels, which would have rendered the French arms far more illustrious, and accelerated the conclusion of peace. An event of such importance would have produced the fall of all the small places. Turenne infringed the rule which says—“ *Avail yourself of the favour of Fortune while she is in the humour ; beware that she does not change, through resentment of your neglect : she is a woman.*”

5.—The conduct of the Spanish garrison of Bergues is remarkable. The besiegers refuse to let them march out with their arms, and without being made prisoners of war ; they disperse, each shifts for himself, and escapes over the morasses ; five-sixths of them rejoin their army. Why were these noble resolutions not foreseen ? The keys of a place are at any time worth the liberty of its garrison, when the garrison is resolved not to leave it otherwise than free.

THE FOLLOWING IS FROM THE EGERTON MSS. IN THE
BRITISH MUSEUM.

Lettre du Prince de Condé à la Reine de Pologne.

à Chantilly, ce 11 Avril, 1668.

En vérité, Madame, les inquiétudes de V. M. sont bien fondées ; et les miennes sont si grandes, que je n'ai rien à redire sur celles de V. M. Je regarde l'affaire présente de Moscovie comme une décision de toutes les affaires de V. M. en bien ou en mal ; et la personne du Roi, que je vois en de continuels périls, me donne toutes les peines imaginables. Je suis au désespoir que V. M. n'ait pas permis à mon fils d'aller La servir dans une rencontre si importante, et je supplie encore très humblement V. M. de le lui vouloir permettre, si la guerre dure. Il ne peut *quasi* avec honneur demeurer ici à son âge, et voir que le Roi de Pologne est dans le péril, étant ce qu'il a l'honneur de lui être. Pour moi, je me tiendrais bien heureux que V. M. crût que je pusse lui être utile : j'assure V. M. que j'irais aussi avec le plus grand plaisir du monde. Que V. M. m'ordonne donc là dessus sans façon ce qu'elle veut que mon fils et moi fassions, et qu'elle s'assure que nous lui obéirons avec la plus grande joie du monde.

V. M. ne doit plus être en inquiétude des incommodités de ma fille :* elle est présentement en parfaite santé, et elle a reçu ce que V. M. lui ordonne de se coucher de meilleure heure, avec tout le respect et la soumission qu'elle doit. Votre Majesté connoît sur cela les humeurs des jeunes gens, et il est vrai que son inclination la porte un peu à veiller ; mais elle est si docile, qu'elle fait sans peine tout ce qu'on lui dit ; et elle a si grande envie de vous plaire, que je suis sûr qu'elle fera d'elle même tout ce qu'elle croira qui pourra vous être agréable.

Je ne doute point que ce beau bruit qu'on a fait courir à Rome de V. M. sur les Turcs ne soit un effort de cette cabale, qui s'oppose en tout à ce que veut V. M. ; mais la vérité l'emportera à la fin sur le mensonge.

M. de Crequi, qui est parti pour Rome, aura ordre de faire les choses dont V. M. le chargera ; et pour cela, il pourra avoir correspondance avec M. de Lumbrey. Je me remets à M. Des-

* His step-daughter, the Duchess d'Enghien. See page 266 in this volume.

noyers à rendre compte des choses dont V. M. l'a chargé. J'en ai parlé à M. de Lionne : il me semble que j'ai laissé les choses assez bien disposées, et j'espère que V. M. aura contentement ; surtout il demeurera jusque à ce que nous ayons des nouvelles du succès de Moscovie. Il n'y a rien de nouveau cette semaine ici : on ne songe qu'aux dévotions de tous cotés. Ma fille est à Maubuisson ; mon fils et moi sommes ici jusques après Pâques. Madame la Princesse Palatine a été assez malade, mais Dieu merci elle se porte mieux. Je ne saurais finir sans conjurer encore V. M. d'avoir soin de sa santé, et de ne plus nous écrire de sa main ; cela lui fait le plus grand mal du monde, et nous sommes assez persuadés de ses bontés sans cela. J'espère aussi qu'elle l'est assez du respect que j'ai pour elle, et de mon dévouement à toutes ses volontés, sans que je croie être obligé à lui en faire de nouvelles protestations.

LOUIS DE BOURBON.

NOTE TO SECOND EDITION.

SINCE the first edition of this work was published the author has happened to meet with two additional facts which bear upon the narrative.

1. It appears from Father Anselme's Genealogies, that notwithstanding the utter indifference which the Prince of Condé manifested to his wife on her landing in Flanders in 1653, and her exile during many months at Valenciennes, a reconciliation subsequently took place between them. She gave birth to a daughter at Breda in 1657, but this young princess died at Paris, September 28, 1660, and was interred in the Convent of Carmelites in the Faubourg St. Jacques. (*Histoire Généalogique de la Maison de France*, vol. i. p. 339.)

2. A passage in St. Simon's Memoirs refers incidentally to the imprisonment of the Princess at Chateauroux. The guard probably against any claim or demand of liberation on her part, the death of her husband was, it seems, carefully concealed from her until her own ! "après tant d'années elle ignore toujours la mort de M. le Prince" (*Mém.* vol. iv. p. 371, ed. 1829.)

March, 1846.

THE END.

